# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

IVORY

"You wouldn't have used that soap on your *face*, would you?" Mrs. Jollyco is asking.

Now, what a question! Mrs. Jollyco knows very well that Mrs. Folderol would not use on her face a soap that has ruined that beautiful silk blouse of hers.

But wait!—Perhaps Mrs. Jollyco has a *purpose!*

"Of course not!" replies Mrs. F., indignantly. "It's *much* too strong for *that!*"

"Well," declares Mrs. Jollyco, "silks as delicate as that always seem to me as sensitive to soap as my skin. I wouldn't think of using anything but Ivory Flakes for a blouse like that, my dear, because I've used Ivory on my face for years, and Ivory Flakes is just Ivory Soap—*flaked.*"

We said awhile ago that Mr. Jollyco intended to reason with his daughter, Sally, about what he calls her "comic opera soap"—that gorgeous soap she insists upon using. (Our picture shows him *doing* it!)

"Daddy, darling," says Sally, "*please* don't be mad with me! I must be beautiful!"

"Sally," Mr. Jollyco is going to say when he gets the chance, "I'm *not* mad with you—I just hoped that *my* girl would have more common-sense than to think that color and perfume could help *any* soap to make her beautiful. I had a sweetheart who was more beautiful—yes, even than *you*, Sally. She used Ivory Soap, because she knew *it* was *pure*. I still see her use Ivory every day, and she is still beautiful!"

How we wish Mrs. Jollyco could be eavesdropping!

In his wanderings with Ulysses, Bobby spied a cake of Ivory Soap just under the last paragraph of the text above. Knowing that his mother used Ivory for everything, he got a ladder. Ulysses, meanwhile, took a notion to scratch his back on the ladder, with the painful result pictured here.

We can't wait to see how Bobby gets down, but he's pretty sure to keep the Ivory Soap.

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# Our Sentimental Pilgrimage

## By MARCUS ELI RAVAGE

HOMER, I suppose, had the right idea—old Homer of Iliad fame. I forget what his Christian name was, if he had one, the heathen. He laid down the law, by object lesson, how a story should be begun. Get right into the thick of your plot, he held, and don't worry yourself and your reader about prefaces or introductions. It is a good rule, I am sure.

But then Homer, you see, was a Greek writing for Greeks. Well, of course, so am I an American writing for Americans. Yes, only I am an American with reservations. The reservations are not mine about America, but America's about me. I am an American by adoption, and that makes a considerable difference. It renders introductions necessary, or else it makes misunderstandings inevitable.

I want to avoid misunderstandings if I can. Therefore I suggest we clear up one or two little matters before we go any further. It is not absolutely necessary that we should agree about them. It is only important that we should know where we stand, even if we grasp nothing more than that we differ.

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*Immigrants Getting Their First Glimpse of the Goddess of Liberty*

For instance, I am, as I just said, a foreign-born American. But I am not, and I never have been, a hyphenated American. My point is that the two creatures do not, as is sometimes supposed, belong to the same species. My allegiance I owe and freely give to the United States. I always did. There are some, I am told, who do not. As an American with a European back window I believe I can understand them. It depends a good deal on what they came here for. Personally I did not emigrate for a change of air. A new loyalty is just about in a nutshell what I wanted. Let the king of Rumania make what he can of that.

### A Look at the Land He Left Behind Him

ALL this, I am modestly aware, is not likely to affect to any extent the results of the next presidential election or the ultimate destiny of this country. But it has some bearing on what follows. I propose in this article to set forth how revisiting the land of my birth after an absence of twenty years has served to round out my Americanism, to set at rest all my lingering doubts about what might have been, and to reassure me once and for all that the fairies who steered my boat into these waters were very good to me. But this journey and its unforeseen results have had no effect on my political loyalty one way or the other. That did not need bolstering or reassuring. It was as sound two years ago, before I went to Rumania, as it is now. It has been constant and undivided for over twenty years. I did not have to travel five thousand miles to find that out.

If we have got this straight we may go on. We will proceed to Jeanne. Jeanne is more nearly the perfect case. She is the European who, after living in this country for eight years, did not contrive to become an American at all, 100 per cent or anywhere near it. As soon as she got back to where she came from she veered around rather suddenly. Very fine, you say. But what happened is not exactly what you expect, and that brings up another point.

Maybe you do understand precisely what happened to Jeanne when she got home. The fact remains that there is some little confusion among Americans generally about what takes place in the foreigner when he turns American. The native invariably thinks about allegiance to the state and the duties of citizenship. He hardly ever puts his finger on the vital thing. It is not hard to see why. The American who has not had to emigrate is too much at home with the real blessings of America. He takes them for granted and thinks no more about them than about the air he breathes. It needs the fellow who has had a narrow escape from suffocation to see in them a gift from heaven.

### Characteristics That Distinguish America

NOW allegiance to government is all well enough. I do not mean to underestimate its importance. It is an obligation, and honest people generally pay their debts without waiting to be reminded when they are due. But while America demands loyalty from the naturalized alien, he voluntarily tenders something infinitely more precious—conviction and love. What brings him here and what holds him here, at such tremendous cost, is not our Constitution and our republican form of government. It is something more tangible, more concrete. Let the wags be merry, if they like. No, I do not mean the love of the dollar, the promise of prosperity. It is American life, American people, the American atmosphere. It is the newcomer's daily experience with that personal decency and largeness, that warm generosity and trustfulness, that sense of fair play and soundness of heart, which win him and hold him, because these are of the essence of Americanism. They are novel and distinctive. They are not to be met with in such abundance anywhere else in the world. Constitutions, you know, are not particularly American. Bills of rights are not lacking in Europe. Liberty, equality and fraternity flutter from the housetops everywhere between Queenstown and Vladivostok. There are shiploads of democracy even in China. In many countries they have a lot more of it than we have. Therefore the foreigner is not so bowled over by what he finds here in that line as we in our innocence expect him to be.

There may be one immigrant in a thousand who is reached and conquered by that sort of thing. I should like to see him and ask him where he comes from. But there is not one alien in a million who fails to be caught by the geniality of our people and to respond to it. For every one who admires our traditional shibboleths there are ten score thousand or so who surrender their hearts to their neighbors.

You may take this as you are minded. I am telling you what has happened to Jeanne and to me, and what happens every day to newcomers of all the nationalities—yes, and of all the sociologies. And let me, while I am at it, tell you something more astonishing yet. Beware of the foreigner who sings hymns to Americanism at daybreak. He is a suspicious character. I have a notion he is not exactly what you take him for. He gives me a feeling that he is a hopelessly unassimilable alien. He protests too much. He mouths the obvious commonplaces, the creed delivered for a dime to anybody who will buy the Naturalization Manual. He hands out what is expected of him, the password that will get him by. He strikes me as a fellow who has no eye and no stomach for the real thing.

Therefore I warn you, when I tell you presently that Jeanne got converted to America, not to expect her to go around with a flag in her buttonhole while she repeats the Declaration of Independence or to lay a daily wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Warrior. Jeanne did not get converted at a Fourth of July revival meeting for unsaved aliens. She was baptized in the fire of experience. That is why her faith is lasting and deep. There was no dearth of republican icons and traditions in her own native land. But I am not aware that she wasted much sentiment over them, and I think I can guess why too. Jeanne is not a political animal. She is a human being.

Now on the surface Jeanne was, even before she went back home, decidedly one of us. A settlement worker would have held her up as the nearly perfect specimen of Americanized alien. She spoke English with just the right dash of our more piquant slang, without which, as you know, English is hardly more than one of the foreign languages spoken in America. She dressed the part, too—sport suits, shirt waists and low heels. We settled, at her instance, in one of the bourgeois uptown quarters of the city, and Jeanne furnished our home in decent American middle-class fashion—walnut and chintz and plenty of space and easy-chairs, and never a feather bed or a trace of gilt. Best of all, she cultivated no diplomatic relations with foreign colonies; never had had any to cultivate. Our little group of intimates, at least, was 100 per cent American.

### *Homesickness*

YET all this only goes to show how skin-deep are our standards. For in point of fact Jeanne was taking her sojourn in the United States as a mere episode in her life at best, and as exile at the worst. She was not disloyal to America, and she was not loyal. She neither hated this country nor loved it. Her heart was back there in France. Only, being a plucky young woman, she was making the most of an unfortunate situation and trusting that it would not last forever. She was willing enough to learn what she could from her foreign surroundings. But she no more intended to become an American than the wife of an American missionary in China intends becoming a Chinese. Her heart and her soul were where they had always been.

It came out in numerous little ways. She gave our children French names. When we spent a summer on Cape Cod, Jeanne was dreaming wistfully of the coast of Brittany, where the sands are hard and golden, and the picturesque costumes of the peasantry add charm to the landscape. Adaptable as she was, she nevertheless languished in our plain, homely, matter-of-fact world. American food was flat and insipid. Our cities were monotonous and uninteresting. Our women had too much rope, and our children were forward and undisciplined. Our whole life was too mechanical. It lacked color and flavor. Anybody could see that what was ailing Jeanne was not an overdeveloped faculty for captious criticism, but simply homesickness.

I endeavored to do my patriotic duty. I initiated a little private campaign of Americanization in our home. I reminded Jeanne that her children were born here; that it was useless to think of exiling them; that for better or for worse we were, on their account at least, bound to America for life. I pointed out to her, besides, that she was just then at the hardest stage in her readjustment. A foreign country, I told her, is very admirable on a visit, because it is new and different. After six months everything in it comes to seem wrong-headed and barbaric, because by that time the novelty is worn off and all you have left is—well, a foreign country. But go on living in the place for a dozen years, or fifteen, and the alien scene gets a grip on you and takes on the familiarity and agreeableness of home. It is not very different from being married.

But Jeanne's difficulty was fundamental. It was simply this: She was not becoming an American because she had never been an immigrant. To begin with, she came from France, and the French are not a pioneering race. I suppose that is why they have never long held their colonial empires. Secondly, she came to America grown up, with her education finished and a profession all ready in her hand. She never had to go job hunting from factory to store and from store to office the way I did. Then again, she crossed cabin, which was fatal, because the steerage provides the only true and authentic initiation into the fraternity. And, finally, she did not stick in New York but went straight out West and got in with the natives, and lost out on the benefits of the foreign colony altogether. That was the climax of her unorthodox career, and she never recovered from it. Her immigranthood, like her citizenship, is reflected glory, acquired not in her own right but by marriage. She is an immigrant by courtesy, a kind of associate member.

*A Folk Dance in Brittany—as Jeanne Might Have Known It if——*

PHOTO, BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

*——She Had Not Emigrated to Fifth Avenue and Its Splendor*

I don't think I am exaggerating when I say that for five years Jeanne asked on an average at least twice daily to be taken home. On the contrary, I am waiving the year of courtship, when Europe was but her bargaining point; and I do not even mention the Sundays and holidays when we were together also at the noon meal. Her manner of approach was subtly impersonal. The benefit was to be principally mine.

"I should think," she would open, "that twenty years of America would be about as much as anybody would want. You are getting horribly stale. You need a change of scene. Besides, what about your own native home? I should think you would be dying to see it again."

Clearly no man can go on indefinitely withstanding this kind of unremitting and insidious barrage. Little by little my resistance was breaking down. I began to feel that I was rather fed up. And as for the old place, why it was the one thing in all the world I wanted to see. It was the thought that some day I would go back that had kept me alive. Only I had been dreaming of it so long that the craving had come to seem more agreeable than the realization. To return to Rumania was like going to heaven, which, as we all know, is a good place to go to, but there is no hurry about getting there.

### *Scenes of Childhood*

THEREFORE one day along about the middle of June in 1920 I surprised myself by saying:

"Well, I don't know but what it mightn't be a good idea to knock off for a while. Supposing we do run over this fall. Then you can show me France and all the perfect people and things you have left behind you, and I'll take a month or two to have a look at my own country."

We set about our preparations forthwith and with thumping hearts. We had no less than four long months ahead of us. Therefore, if we were to survive them we must busy ourselves planning and thinking and talking about the glorious adventure that lay before us. There was an exquisite delight in this getting ready that simply cannot be put into words. We were going home! After all these years! It is quite useless to try to convey our feelings to the benighted heathen who was born here. He will never understand them. My sympathy goes out to him. But how is he to grasp what it means to go back when he has never known what it is to come? For the native, going abroad is a thing of the flesh and the senses. Europe to him is a playground, a fair, a swollen art gallery with acres of canvas and forests of statuary; at best a museum of more or less authentic antiquities where he may perhaps find the cradle of his own culture. That is why, I suppose, he always goes to Europe—just like that, in a lump, if you please.

We—ah, we were not going to anything of the sort! Our appetites were not so gluttonous. Our thoughts hardly embraced even single countries. We were not going to all of France or all of Rumania. We were making a sentimental pilgrimage to two little towns which most of the maps forget to mention, and which their own neighbors a hundred kilometers away hardly ever heard of. Our Europe converged to two minute points—to the village of Masseuil, near Poitiers, and Vaslui, in the ancient province of Moldavia. We were making for the scenes of our childhood, for the sacred soil where our fathers and mothers were buried, for the loved high places where our disembodied souls had yearningly hovered all the while. The great populous Continent, with its network of frontiers, its châteaux and cathedrals, its ruins and Rivieras, its inextinguishable hates and discords, did not exist for us. It was so much waste hinterland, so much blank trackage on the road to our hearts' desires.

It was astonishing the mass of work we had to do, the piles of things we had accumulated, the confusion of ties we had formed that must be unloosed. We had

*(Continued on Page 120)*

# BY THE BOARD

## By J. P. MARQUAND

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"Mr. Jones, I Have a Feeling That I Should Like to Buy Something. I—I Shouldn't Wonder if a Little Excitement Would Do Me Good"

LATELY I have begun to experience a peculiar feeling. A year ago it was only an uncomfortable suspicion. Now it is suspicion no longer, but rather inevitable fact. I, too, am growing old. I can no longer disregard the signs of senility—a certain shrinkage of the store of genial sympathy for necessary shortcomings, a spurious urge to duty and responsibility, a distaste for the consumption of gin in excessive quantities. The other evening at a musical comedy I found myself failing to appreciate the humor of the lines. I thought I perceived a mechanical dullness in the gyrations of the chorus and a lack of art in the application of paint and powder. When the little wriggling girl on the right tossed a balloon at me I felt frankly bored. Surely things were different once. Surely the music was fresher then, and had a merrier lilt. Surely the lights were brighter, and kindliness and gayety were less at a premium. When I was young we possessed a precious *savoir-faire*, a blithe generosity and a knowledge of living which is sadly lacking now. We were free of the modern lack of reasoning and immaturity of ideas. Indeed, it sometimes occurs to me that the world, not I, is growing older; and that the times, not I, are out of joint.

I love to think it's so. I should make a consistent effort to think it, had the arbiters above not burdened me with too many other illusions which daily fall tinkling into bits. But already my spirit is tamed and vacillating, and my morale is a slender reed, shaken and breaking beneath the onslaughts of time. Already I am stepping away from the effulgent light in which we basked like Olympians and which we thought would last forever. The merry waiter is passing on, and it is time to cross the tavern's threshold.

The heights I strove to attain and the goals I fought to reach have somehow vanished now, until there is only one thing that I can remember clearly, an interesting thing in the light of the present. Everything I did used to be right, justly and courageously right, in those fair days. In others I might call it conceit, but in myself I know it was not. Rather, it was something I possessed then which is sadly lacking now, a surpassing knowledge, beautiful and complete. I have contrived to lose that knowledge somewhere since, just as I have lost nearly everything, until I approach the condition of a bankrupt with Common Sense as the receiver. My losses are heavy upon me, and I have hardly the solace of looking back, for matters seem obscured by a veil which defies the understanding.

II

IT WAS different the first time I encountered experience. I was not dull and wearied then, for the encounter occurred on the day of my emancipation, when I had occasion to cast aside childish things and to assume the mantle of man's estate. Instead of seeing me in the library, the old gentleman sent for me from his office downtown. I had been there only a short time before, and the sight of it had impressed me. The elevators shooting upward behind their gilded bars had given me a desire to know more of their workings. I had felt a confusion from the very shuffle of feet along the marble corridors. The lady at the telephone switchboard had seemed to me queenly and majestic. The young pilgrims on the road to fame and fortune, who sat on the messengers' bench previous to taking their places as big executives, had filled me with a knowledge of my own incompetence; and I had started timidly at the sound of the tickers and the curt, professional announcements as they shifted the figures in the customers' room.

On this particular morning, however, I could not but give way to a cool sense of wonder at the gaucheness of my conduct. It was pleasant to realize how I had improved since then, consoling to think how quickly I had left my awkwardness behind me and abandoned the callow ways of inexperienced youth. As I entered the little fenced inclosure I pulled my new gray felt hat over my eyes and lighted a cigarette. I could readily perceive that my bearing was correct in all details, for the messenger boys regarded me with genuine if jaded interest, and the lady at the switchboard spoke in a pleasant voice.

"Who shall I say?" she asked with fetching nasal courtesy.

Though the question was annoying, for she should have known who I was, I realized that one must put up with such things in actual life, and answered with all possible good nature.

"His son," I said.

My answer aroused emanations of interest. I could hear faint whisperings about me. The lady at the switchboard pulled out a number of plugs with great rapidity.

"Not his son?" she inquired.

I nodded an easy, smiling assent, and flicked the ashes of my cigarette delicately with my little finger. I was glad to give them opportunity of seeing that I at least was in step with the times, and knew the little amenities of dress and culture. Clearly she was favorably impressed, for she smiled much more pleasantly than ladies do today.

"Shall I tell him you're here?" she asked.

I should have assented had I not remembered that that morning was the beginning of a newer, sterner era.

"No," I said; "he expects me to go right in."

I opened the door of the old gentleman's room with a brisk cheerfulness and strode confidently over the carpet. It was pleasant to perceive that he was not busy. Despite the pressure of work he so often spoke of, he was leaning his broad shoulders against the back of his swivel chair, which he had turned away from his flat mahogany desk, and was looking out over the forest of stone and steel and clouds of steam and soot, to the river, which lay very clear and blue under the autumn sky. His feet were on the window sill, incased in shoes of a drab and ordinary construction. The knees of his trousers were slightly worn

and baggy, and I felt sorry to see that his hair was not brushed to the thick fine gloss I should have wished.

With genuine sorrow I perceived a touch of gray about his temples. His square, smooth-shaven face was seamed with the ravages of time and set in that dogged stupidity which comes with later years. From the corner of his mouth projected a long black cigar, which he was puffing with slow tranquillity, the way an old man does. It seemed to me that he was bearing the weight of age more heavily that morning, and I resolved tacitly to be very kind and gentle. I began by hailing him with a genial courtesy.

"Hi, father!" I said.

As he whirled swiftly about in his swivel chair, I thought he exhibited a sort of annoyance. His cigar fell awkwardly from his mouth and he made an ungracious grunting sound.

"Damn it," he said, "how did you get here?"

I laughed with consoling reassurance.

"That's easy," I said; "I walked."

The old gentleman nodded and reached for the telephone.

"Pardon me, Hubert," he said. "Of course, I ought to have noticed how you came." Then his voice changed into crisp, quick syllables. "Send in Miss Niely," he said, "and a boy—on the jump!"

Slapping the receiver briskly back on its hook, he whirled about again and faced me.

"The next time, Hubert," he said, "you must know better than interrupt in the morning. It's always hard to keep a clear schedule."

His hands were moving with an unnatural swiftness over his desk. He had opened a drawer and had pulled out a sheaf of papers.

"Miss Niely," he said, "I'll sign those letters now. Boy, the bond list. Run for it!"

With a sudden decisive motion he pressed an ivory button beside him.

"Jones," he said, "get me the last on Reading. Tell the boy to let me know each change."

I was aware of a tense silence. The old gentleman was jabbing his pen hastily into the inkwell. He had pulled some more papers out of an upper drawer and had strewn them over his desk's generous surface.

"Sit down, Hubert," he said hurriedly; "sit down—and put out that cigarette!"

Miss Niely stood immovable, a stiff, desiccated figure, a priestess whose charms had long ago been a sacrifice before the great altar of fact. Now and then, with a precise motion, she would bend down to blot a page, as the old gentleman's hand flew across it in a rapid but impressive signature, still firm despite his patent decrepitude. Nevertheless, I saw Miss Niely's stolid, impassive gaze wander several times to the tortoise-shell cigarette holder in my hand, which caused me to venture a gentle remonstrance.

"But, father," I said, "these are different cigarettes—not the cheap kind. They are made by the same people who make them for the Prince of Wales."

His pen only paused for a moment, and he answered as I knew he would, with the bigoted ignorance of age.

"Haven't I told you," he responded, "that no one worth a damn ever smokes a cigarette?"

Realizing the futility of wasting words with one who clung blindly to an outworn tradition, I tossed my cigarette into an antique and battered brass receptacle which stood conveniently near on the floor. A sad and inspirational thought occurred to me as I did so. My very action was the new bending to the old. My cigarette, a product of active brain and the thoughtful endeavor of advancement, had hurtled in a brilliant flaming arc, only to be engulfed in an archaic piece of furnishing whose very name was indelicate, whose very purpose smacked of utter barbarism. The sight of its rotund and brazen lines filled me with a melancholy knowledge of the utter futility of life. It was so that all my aspirations vanished into the cynicism of age.

"But, father," I remonstrated, though I did so only upon principle, "everybody who's worth anything smokes 'em now."

Miss Niely smoothed the crisp paper cuffs which protected her black sleeves, and the old gentleman looked up again from his work, with his forehead wrinkled and his jaw slightly protruding.

*"But, Father, These are Different Cigarettes—Not the Cheap Kind. They are Made by the Same People Who Make Them for the Prince of Wales"*

"They smoke them now," he said, "because nobody's worth a damn any more."

I lapsed into patient silence. First I examined the polish on the toe of my tan brogue shoe. Then I surveyed the old gentleman, whose face had assumed a rocky look. Miss Niely, like some industrial Clotho, was gathering up paper after paper. Now and then the door would burst open, admitting a breathless employe who would plunge hastily over to the heavy square desk, deposit a slip of paper and dart away. Now and then the old gentleman's finger would jab at an ivory button and he would bark out some colloquial order. Occasionally he would glance at me in an inquiring manner; but it was apparent that his work demanded his attention.

"Yes," said the old gentleman, "every year they're getting worse. You can't find any boy anywhere who snaps into it; not a one who's in earnest the way boys used to be. They don't seem to care. They don't want to make good. That's it! Nobody gives a damn any more. Something's wrong with everyone under twenty-eight. No initiative, no vision, no determination. They say it's the war; but it isn't, because the ones who didn't fire off a cap pistol are the worst, and I suppose you'll be just like them. I suppose you don't even know what you'd like to do."

"When my education's finished," I said, "I am either going to be a poet or something that takes brains."

He evidently remembered that we had discussed this before, for he did not choose to reply; but returned again to the papers on his desk in tense concentration.

"That will be all, Miss Niely," he said at length. "Tell them outside that I'm in conference, and that I won't see anyone, not a soul, unless"—he paused and rubbed his jaw in the indecisive way that old men have—"unless a man asks for me who wants me to buy a case of ——"

Again he stopped uncertainly and looked out of the window.

"—— a case of confectionery," said the old gentleman. "If he comes, tell him I'll be through in a moment. That will be all, Miss Niely."

A tranquil calm settled over the room after Miss Niely's departure. The old gentleman sighed, reached into his vest and produced another long black cigar. He bit off the end in a ferocious manner which he never adopted at home.

"Work!" said the old gentleman. "Just one job after another! I suppose you think the way everybody else does, that a broker just clips coupons and gambles on the ticker. Well, he doesn't. Look at the way I've been rushed this morning, ever since you came in! What little money I scrape together I work for; and don't you forget it, Hubert, when you come here to make your living."

It was like him to persist in the belief that sometime I would descend to such listless toil—to discount my most ardent and earnest wishes. He was leaning forward and pointing at me in an attempt at eloquence which I could only consider ancient and grotesque.

"Work!" said the old gentleman. "You're taking the night train up there, but I wanted to see you alone first. I want to be sure that you're going to understand that I'm not shoveling out money for your education just for fun. I'm paying to have you work. I want you to know, my boy, that everything we get from life comes in just one way—through work, work, work!"

As we sat there face to face, we had ceased through some alchemy of life to be rational human beings. Instead, half conscious and wholly unresisting, we had become lay figures, speaking lines not our own, yet seeming to hold the beauty of eternal humanity.

"My boy," said the old gentleman more softly, "I wish I was in your shoes today, beginning all over again."

I nodded solemnly, doing my best to conceal a feeling of incredulity, while I tried in my imagination to picture such a patent impossibility. I knew he had been young once, when the world itself had been young and innocent. I had seen pictures of him with an inanely long mustache and a coat with four buttons and a derby hat of peculiar proportions. It was preposterous, the idea of anyone with tastes like these hoping to cope with the subtleties and refinements of the present.

"We can't turn back the clock," he continued; "but I can help you, Hubert, if you'll listen."

It was too pathetic to be funny. Instead of a smile, I felt a lump rise in my throat. It was kind of him to attempt to shield me, blind though he was to modern exigencies. I loved the eager willingness which shone on his honest face.

"My boy," he said, "I suppose you don't know it; but you're going out into something which is almost like the world. I've entered an account in your name up there for five hundred dollars. It is a lot of money, Hubert, and it stands for a lot of work. When you leave this office I'll give you a check book. You can do what you please with that money. Up there you have your own room, with your desk and lamp. For the first time in your life you can do pretty nearly what you please—and that isn't all beer and skittles."

"No, father," I said.

"You are going through what they called at the last meeting of college presidents a process. I don't know what it will do to you. I hope it will do you good."

"Yes, father," I said.

"It may," said the old gentleman. "It would, if something queer hadn't happened to every educational institution; but I guess some things are just the same, and one of them is youth."

His statement was probably correct, if it had not borne the implication that I also was young.

"Sometime or other," he continued, "everybody's a fool. I used to be one once, and that's why I can help you now."

It was not for me to argue or flatly contradict. The resentment I felt within me was quite hopeless, and I could only bear it in silence.

"I've got," he went on, "something that you haven't. Can you guess what it is?"

"Money," I suggested.

"No, Hubert," he replied; "something that cost money, but which is a lot more valuable than money—experience. Hubert, I'm going to hand that experience on to you."

"Yes, father," I said, and I even tried to say it with enthusiasm.

Again we were lay figures, saying exactly what we did not mean, and yet speaking the words softened by centuries—he in wistful appeal, I in patient respect, while the gulf of years lay between us.

"A while ago," he continued more jovially, "a lot of us old fellows got together. I suppose you'd call us old, though I don't seem to feel so."

"Of course you're not!" I cried with what hypocritical cheerfulness I could muster. "Not old at all!"

"We all of us were talking about what we would do if we could only go back again, and wade through the snow, and eat steaks down in Tommy's cellar, if Tommy's cellar is still there."

I restrained a shudder at this medieval picture, and strove instead to watch him with strained and sympathetic attention.

"And we all agreed we'd do the same thing; all wished we'd done it. That was funny, wasn't it?"

I smiled understandingly.

"Well, it isn't anything to laugh at," said the old gentleman. "Do you know what we all wished, Hubert? Every one of us wished we'd done more work. Every one of us wished we hadn't been such damned fools!"

Never before had I seen him so deeply moved. I felt sorry that he had gone to so much trouble about an unnecessary matter.

"Work! That's the thing that counts. It isn't the gambling and the drinking and all that foolishness that makes a man of you. I know what I'm talking about, and that's why I'm here now—because I work hard and don't take chances. There isn't any easy way to do anything, not in business and not anywhere. There isn't any easy way to make money or to become a success. I know! I know because I've tried."

The telephone at his elbow rang. With a look of annoyance he snatched at the receiver, moving rapidly for an old man.

"Didn't I say I was in conference?" he roared, but almost immediately he paused. "Oh, yes," he said, "of course. Tell him I'll be right out. Make him comfortable, Miss Niely."

He slapped down the telephone and rose awkwardly. With a heavy hand he brushed the cigar ashes from his vest.

"Hubert," he said, "I'm sorry this matter has come up, because I have a lot more to say; but you've got the gist of it. Don't do what I did. Do what I didn't. Here's your check book. Good-by, Hubert."

With those last words the play seemed, somehow, over. He was looking at me more kindly. The crow's-feet about his eyes seemed deeper. His jaw no longer had its dramatic forward thrust. I knew he was sorry to have me go.

"Good-by, Hubert," he said again.

And I knew he was very sorry. He flung open the door. There was an amazing increase of sound since I had entered. Everyone seemed busy; feverishly busy. The old gentleman was nodding to another elderly man with a black mustache and a suitcase. Together they returned over the threshold, and the door closed behind them. At almost the identical moment everyone had finished his task and begun to go about his occupation with a slow and tranquil cheerfulness. I placed my hat back over my eyes and allowed a faint smile to enliven the regularity of my features.

### III

THE closing of the door behind the visitor with the suitcase was an oratorical period in my life. It had severed my shackles and left me free. As a machine with the swift, deft contortion of its metal arms turns out a finished masterpiece in almost a single motion, so I had been completed with an equal speed and smoothness, wholly rounded and wholly self-sufficient. I was all at once a man among men. A genial, kindred feeling for those around me dazzled me like a brilliant light, and matters had a new and wonderful significance. I glanced down the aisles of glass-topped desks to the scribelike bookkeepers bending over their records. Like the telephones, the inkwells, the calendars and the little glass jars and sponges, they also were a part of a system of things with which I, too, was in harmony. They had their duty to perform just as I had mine; and although I was not sure of what my duty consisted, I knew it had a paramount importance. There was an invigorating load of responsibility on my shoulders. I sought out another cigarette made by the furnishers of the Prince of Wales, lighted it and blew a smoke cloud toward the ceiling. The lady at the switchboard and the messenger boys were watching me expectantly. The honor of my house demanded that I must bear myself well before their curious gaze.

It was not preference or curiosity which led me to the customers' room. I went there through no desire for personal gratification. My act arose solely from my knowledge of what I owed to a waiting world. Back behind his ground-glass doors the old gentleman was moldering in the insipidity of age. The least I could do was to please him by a manifestation of interest in his establishment. Perhaps on some occasion when I had adequate leisure I might interest him by giving a few suggestions of a cheerful and helpful nature.

In the customers' room there reigned a luxurious and orderly silence, hallowed by a cloud of cigar smoke which nearly obscured the brown Renaissance molding and made serpentine eddies about the pots of electric lights suspended from the ceiling. As I entered, my footsteps were deadened by a Persian rug, and the only sound I heard was the fitful stuttering of two tickers. I stopped as one would on the threshold of some temple where strange folk are busy in the service of their god.

It was a long room. At one side was a window with a golden grating opening to some recess beyond. Near another wall were little alcoves with tables and files of papers, but the third wall was where my untutored glance finally came to rest. The third wall was like a stage framed with a row of shielded electric lights which gave it an added brilliance. On it were columns of letters and numbers, intricate and abbreviated representations of a universal lust for gain. Before that wall were three rows of leather armchairs, soft and heavily padded, on which were seated a number of old gentlemen whose bald heads reflected the light. They sat and stared fixedly at the figures. Now and then one of them would lean back and solemnly expel a cloud of cigar smoke, or lean forward and flick the ash of a black cigar into a ubiquitous and convenient brass receptacle; but aside from this they were in a comalike torpidity. Their faces were stolid with wrinkled age. Their eyes were glazed with time. Some of them, heavier and fatter than the rest, seemed lulled to sleep by the very monotony of their vigil; but even these I could perceive had their eyes half opened and fixed upon the numbers. Not one of them but was sitting like a votary before some shrine, intent upon some religious rite. Beside that lighted wall, jutting upward like two small altars, the tickers pounded out numbers and words beneath their glass covers and expelled an endless strip of paper into a tall basket.

Beside the tickers on a tall stool was a man younger than the rest, with a green eye shade pulled far over his nose. His coat was off and his sleeves were rolled up to his elbows. He was watching the strips of paper and making swift mechanical notes on a great sheet in front of him. Now and then he would speak in the precise, even voice of an intoning priest.

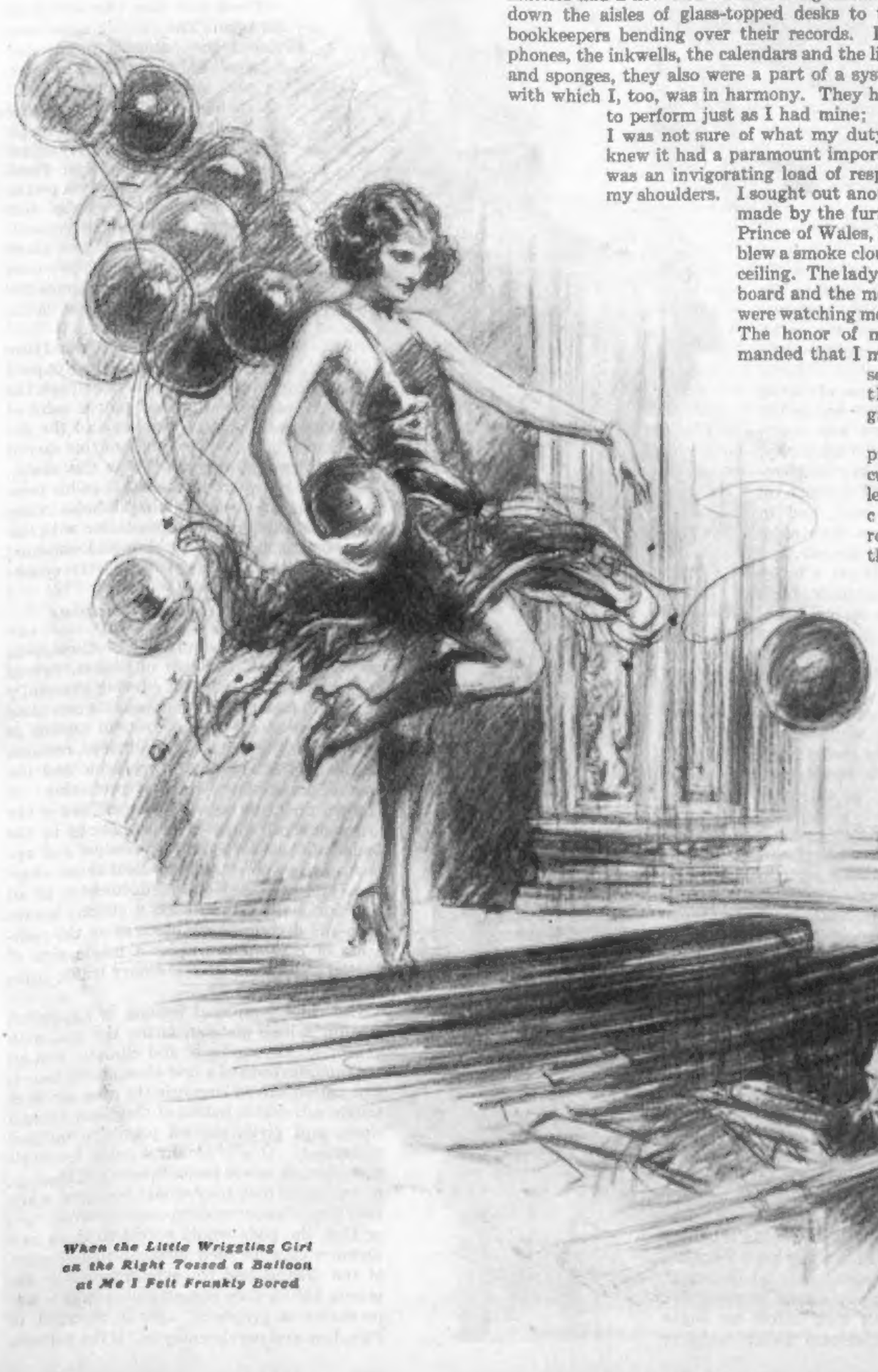
"P and Q," he would say, "up a quarter. . . . Off an eighth on Pete. . . . One-half more on Canadas."

In automatic obedience to his words, another man, who still had about him the faded traces of youth, was pacing back and forth, pausing before a number, removing it from the board with a deft twist and replacing it by another. His motions were as swift and sinuous as those of some caged feline, and his step as noiseless. I felt a pleasurable excitement at the sight. There was a majesty about it akin to the majesty of drama. An inexplicable tenseness and expectancy made me stand perfectly still behind the chairs.

Though I hastily assured myself I was familiar with it all, I felt like an intruder. There were matters in the scene before me which I could not reconcile even with my newly acquired and universal understanding.

Before the richness and the reverence of that aromatic and poignant holy of holies, surrounded by its gold elevators and marble corridors, I found it hard to appear necessarily blasé and comprehending.

(Continued on Page 56)



*When the Little Wriggling Girl on the Right Tossed a Balloon at Me I Felt Frankly Bored*

# YOUR UNCONSCIOUS

By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D.

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

*All Primitive Medicine Was Suggestive Medicine*

THE poet who sang "My mind to me a kingdom is" voiced one of the firmest convictions of humanity.

This kingdom may be as narrow a domain as San Marino or Andorra; but we are the boss, and so long as reason sits upon her throne we are the power behind it.

Not only so, but some of us are sure we have mind to spare and could sway other minds to their benefit if we could only gain access to them. Here beginneth the active side of the mind cure.

On the other hand, there are hundreds who are glad to be relieved of responsibility for their own mental or physical welfare, and they furnish the passive material for the cure. Besides, the method is painless, tasteless, easy to take, arouses no horror of the knife or dread of starvation diets, and can be done for you while you sleep. Small wonder the mind cure has always been popular. Anyone who, like M. Coué, is ready to tell us how we may work it upon ourselves is sure of a large and eager audience.

Mental healing began about the same time that man did, and is of a most venerable antiquity, but rather small for its age. Up to a few centuries ago the same thing might fairly have been said of physic, or material medicine. For nearly two thousand years we looked backward with reverence to the glorious Greeks, and for tens of thousands before that to the great wizards and magicians of antiquity. But barely three-quarters of a century ago we had a blossoming time, and since then have doubled the average lifetime and halved its physical discomforts; while mental healing up to a decade or two ago was still playing with mesmeric passes, producing magic sleep by gazing into crystal bowls or tiny mirrors, and droning itself into the trance state, just as in the days of the early Egyptians, and with little more effect. Perhaps it will have a blossoming time some day soon, and then mind and body can both be made happy.

But so far the more we know about our bodies and their marvelous powers of balance, of defense and repair, the less we are inclined to call mind to heal them.

### The Yarb Doctors of Long Ago

ALL primitive medicine was suggestive medicine. That is, it depended for its results upon impressions on the mind of the patient. Did a pain gripe the stomach of the cave man it was because his soul or mind had escaped from his body while he slept with his mouth open, and a devil had slipped in before it could get back. Terrify this devil by drums and shoutings and strangling smokes and bitter and nauseous messes of medicine until he throws the patient into convulsions and rushes out, and back comes the true soul and all is healed. Not until many a generation later did the skeptic arrive who was bold enough to assert that a bitter herb or a nauseous salty earth which would cause the crammed stomach to empty itself upward or onward was a better method of physic than drums and dances. This is how the word "physic," which later came to cover the whole field of medicine—the medieval medical teachers were professors of physic, and are even yet in some of the older universities—still in the folk speech means a laxative, or cathartic. It was the earliest and is still the most impressive remedy that we possess.

So the battle was set in the very dawn ages between the mentalists and the physicists, the spiritists and the materialists, and has raged merrily ever since.

This was a phase, of course, of the great historic conflict between science and tradition, progress and authority, between chemistry and credulity which will continue till the stars are cold, and in which all of us take sides according to our temper.

It was and is yet a bitter fight, but two significant facts came out very early. First, that each side learns a great deal from the other; and second, that neither of them practices solely its own method.

The mind healer nearly always gives good hygienic advice, and the doctor generally makes use of suggestion; and both get better results by a judicious combination. The extent to which the two combatants are indebted to each other can hardly be overstated. Today science is so emphatically in the saddle, and creating a new earth if not a new heaven of human health and comfort, that we must not only be just but can afford to be generous.

For long, long ages of the healing art the pioneer was not the physician but the priest of the tribe, or rather that strange combination of both, the medicine man, shaman or voodoo, who was really the common ancestor of both. This weird and picturesque old party was nobody's fool. He picked his remedies for one purpose only, to make the disease devil so utterly uncomfortable that he could no longer stand it in the patient's body; which is why most of our old sheet-anchor medicines were so bitter and nauseous. It was their business to be nasty, or the patient wouldn't believe that they could have any punch against the devil inside him; in whom he believed, of course, as firmly as the shaman did.

But it wasn't long before he began to notice that certain bitter herbs or nauseous alkali crusts, while jolting the demon as strongly as any, also emptied the stomach or flushed out the kidneys or strengthened the heart; while the thick, bitter juice of the green head or seed capsule of a poppy would give blessed surcease from pain, or the gall-bitter bark of a Peruvian tree would break up the terrible seizures of chills and fever.

These gave him two strings to his bow: The terrible taste convinced the patient's mind; the "yarbs" did the work.

And thus when the healing art first emerges into the light of history the medicine man, priest-physician, be he Egyptian or Peruvian, was already a pretty good root-an'-yarbs doctor, with a quite respectable little list of drugs, or pharmacopœia, including the most important of our standard remedies before the days of modern chemistry.

How closely connected mind cure and medicine were may be glimpsed from the fact that Æsculapius, the earliest father and patron saint of scientific medicine, was a priest and the descendant of a line of priests, and his sacred creature, or familiar spirit, was the snake, scores of which were kept as pets in his temples, because the snake, living in holes in the ground, was in close communication with the underworld, like the seething and sulphur-smelling mineral springs of a later epoch.

### The Serpents of Æsculapius

THE symbol, or coat of arms, of Æsculapius was a snake or a pair of snakes, twined round a staff, their heads curving gracefully apart and facing each other near its top. And this figure of the snake or twin snakes of Æsculapius, known as the caduceus, remains to this day the symbol of medicine and the coat of arms of the medical profession. It is worn upon the collars of the officers of the army medical corps of most nations as the badge of their corps and profession, and appears everywhere upon medical seals, charters, diplomas and official documents of all descriptions; even in such a strictly up-to-date and extraordinary place as on the radiators of doctors' autos, as a magic sign of partial exemption from ordinary traffic regulations.

His chief temple of healing in Epidaurus was on a high plateau, facing the sea, with charming surroundings and climate, and all the qualifications of a first-class health resort. The patients lived largely in the open air, were taught admirable habits of diet, exercise and sleep, and given shrewd primitive medical treatment. One of his most noted hospitals was a temple where patients were put to sleep, in the hope that they would be cured while they slept—as our modern consumptives are—or that the gods would reveal to them in a dream a cure for their disease; though most of the dreams had to be interpreted by the priests before they meant much; which was perchance a prophecy, ages in advance, of Freudism and psychoanalysis. If the patients

were pleased with their treatment they shyly dropped a gold coin into the sacred spring, an anticipation of our modern fee bill, only today the patient pays whether he is pleased or not. Centuries earlier the Egyptian priests had a similar dream-cure establishment near Thebes, with a like financial basis.

To sum up very briefly: Only from the days of Hippocrates, the wonderful old Greek physician with the modern spirit, about four centuries before our era, was there a clear-cut separation between those who tried to heal by influencing the patient's mind and those who applied material substances to his body. The methods of our modern mind cure developed astonishingly early. Three thousand years before our era the Egyptian priests healed by making passes and held daily hypnotic séances, while the famous African explorer, Captain Phillips, has just returned from unvisited regions of darkest Central Africa with the report that the wildest and fiercest fighting tribe he clashed with had a good working system of hypnotism and the trance state which dates back to an antiquity that makes Egypt look like yesterday. From passes to the laying on of healing hands was only a step, and this—entirely apart from its religious uses—was practiced by holy men, kings, emperors and rulers. From Constantine the Great, through the later Roman emperors, to the kings of France, the kings of England, the mystic practice ran until it actually reached the days of Queen Anne. The disease last treated by it was scrofula—bone and gland tuberculosis—which is still known among the peasantry of Europe as the king's evil, because it could supposedly be healed by the royal touch.

*Surely a Magnificently Simple Pharmacopœia*

Pyrrhus of Epirus early introduced a singular variation, healing the sufferer by making him recline upon a couch and then stroking the seat of the pain with his great toe; thus proving that the disease, if not under his thumb, was at least under his foot.

### *Mental Healers of the Past*

AS LATE as the sixteenth century, it having become the custom for the king to present a gold coin, called an angel, to everyone he healed, Henry VII of England used the power so freely that his treasurer bitterly objected on account of the expense, which exceeded three thousand angels a year—an angelic host which he did not propose that the king should entertain longer unawares.

From ancient times down through the Middle Ages it was usually assumed that though the impression was made upon the patient's mind, the actual healing was wrought by some divinity. But about the middle of the eighteenth century, Mesmer, a Viennese physician, laid the foundation of modern mental healing by advancing the idea, taken from Paracelsus two centuries earlier, of an imponderable magnetic fluid from the stars which permeated the whole universe. A special variety of this he called animal magnetism—a phrase which, with a disapproving adjective prefixed, has become quite familiar of recent years—and believed it to be the great healing power.

Certain fortunate persons were so heavily charged with this magnetism that their eyes and hands could give off discharges of it at will, "like the black humors thrown off by a cuttlefish," and produce healing effects upon sufferers by their touch and their gaze; an idea that still persists in the rubbers, or natural-born healers, of our remoter country districts, who are so full of electricity that they can almost raise a blister by laying their hands upon a patient. When magnetized, these subjects were often thrown into a deep sleep, or trancelike condition, in which they were completely under the control of the operator, and from which they would wake up cured. Later, when he became famous, and fairly overrun with patients, Mesmer magnetized a tree in his garden, so that those who were unable to get into his consultation rooms could literally touch wood and be healed by his magnetism at second hand.

Doctor Mesmer laid great stress upon favorable surroundings for his cure. He had his rooms shaded by colored curtains or filled with flowers and rich Oriental perfumes and the music of harps.

Finally, nearly a century later, first Alexandre Bertrand and then, independently, Dr. James Braid, a physician of Manchester, after careful study of this mesmeric sleep, in 1841, declared that the healing power came not from the operator but from latent, or sleeping resources in the patient's own mind, awakened and called into action by suggestions made in this trancelike state, which he named hypnosis, or hypnotic sleep, from the Greek *hypnos*—sleep, thus giving the mind cure, as distinguished from faith healing, or healing by divine interposition—which it does not in the least deny or conflict with—its final basis and present modern form; a curiously parallel conception to the classic *vis medicatrix naturæ*, or healing power of Nature, so clearly recognized and relied upon by the fathers of scientific medicine.

The new ideas were widely taken up. Esdaile, in Calcutta, used hypnotism extensively for the performance of serious surgical operations without pain until the discovery of chloroform in 1848, with its much greater certainty and quicker action, supplanted it. Then in 1884 came the Nancy School, Liébeault, Bernheim and their followers, who mapped out the precise field of hypnotic treatment; and at last, in 1892, just fifty years after Braid, a commission of the British Medical Association, after a searching investigation, reported favorably upon hypnotism as a legitimate means of cure in selected cases; and now quite a group of regular physicians practice it as their specialty in almost every European country.

Here, then, is the issue fairly drawn today between the mind cure and modern medicine, between physic and faith: Can we best heal the body directly by physical remedies and agencies, or indirectly through impressions upon the mind? The answer is the Hibernian one, "Both."

### *The Vegetative Mind*

REPUTABLE physicians like Bernheim and Forel and Tuckey and Davis and Wingfield declare that treatment by mental impressions or suggestions has a small but clear field of influence in certain bodily maladies, particularly those due to spasmodic or cramped conditions of the nerves controlling the blood vessels, such as asthma, some forms of neuralgia, nervous dyspepsia, nervous diarrhea and spasmodic constipation; also in certain borderline disorders, half bodily, half mental, such as stammering, morbid blushing, St. Vitus' dance, writer's cramp, insomnia, and the like, while, as will be seen later, in a considerable range of mental disturbances, short of the great systemic insanities, mental treatment has won some striking and most encouraging victories within the last decade or two. Macbeth's despairing cry:

> *Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;*
> *Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,*
> *And, by some sweet oblivious antidote,*
> *Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,*
> *Which weighs upon the heart?*

can now be answered in the affirmative by both autosuggestion and psychoanalysis. So that neither the hopeless patient nor his friends need longer cry, "Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it!"

This brings us to the question: If the mind is to be stirred up to heal the body, what part of the mind has this power? Mind healers of every school are pretty nearly unanimous that it is the unconscious, or subconscious, mind, and that the only question is how to reach it. The name sounds perhaps alarming, but it merely means that great mass of our mental and nerve activities which control, preserve and serve up on demand our memories, our associated ideas, such accomplishments as we possess, and, through sympathetic nervous system, also regulate our heartbeat, our breathing, our digestion and other vital functions. It is sometimes known as our vegetative mind, because it regulates the vegetable processes of our bodies, nutritive growth, reproduction, repair. A real power

*(Continued on Page 168)*

*Pyrrhus of Epirus Early Introduced a Singular Variation*

# A MATTER OF ORGANIZATION

## By SOPHIE KERR

That Coat Had Been One of Her Wanton Extravagances, Bought in the Smartest Shop in the City

HE WALKED like a man who hadn't a care in the world; head up, big swinging steps, hands in his pockets, and a little purring whistle in his throat; a whistle so low that those he passed didn't hear it; but the tune made a rhythm for his heart and his hurrying feet. It was a jolly tune, one of those innumerable jazzes to which he and Linda had danced so many pleasant miles, in various of the less expensive restaurants where dancing and dinner were synchronized. Moreover, they had liked it so much that they had bought the record, and sometimes they'd roll up the living-room rug, push back the furniture and have a turn to it, improvising fancy steps and caricaturing the latest postures with an exuberance all their own. Maybe they would dance tonight, when he told her his big news.

He wished, as he neared the apartment, that Linda got home at the same time he did—or earlier. It was such fun when she came up from the Subway depths just as he passed the kiosk, and he pretended not to see her and bumped against her awkwardly; then, as she turned in indignation, to snatch off his hat and say, "Beg pardon, miss, I hope I didn't hurt you."

Tonight there was no sign of her at the Subway. He waited a moment, hearing a train rumble in below; but she was not in the crowd that came hurrying up the narrow stairs and spread fanwise out upon the sidewalk. No Linda anywhere, with her pert tam-o'-shanter hat, or her fur coat with the big collar she loved to snuggle her chin into. That coat had been one of her wanton extravagances, bought in the smartest shop in the city. Linda adored fine clothes.

So there was the thrilling possibility—very unlikely, to be sure—that she might already be at home, and the whistle went at a quicker tempo to match his eagerness, for the two blocks that were the rest of the way. It would be perfect for her to be there tonight; he wanted so much to see her.

The elevator boy, round-skulled, Congo black, smiled a welcome and offered a handful of mail.

"Nice evenin', yes-sah," he said in his soft, slurring voice as he started the car. "Poo' folks be glad ef dish-yer mil' weatheh keep up; yes; 'ndeed."

Oh, darn! She wasn't here—the mail told him that. His heart fell with a thump. He wanted her so much tonight that he had felt his longing might materialize her; but he stuck his latchkey in the lock and entered a dark and empty flat. Lights turned on only made it seem emptier.

He took off his coat and his hat, dropped the evening paper on the living-room table and looked at the mail. Two circulars, a letter to Linda from an old school friend, a card from a motion-picture theater around the corner announcing their next film, the catalogue of a cheap jewelry house. He threw it all, save Linda's letter, into the wastebasket and paced about restlessly. How dreary the place was without her! Yes, and it seemed especially forlorn tonight. He looked about him, wondering what the matter might be.

There were four rooms, and he prowled through them all. The living room was bright with mahogany and chintz; the bedroom had furniture painted a soft gray—nice contrast to its rosy silk curtains; the dining room was mahogany again, and the kitchen a somewhat bedraggled blue and white. It had been very fresh and clean when they first got the place a year ago. It was all pretty swanky for a mere clerk in a chain haberdashery, thought Roddy, and it had cost him every cent of his four years' savings. Linda wanted only expensive stuff. The dining-room set still irked him.

"We don't need a dining room," thought Roddy, "any more than a cat needs two tails. It makes the rent higher and we don't use it."

He had said this to Linda, but she had insisted: "I don't care if we do take dinners out, and eat breakfast in the kitchen. I want a dining room so we can entertain."

Well, they did have jolly little parties, and all the boys and girls of their crowd were glad enough to come and dance to the phonograph and eat the sandwiches and cakes from the delicatessen. The only trouble with the parties was that they made awful holes in Roddy's salary—stuff at the delicatessen cost so out of proportion to its quantity. It troubled Roddy when he couldn't put a dollar or two in the savings bank each week. Linda laughed at his habits of thrift.

"What's money for but to have a good time?" she was wont to ask, and with her own salary she lived up to her creed.

To fill up the time until she came, Roddy tried to make up the bed; and after considerable search located a dust cloth and rather awkwardly tried it out on the living room. All the time he fretted. She was far later than usual. Good Lord, why didn't she come? She might be caught in one of those awful Subway jams, or there might have been an accident. If only she could walk back and forth from her work, as he did from his! That mile and a half twice a day was what kept him fit. But Linda, fighting her way in the crush from downtown, evening after evening—it was terrible.

At last he threw down the dust cloth and picked up the paper. The sporting page. He'd see what Villa and the other flyweights were up to; and what about this reported deal between McGraw and Stoneham for the Giants—but all the time his ear was attuned for Linda's step, he was tense with worry. Linda was such a slight thing, so tiny. Why, she hardly reached up to his shoulder! In a bad crowd she wouldn't have a chance; she'd be knocked down and trampled.

He looked longingly at the telephone. He'd call up her office, but her employer didn't like it, and he didn't want to get her in bad. Nevertheless, if she didn't come in fifteen minutes more, he would, and let the old man rave as he liked. A husband has some rights, even if his wife does insist on keeping on with her job.

Linda and her job! Roddy Bryant sighed, and the sporting page lost its savor. He hated it; it wasn't necessary, and he'd been a fool to give in about it. He knew all that; he'd told himself so a thousand times. But it got him nowhere. To all his arguments, all his appeals, Linda showed a tenacious obstinacy that she displayed about nothing else. That round pink chin, so ingratiating against the fur of her collar, could assume a strangely uncharacteristic firmness; and her curving, laughing red mouth could set itself into a straight and willful line; her blue eyes turn cold and gray and hard to him when he made his protests. Linda's job was her shibboleth, her sacred ark.

Roddy had progressed thus far with his meditation when he heard her key in the door, and with immense relief jumped to open it.

"My goodness, hon, I was scared about you! You're nearly an hour late!" He seized her and kissed her three times to make sure she was real. "I was just going to telephone your office."

She clung to him wearily.

"I thought I'd never get here," she said. "Old Peffer was seized with a fit of industry about half past five and he kept everybody till quarter past six. Coming home was madness. I had to let three trains go by before I could get on. I feel mauled all over. And a great big pig of a man stepped on my foot."

She sank into the nearest chair and felt carefully of her shoe tip. Her usually bright color was dimmed, fatigue shadowed her eyes. The sparkle that lent such charm to her diminutive prettiness was quenched.

"I'm just all in, tonight, Roddy," she went on. "You go on out for dinner and bring me in a sandwich and I'll make a cup of cocoa; it's all I want."

He hovered about her helplessly.

"Oh, Linda, I hate to go out alone. You need good, hot nourishing food, not just a sandwich and cocoa. Come on, darling; you can lean on me. We'll go to Rossi's—that's nearest."

"But that's expensive; you don't like to go there."

"We can't go any farther when you feel so tired. I won't let you. And the dinner there is mighty good."

He didn't answer her objection about the expense, for he knew as well as she that Rossi's two-dollar table-d'hôte was an extravagance. Still, he couldn't save pennies at the cost of Linda's strength.

Hot, delicious minestrone, the warmth and color of Rossi's Pompeiian red walls, the attention of a laughing lad of a waiter with a head like a faun and a smiling eagerness to please—these and the music of Rossi's special quintet of musicians, who gave them Margari and Funiculi, Funicula revived Linda's spirit and drove away her weariness.

"It's been a rotten day," she told Roddy presently. "You know how I scrambled off this morning. Of course I was late, and of course old Peffer was early; and when I went into the office, there he was, cocking that mean old eye of his at me. He didn't say anything, though; lucky for me I'm the invaluable bookkeeper. We worked like galley slaves all day on a lot of special orders—those new bathing dolls are going like wild fire—but he was sulky and hateful; and just before closing he dug up a lot of extra work—and there you are." She made a comprehensive gesture.

"He runs that place short-handed."

"Of course he does," agreed Linda. "He's unhappy if we aren't all with our noses tight to the grindstone every second. But mercy, Roddy, all bosses are like that! Look at your own! There ought to be another man in your place."

"Oh, no, there oughtn't. It's the rule of the firm that every new store they open must get along with two salesmen and a manager for the first year. Then they go through the business and decide what they're going to do—whether they'll close or enlarge or what. Linda ——" He began to look pleased and important. The surprise happiness that had brought him home at such a pace returned to him. He had forgotten it in his anxiety about her. He leaned over the table, glowed at her. "Hon, what do you think! Mr. Talbot's going to leave. Wants to go back to West Virginia and open up a store of his own. Do you get it? That'll

leave us without a manager. Of course, it's obvious that they'll put in one or the other of the men who's been there right along. Well, there's your Uncle Roddy's chance—looks to me."

"Roddy, darling! Oh, Roddy!" She reached across the table and squeezed his hand. "I wish we weren't in this restaurant with all these people. I'd hug your old neck off. Oh, won't that be too utterly splendid! I know you'll get it!"

"I wish I did." He was flushed and excited. "Mills is an awfully clever chap—a bully salesman."

"But he hasn't got ideas like you have, I'll bet. He couldn't have. Oh, Roddy, I could do an Isadora Duncan all around the room, and squeal and shout! How long have you known about it? Have you been holding out on me?"

He looked at her with utter adoration. Nowhere in the world was there a girl so dear, so lovable, so heavenly sweet as Linda. He knew she'd be like this. And to think that she belonged to him, Roddy Bryant!

"I haven't been holding out on you; you know me. Talbot just told us today. He's not leaving right away, but in a month or so; before spring. His wife hates the city and wants to go back home. You know, hon, me being married gives me a better chance over Mills, I think. They usually pick married men for managers."

"Oh, then I am some use, Mr. Bryant!" She tossed her head and pretended to be offish.

"Sometimes; oh—er—occasionally, I might say," he granted loftily. They both giggled.

"Let's do something to celebrate," said Linda as they lingered over the last spoonful of *sabayone*. "Couldn't we?"

"We could, though I think we'd better wait until we've got something really to celebrate about. Mills may get it, you know."

"I know he won't. We might go to a movie, anyhow."

Roddy hesitated.

"I don't believe the exchequer will run to it, after dinner here," he said uneasily.

"Oh, as to that," said Linda, "we're going Dutch on the dinner, and the movie too."

"No, we're not."

"But we are. What's the use of my salary, if I sponge on yours?"

"Are we going to begin this all over again? I can't have it, that's all. You know how I feel."

"But it's so foolish, Roddy."

"I can't help it. It's bad enough to have you working day after day and coming home all battered up and dead tired, like tonight; but when we go out to dinner, I pay for it, and that's that!"

He called the waiter and asked for the bill. Linda watched him in silence. This was their old argument, their one great dispute. Over such minor matters as Constance versus Norma Talmadge, or the merits of Krazy Kat as compared to the Gumps, they might not agree, and they might express their diverse views with feeling. But those were impersonal, immaterial. This was vital. It tore them apart in their most united moments, a sharp, naked blade of controversy.

She said no more about the movie, nor did Roddy. They came away from the restaurant and went home. Once there, Linda looked about her critically.

"What a mess everything is! What's that dust rag doing there? Were you using it, Roddy?"

"Yes, I thought I'd clean up a little," admitted Roddy.

Linda snatched up the cloth and began an exasperated eradication of dirt.

"Let me help," begged Roddy.

"All right; empty the ash trays and wipe 'em and bring 'em back, and pick up the papers, and put the chairs in place."

When he came back with the clean ash trays, he said gently, "Hadn't we better do the breakfast dishes, too, hon?"

Linda made a gesture of despair.

"Oh, I'd forgotten those wretched dishes. Yes, I suppose we'd better do 'em, or we'll have no cups to drink out of tomorrow. Why couldn't we go out to breakfast, too, Roddy? We never have time to eat it properly and wash the dishes, and I hate cleaning up at night."

Roddy opened his mouth and then he shut it.

"We can go out to breakfast if it's easier for you, Linda," he said at last, gently.

She flung up her hands.

"Oh, I know you hate it, and it is horrid going out in the cold without so much as a cup of coffee. I reckon I'd better do the dishes."

"I'll wipe 'em," offered Roddy.

So together they invaded the tiny kitchen and Linda got out the dishpan.

"Ugh, how egg does stick!" she said, half to herself.

She drooped over the unpleasant task, the lines of fatigue, her pallor, returned. Roddy watched her anxiously.

"Look here, Linda," he began, "I hate to see you like this. Now, I don't want to start anything; but if I do get Talbot's job it'll mean more money—enough—plenty, so that you could stay at home ——"

"I won't do it—I won't do it!" she flashed at him. "Here I'd be cooped up in this little hole all day long, cooking, darning, scrubbing, never seeing a soul except the iceman. No, I tell you, Rod, with your raise we'll hire a good competent working housekeeper, who'll do everything, and keep the house spick and span, and give us all our meals and leave us both free. I'd love that."

"But—but free for what?" asked Roddy. "I think we've got too much freedom now."

"Now what do you mean by that?" demanded Linda. "You've got the funniest notions, Rod."

"You know what I mean, Linda. I don't want to skitter along always. I want to save some money, and—and buy some stock in the firm—and—and have a home—a real home—not a haphazard, untidy sort of place like this."

Linda was too tired to be reasonable. Her eyes blazed and then filled with ungovernable tears.

"You're tired of me! You're tired of me! You don't love me!"

For answer he caught her in his arms and pulled her head down against his shoulder.

"Don't talk crazy stuff!" he commanded. "Tired of you, indeed! Here, come away from those old dishes and go lie down on the couch. I'll finish 'em, and when I'm done we'll call up Rufus and Cathleen and go over there and have a game of cards with them and come home early shall we? So we can get a good start in the morning."

He kissed and petted her, comforted her, and she yielded to him gratefully. But as he went back to the dishes he knew he'd shown weakness of character again. It wasn't right, the way they were living. He resolved that if he got the manager's job, he'd have it out with her finally.

When the dishes were done, Roddy looked them over proudly. They were clean and shining. He hung up the tea cloth and snapped off the light. A year of marriage had taught him much of housekeeping. He tiptoed into the living room to find Linda, as he had expected, fast asleep, and she looked so little and frail and exhausted that he couldn't bear to waken her to go over to Rufus and Cathleen Crisp's.

It didn't matter; he'd only proposed it because they lived nearest of all the crowd—right across the street, in fact. This would give him an hour with that book on silk. Roddy had determined that he would know something about the textiles that made up the articles he handled, and he was reading everything the nearest library could furnish on silk and cotton and wool. Since his marriage he'd rather neglected his self-elected course.

"You know," he had told Linda, explaining his thirst for knowledge, "people make fun of fellows who sell neckties and shirts, and call us Percy and Clarence, and all that; but I don't see anything funny in it. People have got to have clothes, and if you can sell 'em good things at a fair price you're supplying a real need. And if you can tell 'em something about manufacture and fabrics, and show 'em that you know what you're handling, why, they like it, and they come back to you again and again. It gets their interest."

Linda had laughed and shaken her pretty head.

"You're a rising young business man, Roddy; you certainly are."

"You can't keep a good man down," assented Roddy, unruffled.

He was still reading when, after ten o'clock, Linda stirred, woke and sat up, dull with sleep.

"Oh, what a stodgy way to spend the evening!" she murmured. "What you doing, Roddy?"

"Tuning up the old gray matter," said Roddy. "Had a good nap?"

"I don't know. I believe I could sleep a week."

"Better go to bed, hon."

At sight of the badly made bed she gave a dismayed exclamation.

"I forgot; I simply didn't have time this morning."

"Never mind," said Roddy. "What odds is it?"

"I hate being so sloppy," said Linda, and pulled the covers straight and beat up the pillows energetically. "Sometimes I think, Roddy, that we made a mistake to get a flat. Maybe it would be better if we boarded somewhere."

"If you didn't insist on going to business," was on the tip of Roddy's tongue. But he kept silence. Marriage, he had discovered, often entailed silences when

(Continued on Page 147)

*"How Dare You Say Such Things to Me, Roddy Bryant!" Cried Linda. "You Don't Love Me—You Never Did Love Me!"*

# LONG TAVEY

By CAPTAIN DINGLE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

*The Foretopsail Cracked and Flew Ahead in Threads of Stormy Gossamer*

NEVER estimate the staunchness of a ship by the splendor of her paint; nor her speed by the length of her spars. Similarly, never appraise the worth of a seaman by the nattiness of his attire; nor his alertness of movement by the length of his limbs.

Judged by externals, Long Tavey gave small promise of the sterling seamanship that was in him. Slow of speech, deliberate of movement, he seemed also to be dull of wit and vacant of expression, to a stranger. The ordinary run of shipmates never discovered Long Tavey's real self. A sympathetic soul, with more than the common perception of a sailorman, sometimes saw under the outer skin; at rare moments a lucky individual chanced to be nigh when Tavey unburdened his turbid mind, and fell heir to a gem of unexpected wisdom.

Long Tavey had just come on board. The seductive joys of Sydney, after a long dry voyage from a long dry land, had proved too strong for him; he had fallen; he had been locked up very much intoxicated; the skipper had sent the second mate to get him out. And here he was. Sitting on his sea chest in the Red Gauntlet's forecastle, lumped down grotesquely, hands in empty pockets, tongue and mouth afire with thirst, Tavey laid this down:

"Course, I'm dumb. P'raps that's why. And I'm a rummy. I know it. But what I don't know is this: Back home in Noo York I got tanked up 'long of a cop in private clo'es in a blind tiger. I got hove out on me ear, and another cop locked me up, but he didn't even sniff in at the joint wher I got it. That wus still open an' doing business when I left. Down here, underside the world, things is different. I allus thought things would be topsy-turby here. That 'counts for it, maybe. 'Tain't dry here. Not by a hull lot. Pooty damp, I'd call it. But I gets pickled good and complete here, and I asks a cop to have a snifter 'long o' me, and he wouldn't. I don't know that sort o' cop, so I ketches holt of him and hauls him inside before he knows what's up. Course, he wakes up in time. All cops do if they ain't dead. And he pinches me, runs me in and taps me pretty on the conk for good measure. Course, I'm dumb. That 'counts for it, maybe. But here they shuts up the joint where I got lit up, and just tells our skipper to come up and git one of his sailormen out o' hock. Topsy-turby, I'll say."

"Think yourself lucky, y' long slob," growled his solitary, unappreciative auditor.

Tavey's philosophy, his puzzlement over the differences between customs in two lands, a dry and a wet, which might well puzzle shrewder men, was only so many words to Spike Curran. Spike could not imagine anybody wanting to look for reasons in such a case. To be released from jail at no greater cost than the deduction from his pay of the amount of the fine seemed altogether sufficient. It wasn't as if he had to pay out actual hard cash from his pocket. He would never see that money; it would simply be taken out of his due before he was paid. He might as well not have earned it for all the inconvenience it would cause him. If it had been he, instead of Long Tavey, he would never seek a solution to the puzzle.

"Think yourself lucky, strike me dead!" he repeated fervidly. "They oughta have stowed y' away in the dippy house!"

"I guess yer right at that," mused Tavey unresentfully.

He wondered, an hour or so afterwards, why Spike had spoken so warmly. He heard only much later that Spike had gone to the same little pub—which was the only little pub known to the crew of the Red Gauntlet where a temporarily broke sailorman could chalk up a score—his tongue licking his dry lips thirstily, his flat pockets empty of even a clink of coin, at the precise moment when it was closed for the night by an angry proprietor. A revival of civic pride was afoot. There was a black list. Two offenses against the law of the black list, which said no drunken man should be served with liquor, meant that the proprietor had reached his limit. The next offense shut his place up for him, pending inquiry. Long Tavey perpetrated the third. And Spike Curran was possessed of a temper which set him to brooding over wrongs real or fancied; the heat induced by three drinks of smoky Scotch would ever set his blood boiling and definitely change fancied wrongs to real and vital ones.

Some heaven-sent Samaritan stood treat to the three smoky whiskies, and Spike rolled aboard with an evil eye for the slumbering Tavey.

"C'm an out, y' long slob! C'm an out an' foight!" he muttered, hauling Tavey's blankets off and grabbing a fistful of the sleeper's hair. It took many sharp tugs to awaken Tavey, and when awakened he was scarcely less senseless than when asleep. He blinked up heavily at his assailant. Spike took another fistful of oakumlike hair.

"Th' loikes av youse gits pore sailormen turned thirsty away, y' long fadom o' bilge water! Only f'r a dacint man as threated me loike a gintleman an' saved me loife wid whisky, I'd be a dead man this minit f'r you. Git up an' foight, y' two ends an' boight av a wet watch-taykle fall!"

Spike dragged at Tavey's hair with the pertinacity of a rooster hauling at a stubborn worm between two bricks. No man could ignore such persuasion for long, not even Long Tavey. The drowsy sleeper awakened, stumbled out of his bunk, leering up dumbly at his tormentor. Spike slapped him hard on the cheek.

"C'm an out an' foight!"

"Why should I have to fight you?" grumbled Tavey. He seemed unaware that he had been struck. "What's t' matter? Don't yer grub agree wiv y' or something?"

Spike hit him again, capering about the forecastle floor with rolling head and burlesque boxing attitudes, mouthing foolish grievances. Long Tavey stood in one place, lower lip pendent, eyes puzzled. Spike struck him again.

"Aw, what's the use o' knockin' him about? He don't know what it's all about!" protested the old able seaman who had played Samaritan to the belligerent Spike. He thought his three shots of Scotch smoke warranted him in interfering. "Leave him be and turn in, Spike. Here, I'll give y' a hand."

"A-r-rgah, g'wan!" snarled Spike, and flung off the old man's friendly hand. "Ye'll butt in, will ya? Strike me dead! I'll whip th' hull fo'c's'le, c'm wan, c'm all!"

He shuffled clear, wound up like a ball pitcher and slugged the old chap on the chin, capsizing him in a futile heap across the scuttle butt—and Long Tavey came sharply to life.

"Ain't you got no sense at all?" he said. "Hittin' an old man that way! You ought to see th' capt'in an' git examined for ——"

Spike lowered his head, charged and butted Tavey in the stomach. Tavey was long, lean and bent easily. He sat down with a thump on his sea chest, red of face, wide of eye, his hands pushing Spike's head out of his lap.

"——git examined for insanitry," he concluded seriously.

Spike's head, jerking upwards, butted him on the chin, making his teeth click, and he unwound his long length without haste, almost without anger, spilling his assailant on the dirty deck. Then, while Spike was on his knees, cursing soulfully, swaying his head from side to side menacingly, Long Tavey slowly and with lurching shoulders smacked him hard with open, horny palms on the sides of the head, one-two, one-two, one-two.

Spike sank from under Tavey's hands, slapped out rather than knocked out, perhaps; but out. The old seaman rose complainingly from behind the scuttle butt as soon as he saw his assailant quiescent. Long Tavey lifted the fallen bruiser and dumped him into his bunk; then he took the old man and dumped him into his bunk, deaf to his voluble utterings; after which he coiled his own long length between the blankets again and promptly forgot all about it.

That was Tavey's way. Next day he treated Spike as if no such episode had happened. Too simple-souled to notice the evil in Spike's brooding eyes, he was too void of guile to realize that the old man he had championed was siding with the enemy; and altogether too childlike in heart to suspect for a moment that the reason, had he seen anything to seek reason for, was the very act of kindness he had performed in dumping the old man into his bunk out of further harm's way.

The Red Gauntlet's cargo was out. She lay at Circular Quay waiting for a consignment of horses for Calcutta—. Walers for the Indian sportsmen. In Calcutta River she would load rice for orders, and Long Tavey and Spike had the unsavory job of cleaning the bilges of the accumulated muck of the outward cargo. Spike won his share in the nasty job by general cussedness; Tavey was elected because the mate knew he would never complain.

It is not a job to crave for, that scraping out of the bilges of a deepwaterman. The sediment of many cargoes becomes a beastly slime of stupendous aroma. It can be got out with only the smallest of scoops. Condensed-milk tins are about the biggest allowable; more often the fingers are the only possible tools. And the man whose turn it is to fill the bucket below must be wary while his mate is pulling up the load to dump it, for a slight tip at the hatch will scatter filth in a nauseating shower.

"That's th' last bucket but wan, y' long slob. Then ut's your turn," bellowed Spike as Tavey hauled up a load.

The old man of the forecastle episode, passing along the deck, peered over the hatch.

"Come along for'ard when you come up, Spike. I got a drop o' redeye!" he called down cautiously.

Then, with a finger at his nose for Tavey, the old rascal proceeded on his way, chuckling to see the thirsty gleam that shone in Tavey's eye. Long Tavey would have undergone much at the hands of an enemy just then for a swig of strong rum. He almost asked for it. But Spike was bawling for the bucket. He had prospects of a drink and haste was his motto.

"Look out now!" shouted Spike as the last bucket of his share of the scrapings swung clear of the hold floor.

Tavey hauled stolidly. He did everything sailor fashion. There was no need to tell him to have a care. He always cared. But Spike was too eager to get forward. Instead of stepping back from under the square of the hatch until that fearsome bucket was safely on deck, he jumped to the stanchion and started to climb the perpendicular ladder right under the coaming at which stood Tavey.

And then the bucket fell. The knot slipped; the iron bucket, with its fifty pounds' weight of poisonous muck, rocketed down upon Spike, and the sharp rim fell like an ax against his bullethead. He dropped from the ladder without a sound and crashed to the floor of the hold.

"I guess he wuz in too much of a hurry to git that drink," explained Tavey, with a glance at the frightened face of the old man of the forecastle. "He never waited ontil the bucket wuz clear."

"What drink?" snapped the skipper, raising his head from his examination of the stricken man.

"Why, this yer old man ——"

"It's a lie!" the old fellow screamed excitedly. "This yer long an' useless tied a slippery hitch on the bucket apurpose, to git even with Spike for haulin' him outa his bunk last night."

"I never tied no slippery hitch," protested Tavey mildly. It was a reflection on his sailorly qualities. The other part of the evil suggestion passed over him. He heard only the charge that he had tied a bad knot. "Why, Spike tied that clove hitch hisself!" he added.

"Send for an ambulance and take Curran to the hospital," the captain ordered. "You and you come aft. I want to know more of this," he said to Tavey and the old seaman.

The Red Gauntlet shook off her towrope and set sail outside the Heads a month later. She had a hundred valuable horses in her hold, and ten not so valuable horse keepers in rough bunks built for them right where their charges lived. Spike Curran swaggered about the decks, self-elected cock o' the watch, recovered from his hurt and something of a hero to the crew. His injuries had been serious, aggravated by the poisonous infection of the filth that had got into the wounded scalp. He came aboard only on the morning of sailing day, the envy of his mates.

"There's th' felly as tried to croak yuh, Spike," said Ted Rich, able seaman. "Never even put him in jail, they didn't."

"Aw, leave him be, th' long fadom o' bilge! Oi'll fix him befoor we hit Sandheads," grinned Spike.

He was warm with the notice accorded by his mates. Reprisals could wait. He had not decided whether or not to believe that Tavey was guilty of dropping that bucket on him. He didn't care just then. He refused to wonder

(Continued on Page 103)

*Every Now and Then a Weightier Roller Tumbled Over the Six-Foot Rail in a Hissing, Roaring Flood That Swept Everything Movable Into Chaos*

# CAPITAL TAKES A TAX-EXEMPT VACATION

By JAMES H. COLLINS

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

ARE street-car fares in your town any higher than they were ten years ago? How about your telephone bill—electric-light bill—gas bill? No need to ask if you are paying more in railroad fares and freights—but are you getting better service for the money? Do rents show any sign of coming down in your neighborhood? Building a house or improving the farm? How about mortgage money?

What do average fellows like yourself—the folks that the parlor reformer calls the bourgeoisie—think about these matters that touch them every day? Do they agree that there may be something in the suggestions—spread about persistently, for a purpose—that our utilities have broken down under private management, and that eventually the municipal, state or Federal government will have to step in and render these services at cost? Are they falling for the propaganda of the communists who want to upset things or the politicians who want to make jobs?

Or do they begin to see how the thing ties into taxation? You know all about the taxes you pay directly—real-estate taxes, school taxes, road taxes, income tax to Uncle Sam, maybe state income tax, licenses on your automobile, your business, your dog. But the tax collector is digging in deeper than you probably suspect. For he is taking heavy toll in concealed taxes collected for him by railroads, public-service corporations, banks, mortgage companies, and the like.

Take your local electric light or gas company. Every year it needs new money for growth. A round $1,000,000,000 must be put into this industry every year if it is to grow with the community. In your town, say, $100,000 is needed every year.

### The Rush for Nontaxables

TEN years ago the company issued that amount of bonds and sold them to an investment banking house, whose salesman went out and canvassed their customers. About a quarter of the issue was purchased by corporate investors, like the life-insurance companies and banks. The remainder was bought by individual investors—men of fortune with interest and dividends to reinvest, men making substantial incomes in business, trustees of estates, and the like. The average purchase was between $10,000 and $15,000. Of the $6,000,000,000 fresh investment capital needed for the material growth of this country every year, this investing class could be depended upon for $4,000,000,000 to $5,000,000,000. It represented our old friend, Capital, organized, working to help build up the country, doing his job at a reasonable wage in selling expense, interest and dividends.

Today, when the bond salesman comes around, Friend Capital isn't in his office. He isn't in town. He went away —— Why, let's see? When did he go away? Was it last year, or the year before, or the year before that? No, they can't say where he is, nor when he will be back. Last heard from he was in Florida, or California, or on his way around the world.

No, he isn't sick, but just taking a long vacation at the suggestion of Uncle Sam. When war put heavy surtaxes on incomes above $50,000 Uncle Sam said to Capital, "Why take all this risk and worry of making money and investing it when you can liquidate your business or investments, put your fortune into tax-exempt bonds, and go away and play?"

Why, indeed?

Many of the bond salesman's old customers took Uncle Sam's advice. Gilt-edge railroad, utility and industrial bonds, subject to high surtaxes, were sold and replaced with tax-exempt bonds of the national, state, county and municipal governments. Mortgages were dumped on the market in the same way. Famous families whose fortunes were built on real estate, with "Never sell" for the family motto, turned land holdings of several generations into money that was invested in tax-exempt bonds. The widows and orphans with $100,000 a year and upwards doubled their incomes by shifting investments.

One fortune of nearly $35,000,000, left by a man who died while this transformation was going on, has been so skillfully invested in tax-exempt securities that the income from it is taxable at scarcely 1½ per cent a year.

One large holder of mortgages, worth $15,000,000, had only 1 per cent of his income left after paying 1918 taxes. But the following year he had sold all his mortgages to savings banks, put the money into tax-exempt bonds, and was paying in taxes only a little more than he had left the previous year after the Government got through with him.

In 1916 taxpayers with incomes exceeding $300,000 paid Uncle Sam taxes on incomes of $706,000,000. By 1919 this had shrunk to $314,000,000. Their taxable incomes from interest, as opposed to earnings or profits, fell from $165,000,000 to $60,000,000 in the same period. In 1919 Federal taxes were paid on sixty-five incomes of $1,000,000 or more, and in 1920 there were only thirty-three such taxable incomes. In 1919 the taxable income of these sixty-five millionaires was $152,000,000, but the following year this had dropped to $77,000,000.

He is not worrying a bit, the possessor of unearned dollars. His net income from tax-exempt bonds is as great as from taxable bonds paying several times as much interest, according to the size of his fortune and the surtaxes he would have to pay.

And he is not at home!

Now the bond salesman has got to find somebody home. That is his job—to rustle $5,000,000,000 or $6,000,000,000 a year for the expansion of our utilities and industries, keeping pace with the growth of the country. When rich people were given a bonus to go away and play he had the stiffest job of his life. Apparently the only kind of money left for his kind of bonds was the earned dollars of Mister Average Fellow with an income from $20,000 a year down to as little as $2000—and less than that. Uncle Sam didn't say "Go and play" to the average folks. On the contrary, his advice to them was "Get busy if you want to see your town grow, save your hard-earned money and extend your own public-service facilities." So the bond salesman today is diligently hunting the earned dollar, and his average sale is now somewhere around $3000. Which means a lot of $500 and $1000 investors, with an occasional big killing when one of his old customers comes back.

Of course it costs much more to sell to these new customers. Besides dealing in smaller amounts, with a larger number of people, he has to call on many more people, and do a lot of missionary work, preaching the gospel of bond investment where it has seldom been heard. That additional cost is charged up indirectly to the utility corporations whose bonds he is selling, and eventually the company's customers pay it in rates or fares.

### Public Utilities Hard Hit

AS A MATTER of fact, he hasn't been able to do the job. For the normal investment money of the country, besides escaping in tax-exempts, has also been reduced by taxation. The National Industrial Conference Board estimates that in 1921 we had $12,500,000,000 of the national income available for taxes and fresh capital investments. Of this, $8,400,000,000 was absorbed by national and local taxes, leaving approximately $4,100,000,000 for capital needs, instead of the $6,000,000,000 we really required.

No matter how the bond salesman wears out shoe leather in pursuit of the earned dollars, he doesn't get enough of them, for the tax collector gets ahead of him. Though there is no immediate prospect of an increase in Federal taxes, and even some hope for a decrease, state and local taxes are steadily increasing.

The utility companies have had to get busy, too, and seek capital through the great customer-ownership movement that is now going on. Where your electric-light company got money in $10,000 and $15,000 chunks a few years ago, chiefly on bonds, it is now selling preferred stock to its customers in $50 and $100 lots—and letting them pay for it on the installment plan at that. With some big purchasers they have managed to bring the average sale up to $1100. Normally utilities are financed with 75 to 90 per cent bonds and short-term notes, and the rest preferred and common stock, but the stock percentage is now rapidly increasing.

"Tax-exempt bonds brought us face to face with one of the biggest financial problems in our history," says a utility executive. "We were hit harder than other industries because our business is regulated by public-service

(Continued on Page 176)

# IN THE 'APPY LONDON 'ALLS

## By Frank Ward O'Malley

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

*Every Chappie Present Had His Choice of Sitting and Listening to B-4 Jokes or of Stepping Down to the Smoking-Room Bar*

IT IS unnecessary to elaborate upon the difficulties in the way of the American student of European dramatic art, who, not knowing the foreign language, enters the native theater abroad. When I arrived in London I was unable to speak British and understood less when spoken. I had a fair grasp of the word "cheerio," and when and where to use it. Beyond that I was sunk.

In consequence, on the first night I entered a London theater I was disheartened to find that my linguistic ignorance resulted in my muffing even the basic theme of one of the simplest and most beloved art works of the contemporaneous British theater. The work is more than contemporaneous. Englishmen assured me that it has been running uninterruptedly on the London stage since the year known in the British calendar as Eyteen-Eyty-Eyte.

As it takes only a minute to quote the little classic in its entirety, let me submit it in the original tongue to the American reader so that he may judge for himself as to its clearness from our own viewpoint.

"Eddie," begins the comedian half of the British patter team of the 'alls always at some stage of the evening's pastime. An audience numbering thousands instantly realizes that the cosmic jest again is coming and gets all set to grow hysterical. "Eddie — "

"Cease, me man!" interrupts Edwin. "Cease! 'Ow dare you address me as Eddie?"

### *Why Tinney Got the Rawzberry*

"I DIDN'T, sir," protests the British comic heatedly. "I was merely about to s'y, sir, that I've eddie 'nough of this." [Delirious panics all over the 'all; several swoonings; the distracted house manager crying from the stage, "Is there a leech in the 'ouse?"]

Perhaps we have an element of rich humor here, but I confess it came too fast for me. Even today, with a far better knowledge of spoken British now than I had then, I grasp the jest only vaguely. Thus it was that during more than a week of those first days of my patient study of British stage humor I muffed wheeze after wheeze absolutely.

Then this unbridged difference between our own English mother tongue and the pidgin English spoken by all Londoners has a more serious side. I mean that when some of our most gifted American vaudeville artists, speaking only our own tongue, have dared to attempt to amuse audiences in the London 'alls they have met with æsthetic and financial disaster more far-reaching than anything that could happen to a mere auditor of the 'alls like myself. Though they gave the best of their art, they got what is known in British as the rawzberry. To translate, they were flops. They put it over, but it died there.

It isn't so long ago, for instance, that our eminent Mr. Frank Tinney came sadly back from Leicester Square to Forty-second Street with his repertoire hanging in shreds.

An hour before Mr. Tinney was to make his first appearance in the London 'alls he gave to Cecil, the dapper leader of the orchestra, a typed side of questions which Cecil—or, in British, Sissle—was to feed to the American comic during the Tinney monologue.

Unfortunately, Frank and Sissle held no preliminary tryout, or rehearsal. Mr. Tinney, unsuspecting, came upon the stage; and after an opening stutter or two, he observed that an old maid always reminded him of a frozen tomato, "tomato" being the cue for Sissle's first question.

"Dyuh, dyuh, dyuh!" began Sissle promptly enough, although in British. "'Straordinary! Explyne to me, Frank, why is a spinstah like a frozen tomawto?"

Tomawto! Where do you suppose that left Frank Tinney? The great artist had aimed to answer, "Because it's hard to mate 'er." Instantly Forty-second Street humor at its highest was ruined. For years in New York that jest had served the American artist nobly. In England he was banished from the British Empire.

In like manner disaster met the American patter act of Those Different Yankee McGillicuddys right before my eyes on a recent night in one of the London 'alls.

As the big note to the American act, Artist Peter McGillicuddy said to the other comic Yank, Mike McGillicuddy, "I drink either gin or Scotch now, Mike."

"Well," remarked Mike McGillicuddy, the two Yankee boys getting ready to break into song the instant the expected applause and laughter should have died down, "gin and Scotch are all right, but I'd lay off on the ether."

The unsuspecting Yankee lads did not know, alas, that the word "either" is unknown in England. In British the corresponding word is "eytheh."

It was only the Yankee quick thinking of the McGillicuddys that saved their lives. They confused the pursuing pack by separating. Mike finally eluded his half of the pack temporarily in the darkness of a northern fastness of Amstead Eath. Peter, fleeing west through Ammersmith, clad only in his funny comedian costume, escaped by the merest accident. When dawn finally broke upon him, it seems, the London suburbanites who passed Mr. McGillicuddy wearing his loose fitting, comical stage clothes took it for granted that he was merely a British business man about to take an early train up to the city. Mike, whose stage clothes fit him, had to stay in hiding for weeks. Peter's funny clothes, however, helped to land him a two weeks' card at the Constitutional Club, where he lived until both brothers escaped one wild night aboard a lugger.

### *Turned In for a New Model*

MY OWN difficulties in mastering British were so great that at times I was tempted to give up my search for London's stage humor in despair. But nightly attendance at the London 'alls in time, I found, was as good a way as any to brush up my British. It was not long, in fact, before my growing knowledge of the patois was causing me to laugh uproariously even at the feeder half of any patter team in the 'alls.

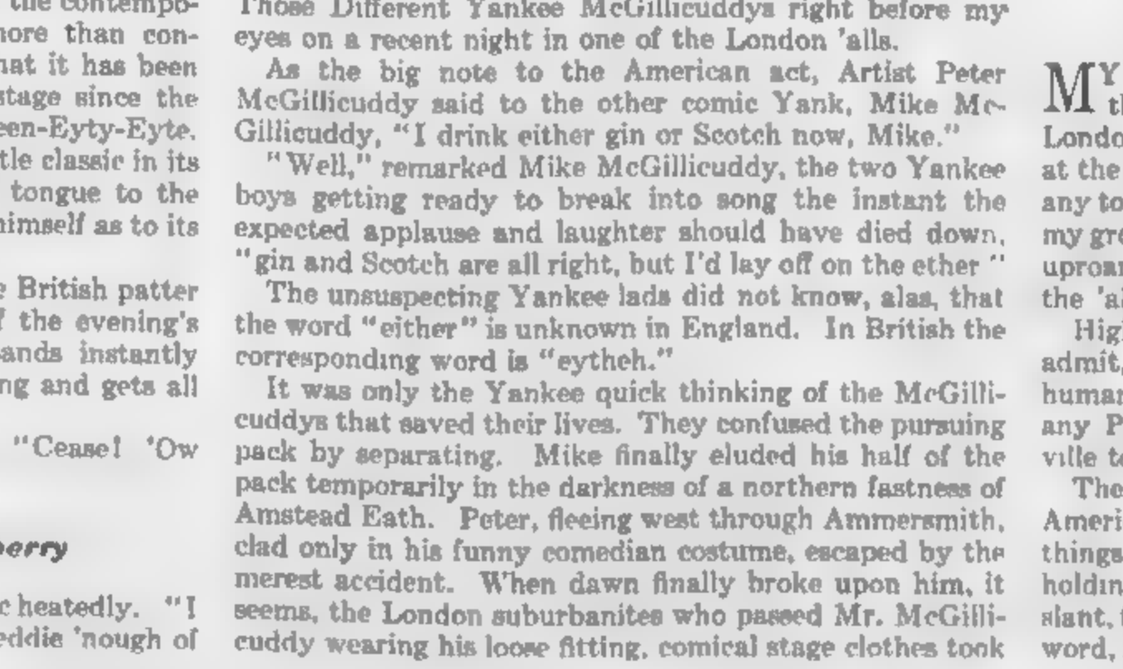
High praise of the British patter teams, that, you must admit, when you stop to recall that the unfunniest human being on earth, not excepting the leading comic of any Paris revue, is the feeder of any American vaudeville team.

The reader, I trust, knows what a feeder is. Here in America he is the half of the patter act who, among other things, wears Klassy Kut Kollege Klothes—a single button holding the coat snugly to his solar plexus, pockets on a slant, fashionable watch charm, pearl-buttoned shoes—in a word, is dressed just like one of the Vanderbilt boys.

Veterans of the Civil War will remember the feeder as the half of the sketch who for a generation or more steadily tried to find out from his comic partner why a chicken crosses the street. Finally about a decade ago the comic began to meet the chicken question with the answer, "To get into Flo Ziegfeld's office."

After the chicken-Ziegfeld wheeze had suffered ten years of hard service the Feeders' Union of America recently held a convention along the east curb of Long Acre Square, New York, and decided to turn in the jest for a new model. Today the feeder may be recognized in all American performances everywhere as the artist who asks the comic whether or not he has heard about that there party in Philadelphia—laughter—who shot the letter carrier. Under penalty of forfeiting his membership card, accident and death benefits—and the comic's life comes under the head of hazardous occupations—in the

*Continued on Page 76*



*Anyway, Up the Gangway We Lugged the Late Patsy Person, Feet First*

# IN TRUST

## By PERCEVAL GIBBON

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

THE room was three floors above one of those streets of serious modern architecture which slope from the head of the Strand to the middle of the Thames Embankment. Like its owner, where he sat before his mahogany desk, laid as for some business banquet with silver gear, it was chubby, with its red-and-blue Turkey carpet, its fat leather chairs, the comfortable glow of its grate. Wellwyn, seated in one of the fat chairs designed so that its occupant must look upwards to the face of the man at the desk, found it a little suffocating.

Mr. Semlin, at the desk, had his plump white hands folded at the height of his shirt-front stud. He had short white whiskers, a chin that bedded itself against his neck, the mouth of an actor and the eyes of an inquisitor. An even and eupeptic pinkness covered him from the dome of his skull to where he disappeared from sight at his collar edge; he looked as if he smelled faintly of scented soap.

"I think you should wait and see Miss Ames," he was saying. "It would be well that she should hear from yourself what you are doing. It is a wretched business."

Wellwyn nodded wearily.

"Wretched!" he agreed. "But my fault, though."

The lawyer's wide, thin lips pouted judicially.

"Your fault, of course," he agreed. "Though not your fault alone. You will let me remark that, leaving aside mere honesty of intention and all that, I cannot conceive of a man less capable than yourself for such a trust. A rubber stamp to sign a name with could have done all that you appear to have done."

"Yes," said Wellwyn. "But I trusted Wilks. He was—my friend."

"Trusted him with Miss Ames' property," amended the lawyer; "signed without question all that he put before you; enabled him with every show of right and legality to convert the whole of it into cash and to depart with it unquestioned. But you did not trust him with your own capital, however."

Wellwyn flushed and shifted in his chair.

"Fortunately, as it happens, I did not," he said. "It doesn't amount to quite a quarter of what Miss Ames has lost; but such as it is, it is there for you to realize."

The lawyer nodded, tapping the tips of his fingers together.

"She is late," he said, and there was an interval of silence.

Mr. Semlin lifted a paper from his desk and proceeded to read it. Wellwyn, holding his hat on his knees, sat back passively to wait. He had fallen into a machinery that he could neither arrest nor control; to be passive amid its wheels and rollers was all that remained for him.

He was a man in the thirties, upon whom his chosen manner of life had left its print. He was tall, slenderly made, with the springs of youth yet tense in him; clean shaven, brown haired and lean in the jaw. And upon all this, as in a palimpsest, there was superimposed a tendency to stoop in the shoulders, a mildness, a hint of abstraction in look and manner, all that makes up the visible badge of the scholar and bookman. A considerable legacy that had trickled its way through a jungle of short-lived cousins had released him from schoolmastering and tutoring some years before; it had opened to him a prospect of a life of congenial and profitable study; and now this shot from the dark, this perfidy in his cotrustee of the estate of Wilhelmina Ames, had stripped him.

The schoolmastering once again, the whole business of grinding dull brains to conventional shapes -and worse, the wrong to Wilhelmina Ames.

The lawyer was watching his thin, unhappy gaze across the top of the document he held.

"What," he began suddenly—"what, exactly, induced you to accept this trust?"

Wellwyn shrugged feebly. All that had ever been right and reasonable had become wrong and absurd.

"I knew her father very well," he answered. "I knew her too. It was—difficult to refuse. They were great friends of mine."

"Like Wilks," commented the other briefly.

"You Wouldn't Put Me Off With Buns and Milk After Offering Me Your Whole Fortune, Would You?"

He seemed about to go on; but just then the door opened and a clerk stood aside in the entry to allow a young lady to enter. The two men rose.

"I'm late, I suppose," volunteered Wilhelmina Ames cheerfully.

"Not very," smiled Mr. Semlin, taking her gloved hand across his desk. "And I need not keep you long. If you will take that chair, please."

But Wilhelmina Ames had turned to Wellwyn, who stood in silence, holding his soft hat and his umbrella. She gave an instant's glance -a dart of keenest scrutiny veiled in roguishness—at his sober face and held out her hand.

"Hullo, Brian!" she greeted him. "Taking it to heart, old chap? Shouldn't do that, should he, Mr. Semlin?"

Wellwyn shook hands with her without speaking. She took the chair Mr. Semlin had indicated, leaned back in it, and, noting his attitude, joined her finger tips and bent her head forward.

"First," she demanded, "what's the news from the front? Have the police got a clew? If not, what have they got?"

In response Mr. Semlin shook his head.

"They believe he has not left the country," he said. "For the rest, they have no trace."

"Thought not," said the girl briskly. "Smart man, our Mr. Wilks! Just the man for a trustee. Poor old Brian here would never have thought of a trick like that—would you, Brian?"

Wilhelmina Ames was twenty-one, the only child of her parents, and motherless since her birth. Wellwyn had known her first as a cheery, noisy schoolgirl, and he had never perceived that, save in size and the length of her skirts, she had changed much since. She was of average height and pleasantly plump. The main effect of her was a radiant well-being, a dynamic zest in happiness. Her face was alert to be gleeful, twinkling joyously from point to point of easy mirth.

"The matter that caused me to ask you to call this morning," explained Mr. Semlin, "is just this: Mr. Wellwyn here has asked me to take charge of matters for him and I wished you to hear his instructions to me. Mr. Wellwyn ——"

Wellwyn shook his head. "Better for you to tell her," he said.

Wilhelmina looked from one to the other, half smiling. Mr. Semlin nodded slowly in compliance. Deliberately, then, flavoring his sentences with no more legalities than were needful to ballast them with the dead weight of authority, he set forth the position. Ambrose Wilks, her dead father's friend, had absconded with practically the whole of her substantial fortune; Brian Wellwyn, as cotrustee, was liable for the sum; and Mr. Semlin had received orders to realize his property and pay it over to her. He advised her to secure legal aid and advice at once.

(Continued on Page 153)

# WHITE GOLD

## By LOUISE DUTTON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

DIXON TREVOR sat on a small, battered steamer trunk in the middle of a large, clean, comfortless New England bedroom in the spare chamber of the Choate farmhouse and wondered why he was there. He was a convalescent, recovering from a nervous breakdown which had followed his years in France and was his first and only illness, but that was not why. There was another reason.

Before his train-tired eyes, which blinked in the strong morning sun and regarded it coldly, was a large, clean New England view—red-gray rocks that shone like jewels, crude, semiprecious jewels; blue water, shallow and sparkling; and bluer sky, where no clouds were and it seemed that no clouds could ever be. A beautiful, barren stretch of New England coast, undiscovered and unexploited; back there, thinly veiled by the sparse, high woods, a scattering handful of dingy, pretentious houses, the nucleus of a summer colony that had sprung up years ago and persisted somehow, never quite living or dying, like all alien growth in this rugged soil.

Half the houses were closed, and he had never known who lived in the other half. Along the bay, other prosperous, ugly farms, and this one; and a cluster of sleepy shops, a church and a schoolhouse down the road, ten long New England miles away.

"They can't come here," said Trevor out loud.

There was a whining note in his voice, like a complaining child's. He heard it and laughed. Then he closed his eyes and sat still, with his face in his hands.

Ten years ago the world had belonged to Trevor. He was young and almost famous and almost rich. His first novel was a best seller, his second a distinguished failure, his third would have been a real book. It was never finished. It was here in his trunk—two beautiful, living chapters and a collection of notes that were dead and would never live now. For the war came and the only war job he could get took him to France. It took him very far from the war and from life; into sleepy château towns where he waited for action; into sordid little corners where he worked hard and did not think; into a feverish hurry of reconstruction work at last. The time had seemed short, for always he had dreamed of his own work and his own world waiting. He had come home to them now. He had been home for six months, but he could not find them. He had no work and no world because of this new and dreadful thing that was there.

Trevor did not know just what name to call it by. It had many names. No name was bad enough. To everyone else it was an old story, laughed at, crusaded against, accepted at last. To Trevor in his backwater of life rare echoes of it had come in books and in letters from home, but he did not believe in it till he started back and found it was everywhere. It crossed with him on the transport where girls in spectacular sports clothes drank too much and danced too much and sang too much; and the drinks and the songs and the dances all made Trevor in their several ways very sick. It met him when he landed in New York, his own town, the town he loved best; it spoiled all his favorite streets and restaurants and cabarets. Trevor made a round of visits and there it met him again. For the visits were all alike; in smart Long Island country houses, in smarter, more conservative houses, where bluest Boston reigned, Calverts and Endicotts. The crowd was the crowd on the boat; the same crowd, no worse and no better. After six months he knew that no crowd was any better. This was the new generation. This was the world.

*She Was Perched on the Edge of Trevor's Own Little Trunk*

A new order of beings. They had sprung up overnight, like mushrooms, while he slept a Rip Van Winkle sleep in France, but they were here to stay—weary-eyed young creatures who did not fear God or man or each other; jazz and petting and booze, and over it all the unsightly trail of the squab. For the girls were the worst of all this. Squabs, flappers, vamps, worms, whatever you chose to call them—modern girls; telling you barroom stories, unashamed, shimmying, showing their knees, which were pretty, and their overdecorated faces, which were not; poisoning the air and the world.

"Squabs," said Trevor out loud and very bitterly, and then, very softly and sadly, "White gold."

White Gold! That was the name of the dead book in Trevor's trunk, a beautiful name; and the book was beautiful; a love story about simple and lovely things; a girl with a rose in her hair and a boy who asked for it; golden lads, golden girls. And you could not write about girls like that any more. There were no girls like that any more. All the old-fashioned girls were dead; dead in one grand slaughter of the innocents. How had they died? Poisoned with prohibition booze, or merely shocked to death? Anyway, they were dead. Youth was dead; youth as he remembered and knew it—rose-white youth.

For Trevor many things had died with it; all the things he had lived by; and without these things Trevor did not like the world. He did not know how to live in it at all. So he was going to stay here until he did, until he could bear it somehow. And now he was going for a walk in this excellent air. He was dressed for it correctly, in good tweeds, of only a slightly too youthful cut. He rose and inspected them with some difficulty in the high-tilted dresser mirror.

"Squabs," he repeated out loud, as he looked. That was his lesson. He must never forget that he had come here to learn it. Supersquabs. That was a term of his own—supersquabs. He had just invented it. It pleased him. He picked up a new and correct sports cap and his old blackthorn stick, closed the door of his immaculate room respectfully, and went down the clean, creaking stairs.

As he stepped out on the worn granite of the door stone a gust of wind met him, a new little wind that was quite friendly and almost gay. Before him a path led to the shore and the cliffs and the beach below. The path was outlined with smooth round stones, planted by the patient hands of the Choates. It was straight as the way of duty. Up the pasture there was no path at all, only wandering, inconsequent cow tracks that led to a far line of trees and got lost on the way there. Trevor chose the faintest of these and followed it.

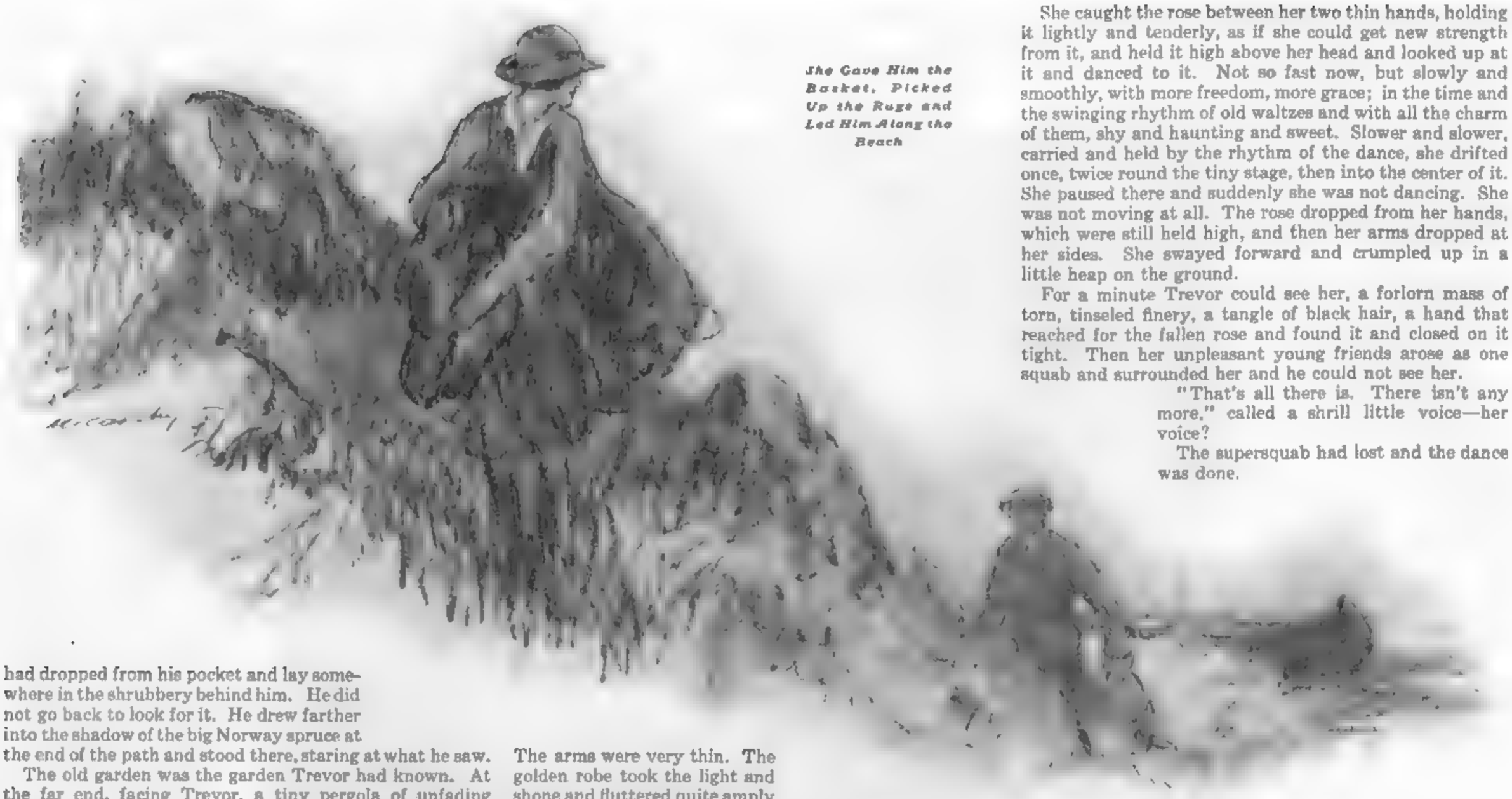
He pushed through the trees to the rough country road beyond and turned east along it. The road was hardly a road at all, but a slow, upward climb. Ahead, on high ground overlooking the bay, was the deserted village, the summer colony, and the old Carmichael place

He walked fast, and whistled a little wordless tune as he walked. The sun was in his eyes; New England sunlight, dazzling but never quite warm. All the trees by the road were trees that he seemed to have known long ago, familiar but never dear, like unloved faces; smug white birches, starved-looking pines. But Trevor had a pleasant sense that he had the world to himself, and even in this sun-drenched desert that was good to feel. He came to two granite gateposts, masked by undergrowth, but still standing and grimly erect. A long avenue, unkept and overgrown but winding in stately curves, an avenue still, led to the house at the end.

Years before—before Trevor's one summer at Twisted Pines—this had been the show place of the colony, and in a different sense it was the show place now, the most forsaken and grotesque. The rank wood growth of twenty summers choked but could not defeat it. Through the trees, as your eyes grew used to the green gloom—good stage lighting for a witch scene—you saw strange, prehistoric things—a fountain, a pergola, chairs of rusty and tortured ironwork where you were not meant to sit; ruined rockeries where only the primmest of flowers had ever dared to grow; dead things, joyless and cheerless ghosts. At last, suddenly turning a curve, and all unprepared for its elaborate ugliness, you came upon the house, a nightmare of gingerbread and cupolas and bay windows and balconies, complete from the fussy mansard roof to the horrible porte-cochère.

Somewhere in the trees an Italian garden was hidden. He went round the house, past the broken trellis of the bricked courtyard there, to the woods beyond. Here was the path to the garden, with two upstanding poplars to mark it. It had been a graveled walk, with a grape arbor roofing it. Now it was overgrown and dark, but you could follow it still.

The ground was slimy and damp, and dry branches that would never bear grapes again struck him viciously in the face with personal intent. He stopped, breathless, broke off a branch that barred his way and looked into the garden. He looked and looked again. His elaborate cap



*She Gave Him the Basket, Picked Up the Rugs and Led Him Along the Beach*

had dropped from his pocket and lay somewhere in the shrubbery behind him. He did not go back to look for it. He drew farther into the shadow of the big Norway spruce at the end of the path and stood there, staring at what he saw.

The old garden was the garden Trevor had known. At the far end, facing Trevor, a tiny pergola of unfading Chinese red struck the one note of color. Everything else here was green and asleep and old. Within, the wide stretch of lawn was weedy and overgrown, but formal and graciously spaced, a queen's pleasance. The grass that grew so soft and fine in the shade had half blotted out the ugly outlines of flower beds that dotted it here and there. In the center the beautiful old sundial that the sun could no longer reach slept and waited for the sun. These things could not change. They were too old to change. Trevor had been fond of them once. He hardly saw them now. Only some little nerve in him that they pleased told him that they were there. What he saw was the group round the sundial.

They were all looking away from him toward the pergola and he could not see their faces. He did not need to. He could see quite enough. The boys were of varying shapes and sizes, two dapper and mouse-colored and medium-sized, one blond and red-necked and fat, and one dark and lank and tall—Trevor considered it probable that he had a small, smooth mustache—but they were all made on the same model; all languid and loose-jointed, like the old-fashioned jointed doll after the joints come loose and need to be restrung. The two girls were squabs—a lean, anxious squab, with a great deal of bobbed henna hair; and a lesser squab, with blond hair bleached to the roots, sleek and straight. The lean squab wore many colors, purple predominating, and a large purple hat. The lesser squab wore stripes, amazing and far-spread stripes, and no hat at all; and her pale, small head, thus featured, had a curious, unfinished look—indecorous, somehow, like a chicken hatched and exposed to the light of day too soon. These and other details Trevor perceived, but they did not concern him. He did not care what they wore, how they differed from each other or from their race. It was enough that they were here.

The game, if it was a game, approached a climax. The audience by the sundial was impatient and broke into premature applause, all directed toward the inscrutable pergola, and then catcalls.

Had he interrupted some important event, some great secret rite or ceremony of the Order of Squabs? Or was it just the magic of this old garden, which their alien presence could not spoil, which had worked on him always and now was stronger than ever? Trevor, behind his spruce, did not know; but he held his breath and waited and kept his eyes on the door of the pergola, excited, thrilled in spite of himself.

The tiny red house stood out against its background of green, closed and forbidding, keeping its secrets. Then the narrow doors opened, flung suddenly wide, and between them a little figure slipped out.

It was a girl, a strange little pale-faced girl, draped in a robe of gold. Her small head was bare to the sun and framed in great, close-coiled masses of blue-black hair. Her small, straight feet, dead white against the green matted grass, were bare, and her two bare arms were stretched high above her head and held there in a quaint little gesture of greeting to her audience, seen and unseen. The arms were very thin. The golden robe took the light and shone and fluttered quite amply and grandly; but it was not really grand; only some flimsy stuff hastily draped and caught and lightly held; a robe for a strolling player, not a queen. Under its folds her little body was thin, unbelievably thin, flat-chested like a boy's; and her careless pose was a boy's, free and light, but not graceful—gaminesque. A boy's grin parted her lips, rather friendly, rather sweet, but mocking too. The lips were very full, very red and rouged redder, and the white face was powdered whiter—chalky white. Out of it looked dark eyes; dark eyes that were not black or of any color at all, but changing and shadowed and deep, like the sky on a stormy night. Eyes wide and soft like a child's, but old like a woman's, hurt and yet hopeful too; eyes for delight and dreams, beautiful eyes that seemed to be looking straight at him. What were they doing here in the queer little powdered face of this squab?

Squab! Trevor dedicated his new word to her. She was a supersquab; a supersquab at bay, challenged, on trial somehow before her obnoxious peers. You could back her against them all, but she looked rather small, rather helpless, alone up there. Her unpleasant young friends were not so impressed by her costume and pose as Trevor. They wanted immediate action, and said so.

The supersquab did not seem to hear them. Her pose, her little smile, were unchanged, as if she were quite alone, dreaming in this dim quiet, waiting for a sign not yet received. Beside her, on a half-dead rosebush, a single full-blown rose glowed red. Suddenly she stooped, broke it, caught it between her teeth, then threw her arms wide apart with a quick, free gesture and began to dance.

Trevor tried to follow the steps and poses, to remember and name them. The elements of the performance were simple enough. You would class it somewhere between the old school of Genée and the hula as interpreted in a fairly reputable cabaret, if you looked at it coldly; but you could not do that; the girl would not let you. This dance was warm and alive.

You saw small, quick-moving feet and thin, waving arms and a thin, restless body, bending and swaying—a dryad drawn from her tree by strange notes of jazz, and dancing, half asleep.

By this time the meaning of the little pageant was clear enough to Trevor. There was some wager, some time limit. She had to keep up this performance for a given time or pay a forfeit to the lank young man. What the forfeit was, Trevor did not know or care, for this game was a silly game. Yet the game, the dance, had become, somehow, his own affair. He was on the side of the girl. He was dancing, too, while she danced; he would lose, too, if she lost.

And she was losing. The tone of the dance was changing. The spell that it cast was already not quite so strong. The audience by the sundial, quiet at first like good little children in church, were restless again, whispering, calling out to her unkind things that Trevor would not hear. As if he could help her by watching, he gave his whole mind to the girl and the dance.

She caught the rose between her two thin hands, holding it lightly and tenderly, as if she could get new strength from it, and held it high above her head and looked up at it and danced to it. Not so fast now, but slowly and smoothly, with more freedom, more grace; in the time and the swinging rhythm of old waltzes and with all the charm of them, shy and haunting and sweet. Slower and slower, carried and held by the rhythm of the dance, she drifted once, twice round the tiny stage, then into the center of it. She paused there and suddenly she was not dancing. She was not moving at all. The rose dropped from her hands, which were still held high, and then her arms dropped at her sides. She swayed forward and crumpled up in a little heap on the ground.

For a minute Trevor could see her, a forlorn mass of torn, tinseled finery, a tangle of black hair, a hand that reached for the fallen rose and found it and closed on it tight. Then her unpleasant young friends arose as one squab and surrounded her and he could not see her.

"That's all there is. There isn't any more," called a shrill little voice—her voice?

The supersquab had lost and the dance was done.

The dance was done, and it seemed to Trevor that some danger had ended with it, something that had menaced him, but did not now that its magic was gone from the air. Released from the spell, he felt cheated and cold and alone, and presently a little ashamed. Had the dance really been so beautiful, or was the beauty all of his own seeing and making? Anyway, it was gone. A curtain had fallen too soon, hiding a glittering pageant of the stage, and Trevor was on the wrong side of the curtain.

But the girl was still here. It was the dance that had held him, not the girl; but she was the girl who had danced and he wished her well, squab or supersquab. He would see what happened to her next. He moved cautiously closer, skirting the edge of the clearing, under the trees, until he was very near the group and the girl.

She was out of sight, the center of shrill dispute. He could not determine the nature of it, as it was the first rule of battle that they all talked at once. But the henna squab talked loudest. She waved her purple hat above her head like a pennant and her voice drowned all the rest.

"Hell, fellows," she observed, "we're wasting time! As you were! Clear the decks for Sin!"

Sin? Doubtless you spelled it Cyn, and it was short for Cynthia, and was somebody's nickname or name. The henna young woman was not suggesting a general orgy, though her words had a lurid ring. Was Sin the supersquab?

Evidently, for the others were arranging themselves in a compact and squabbling semicircle on the grass, all arms and legs and indiscriminate embraces. They were ready for the next act of their comedy; and Trevor was ready, too, though it would be an anticlimax, of course, like most last acts. Again the stage was clear for the supersquab

She stepped forward promptly and stood in front of her friends, facing them squarely, both hands on her slender hips. She was still in the golden gown, but it was no longer the garment of romance. It was dust-streaked and torn, and the foundation of it was quite clearly a peach-colored chemise. Her figure, wind-blown and light when she danced, had lost all its elfin charm and now was only meager and thin. Her bare feet were thrust hastily into a pair of white sports shoes, boy's shoes several sizes too big and with dragging lacings. Her eyes were half closed and sulky. Under the heavy powder her little face looked haggard and old.

"Come along, Cutie! Get it over! It's no pleasure to me," she said

"Me either," answered the lank young man in tones as blasé as her own, and he rose and came slowly forward and stood beside her.

Trevor's first impressions of him had all been correct—more than correct. The lank young man was a most unpleasant young man. Everything about him was sleek and immaculate and groomed, and everything annoyed Trevor. He was very tall and quite unusually well built; supple and slender and smooth all over, like a well-turned

ankle. He was clothed all in white, the creamy white of good flannel and the pearly white of good silk, and no spot was upon it anywhere. Trevor did not like him at all, and the supersquab did not seem to like him much, either, though her voice when she spoke was only indifferent and tired.

"Say, Cutie, you wouldn't care to be bought off," she inquired carelessly, "in dollars and cents? They'd last longer, you know, a little."

"I'm a sportsman, not a philanthropist, Sin."

The supersquab sighed.

"Pound of flesh?" she drawled. "All right. Go as far as you like. It's nothing to me."

"Don't welsh, Sin," said a voice from the group. "Who started this, anyway?"

"Not Sin," put in the henna squab, shrilly and unexpectedly. "Cutie did. He started it and stuck for it. Personally, I think his watch is fast, if you ask me."

Nobody asked her. Instead, voices of protest all round her silenced the henna squab. The lank young man did not protest. He waited calm and aloof till the tumult died.

"Three kisses," he announced then. "Count them three. Any further objections? Speak now or forever hold your peace."

In the waiting group of squabs and their cavaliers nobody spoke. Nobody even moved. Suddenly, as he watched, the whole row of young-old faces grew terrible to Trevor. In all of them there was no chivalry, no kindness, no taste. Trevor hated them all, and worst he hated the lank young man.

That obnoxious person turned now to the supersquab, took her two hands in one of his, slipped his arm round her shoulders lightly and stood looking down at her. He looked, and Trevor looked too.

There was not much to hold the gaze, not much to admire in the poor little supersquab. Beside the lank young man's cool whiteness she looked like a small, dirty child, disheveled with playing too hard; a child about to be punished and not resisting. She swayed toward him slightly and raised her face. It was very pale, very quiet, framed in its tangle of hair. The full, painted lips were tightly closed and the eyes were closed too. But while Trevor looked the eyes opened wide and looked toward him.

They looked straight at him, as they had looked when he saw them first, and again they spoke straight to him. They were so brave and so helpless; and there was something else in them; something new; a great weariness, a kind of sullen wonder; then the heavy lids drooped and closed. The long black lashes lay heavy on her white cheeks as if they would never lift again; the lank young man's face moved closer to hers, and Trevor broke through the trees and ran across the garden to the girl.

Dimly he was aware that the startled audience rose and objected and barred his way. He pushed them and reached the lank young man and the girl. He saw them all through a little teasing mist which had clouded his eyes as he ran and hung before them still. Trevor raised a groping hand as if he could brush it away, and spoke through it.

"Let that girl go," said Trevor.

The words sounded muffled and thick, but it was hard to speak at all. An odd thing was happening, a most inconvenient thing. The ground under his feet was rocking gently, like the deck of a ship, and from the trees, from the sky, from the garden all round him, all color was vanishing as if it were sucked away. He himself felt quite well, quite strong, ready for the fight with the lank young man which would presently come.

Trevor wished very much that the supersquab would raise her dark eyes and look at him once more, for he had a vague idea this might make the world stand still. But she did not look; all he could see was the lank young man's angry face, and he could not see it clearly.

He had more to say, much more, but just now he could not say it. He stood very still, very straight, waiting for the mist to pass.

"Poor old dumb-bell, poor old guy," said a far-away voice. "Poor old nut."

The words had no meaning, but they sounded sweet. He wanted to hear more, but he could not listen any longer, could not stand. With a long, tired sigh, he fell forward into the lank young man's arms.

*II*

AMOS CHOATE engaged him in an illuminating conversation on his doorstep the next morning.

"Your spells," he said, "ain't just like old man Carmichael's spells."

"No!" said Trevor politely but noncommittally.

"No; and he lived for years after he started in to have them."

"You flatter me," said Trevor sweetly; "you raise false hopes."

Mr. Choate looked at him thoughtfully.

"Queer, how that flighty bunch of kids fetched you home in that automobile yesterday forenoon. They don't give free rides to strangers every day in the week, and you was so doped you couldn't speak a word for yourself. One young girl, she had her arm round your waist, too, holding you up; and one fellow, he tried to give you a swig out of his pocket flask, but you gritted your teeth and wouldn't swallow. Three stars, too, if my nose is what it was. Then you couldn't talk with them and they didn't seem to care to talk with me, so they just rode off hell-for-leather."

Trevor did not contradict these facts. They were correct so far as he could remember. His recollections of his drive home were painful and vague. Mr. Choate rubbed his chin.

"The black-haired proposition that had her arm round your waist owns the Carmichael place. Aims to have it fixed over. She's stopping there with the crowd. Got here yesterday in a motorboat. By next week they'll have the whole country painted red. Week after, we'll move out and give it to 'em. The rest of the bunch is new, but that girl has been here before. Did I hear you call her a young lady?"

"What do you call her, Amos?"

Mr. Choate chuckled.

"Nothing. I know better. Don't pay to call her names or take any chances with her. But I tell you what she is. You see talk of it in the papers. She's the first one I've met with, but she is one, all right. One of these here, now, you know ——"

"Squabs," supplied Trevor wearily.

"Flappers. You've heard of 'em? I could tell you things about her ——"

"You couldn't, Amos," said Trevor firmly; "not today. I'm a sick man. I'm going up to my room to take a nap."

He paused on the doorstep. The narrow painted trellis above him did not cut off the sharp sunlight. The sun danced on the shallow blue of the bay in little, mean ripples like laughter. He was tired of this place. He would not wait till tomorrow. He would pack now and catch the express tonight. He went into the house and up the stairs to his room, opened the door and stood on the threshold looking in.

He had left the shades high, the crisp curtains crushed back despite Lucy Choate's strict rules, the windows open to wind and sun. Now the room was close-curtained, dim,

(Continued on Page 112)

*Suddenly She Threw Her Arms Wide Apart With a Quick, Free Gesture and Began to Dance*

# MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

## Copenhagen—By Norval Richardson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

The Cathedral at Roskilde, Denmark

NO OTHER capital of the world, before the war, offered quite the same opportunities for picturesque diplomatic life as Copenhagen. It was the meeting place for every king and queen, a sort of rendezvous where they threw off, no doubt with a sigh of relief, a great deal of the pomp and ceremony of more formal court life and enjoyed themselves as mere human beings. The reason for this was due to Christian IX of Denmark. He had married one of his daughters to the Prince of Wales—Alexandra; another had become Empress of Russia; his son and heir had married a royal princess of Sweden; another had been crowned King of Greece; a grandson had been made King of Norway, and another had married a sister of the Crown Princess of Germany.

The alliance practically covered the whole of Europe. And a diplomat in Copenhagen—an essentially friendly and informal city—found himself associating with these royal personages in a way he would never do in any other place. Any record of diplomatic service there would necessarily be a continuous recountal of royalty and their personalities. They made up the life of the place; they were the objects of interest everywhere one went. To an American who had only read of these people, seen their pictures in the papers or studied the ramifications of the families in the Almanach de Gotha, it was a fairly exciting experience to find himself bicycling with the King of Greece, having tea with Queen Alexandra, dining with a former Empress of Russia and dancing with royal princesses. And one of the most extraordinary parts of such experience was to find all of them as keenly interested in everything that was going on—theaters, books, moving pictures and new dances—as more humble people. Tradition has built such a wall about rulers that almost all of us are inclined to look upon them as being entirely apart in their interests and amusements. Copenhagen completely shattered such a belief.

### *Learning the Danish Viewpoint*

AN EXTREMELY useful way for one in the diplomatic service to approach the country to which he is going is on board a ship which flies that country's flag—if such a thing is possible, and in many cases it is. I had no idea when I was assigned to Denmark that a very good line of Danish steamers sailed direct from New York to Copenhagen; but inquiry soon brought out this fact and I made reservation on the Oscar II, sailing in July of 1911. I had hardly stepped on board when I realized that I was among a people who in every way were a striking contrast to Cubans. Their language, their manners, their color were different; they might have been a people from another planet, and after a few days had passed I knew that I was going to like them immensely; they were so jolly, so happy, so pink and white and so wholesomely healthy; and their language—I still think of it as being ridiculously like baby talk—possessed a pleasant quality that was somehow very homelike and gentle. By the end of the fortnight's voyage I knew almost everyone on board, had been initiated into the mysteries of *smoörø*, had learned to drink schnapps with real relish and had heard so many stories of Denmark, its history and customs, that I felt I was going to arrive as an old citizen of a country of which, up to that time, I knew almost nothing. Some of the passengers gave me very useful suggestions. One, particularly, explained that it was most important to understand the distinction which existed among the three Scandinavian countries, a distinction that would help me in appreciating their differences—the Swedes were the nobility, the Danes the bourgeoisie and the Norwegians the peasants. I was inclined, at the time, to think this showed a natural patriotic prejudice—as he was a Swede himself.

Copenhagen has no dramatic setting with which to startle the newcomer. From the boat it appears flat and undistinguished. Even Elsinore, which one passes a few hours before the city is reached, looks disappointingly small and uninteresting. I had the feeling of approaching an entirely agricultural country which was, of course, exactly what I was doing; but once ashore there are castles and palaces and towers and cathedrals which have just as many stories of adventure and romance to tell as those of Cuba; stories that are infinitely older and of as different a quality and sentiment as the people.

Recalling the little negro who had met me in Havana, I stood on deck and scanned the crowd assembled at the dock, wondering who would meet me this time. The upturned, pink-and-white, smiling faces appeared exactly like those on board; but none of them was familiar to me. It is a singularly dreary feeling to arrive on a boat, find everyone about you discovering friends to welcome them, and realize that not one of those greetings is meant for you.

### *Arthur*

WHILE I stood looking down on the crowd my attention was caught by an extremely important looking person. He was quite big—fat perhaps expresses him better—and was dressed in dark blue; a sort of uniform, I took it to be, with a lot of conspicuous brass buttons, a gold-braided cap and an upturned, fair, huge mustache that would have distinguished him in any gathering. He stood at the entrance to the gangplank and towered above the crowd and gave the impression that he, by both divine and temporal right, would be the first to go aboard, which was exactly what he did. As he drew nearer I saw that his cap and numerous brass buttons were stamped with eagles and stars and stripes; but I was so much impressed with his appearance that I waited quietly for his mission to be disclosed. I had never seen anything quite like him before. The stars and stripes and eagles suggested that he must have something to do with the legation; but what, exactly, I hadn't the slightest idea. A fleeting suspicion shot through me that it might be the minister, who had got up some sort of uniform that would compete with those of other diplomats. Finally he appeared on deck, made straight for me, and, with a pompousness that made me feel quite insignificant, announced that he had been sent by His Excellency the American Minister to meet me. He had a motor and several assistants waiting on the dock, and with supreme efficiency soon had me ashore and speeding towards a hotel.

With only one exception—Francesco of Rome—Arthur stands out as the most impressive figure in my diplomatic memories. He embodied everything that I had ever read of diplomacy—at least of its dramatic and colorful side—and it seems as though fate has been a bit too ironic in forcing him to spend his last days on a farm in Indiana, where his successful Americanized son undoubtedly scoffs

at his royal reminiscences. He was a master of intrigue; his social sense was unsurpassed; his experience was exceptional. He had been employed in the palace when the Prince of Wales had come there courting, and loved to recount how each evening he prepared a concoction of half brandy, half champagne for that exalted personage. He knew everyone who had any position and refused flatly to know those who hadn't; he spoke French and English fluently; and his hardly veiled contempt for us plain Americans without background or lineage or anything except money—which he did respect—was superb. How he must despise those Indiana farmers!

He had engaged the most elaborate suite at the Angleterre Hotel and escorted me directly to it, and, without asking my wishes in the matter, ordered dinner served at once—in my sitting room. Then he informed me that His Excellency the American Minister would be very glad to receive me later in the evening if I felt like going there; that the legation was only a few steps away, quite near His Majesty's palace. After this he left with a profound bow and backed out of the room. I had a pleasant feeling that this, after all, was going to be something like the diplomacy of the picture books and comic opera. Havana and its simple republican methods were rapidly fading into a negligible background.

### *Advanced State of Danish Women*

FIRST impressions have a way of sticking in one's thoughts and coloring all later decisions. Sometimes they are quite unfair, and yet they are so disconcertingly vivid. I remember very distinctly that first evening in Copenhagen. After I had dined in solitary splendor I went down and sat on the terrace of the hotel, which was near the sidewalk and overlooked the principal square of the town—Kongens Nytorv. I looked about furtively to be sure that Arthur was not anywhere about, feeling sure that he would have disapproved of my doing anything so plebeian, and then settled down to enjoyment of the scene.

Although it was past ten o'clock, it was still broad daylight, that wonderful twilight of the north which in summer seems to last into the dawn. Crowds of people were sitting about, drinking and smoking and talking in that foolish-sounding baby language, every one of them with rosy cheeks and fair hair and smiling blue eyes. In the square, yellow taxicabs were flying by; and in and out of them threaded the most amazing number of bicycles I had ever seen. There was something very gay and happy in the whole surroundings.

While I sat there a very stout, florid lady on a bicycle rode up to the curb, got off, turned the pedal so the bicycle would stand upright, came onto the terrace, sat down, took off her hat, ordered a glass of beer and then efficiently lighted a large black cigar which she produced from her voluminous sweater. When the cigar was drawing to her satisfaction she took a newspaper from an adjoining table, crossed her legs comfortably and drank and smoked and read as though she were quite oblivious of the rest of the world.

That was twelve years ago, and just for that reason it is all the more suggestive of the advanced state of Danish women. To learn afterwards that they had suffrage, that they were directing large business enterprises, that they were great believers in divorce and carried their beliefs into practice, and that they were more emancipated than any other women in the world—all this seemed like anticlimax after the one I had seen on the evening of my arrival. Havana, with its duennas and carefully guarded maidens, seemed like something from medieval days.

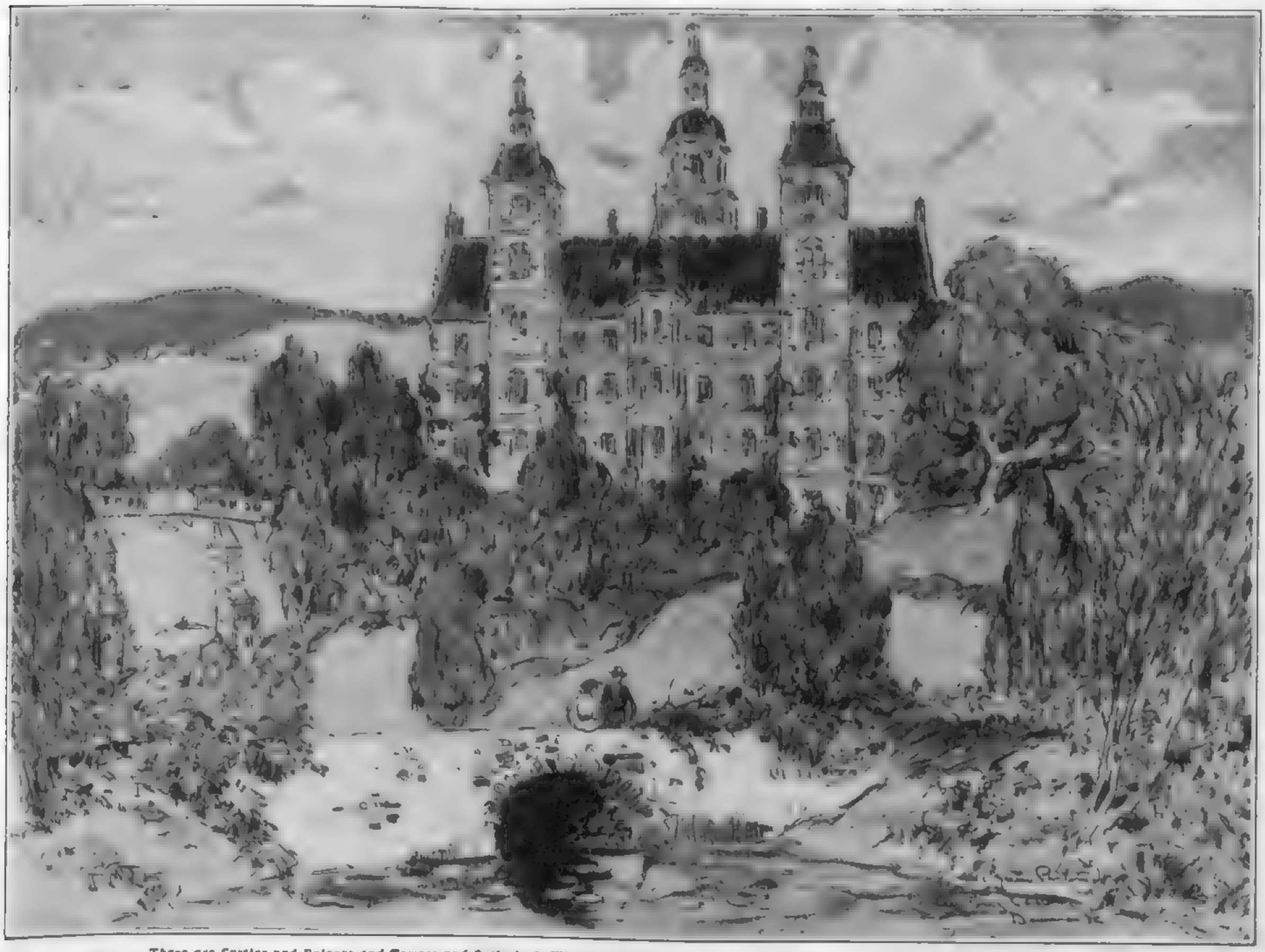
Again, in comparison with Havana, Copenhagen proved almost absurd so far as any work at the legation went. There was even no necessity for a diplomatic pouch. Official dispatches were sent in the open mail; and as for relations between the two countries, they apparently consisted of being on good terms with government officials, attending court functions and going to as many luncheons and teas and dinners and balls as there were days. The minister, Maurice Francis Egan, had been there about five years. The legation, including the chancery, was on the Amaliagade—very near the king's palace, as Arthur was always careful to explain—a typical Copenhagen house of four stories, with an entrance in the covered driveway which led into a small courtyard. The reception rooms were not very large, but adequate; the dining room, as in all Danish houses, being the largest and most important. The chancery consisted of only one room on the courtyard, which connected by folding doors with the minister's office and study. We were all a bit on top of one another, but as the atmosphere was genial and pleasant, due to the minister's delightful personality, everyone was contented.

### *Service Under Mr. Egan*

MR. EGAN was an entirely different type from my former chief, much more interested in the social side of diplomacy and in a way much more really American. He had been appointed minister when he was fifty-five and had arrived in a foreign land with American convictions, and yet with that sympathetic Irish strain which made him *persona grata* everywhere. Having been a college professor and littérateur, he was much interested in the educational and artistic life of Denmark, and took me with him often to meet men in such professions. We had many interesting trips about the country, visiting university towns and historic spots and spending evenings with the men who were formulating Danish thought and policies. I remember particularly delightful afternoons in the home of George Brandes when the whole world was passed in review and commented upon by a master mind.

The official season in Copenhagen begins just after Christmas and lasts about three months; so, arriving in August, I had all the autumn to travel about, study the language—which did not prove so difficult, as it is a combination of German and English—and become acquainted with the general aspects of Danish life. The city was one of the most sympathetic I had ever known. It was clean,

*(Continued on Page 157)*



*There are Castles and Palaces and Towers and Cathedrals Which Have Many Stories of Adventure and Romance—Rosenborg Castle, Denmark*

# THE CINDER BUGGY

## A Fable in Iron and Steel

By GARET GARRETT

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

### XXVIII

IT WAS seven hours by train from Pittsburgh to New Damascus. The last hour was from Wilkes-Barre down the valley, the railway now running with the turnpike on which Agnes passed her wedding night between Thane and John over the flying heels of a pair of bays. Not one of them had seen it since. Surreptitiously watching for signs and landmarks they became even more silent and solitary than they had been. Memories in which they were intimately associated made them strange to each other.

Agnes sat at the window, elbow on the sill, chin in her hand, face averted. John and Thane were together in the opposite seat. Her eyebrows were a little raised, acutely bent and drawn together, and in her forehead was a Gothic cross. This muscular tension never for a moment relaxed, not even when she spoke and smiled. In her eyes was an expression of strained and baffled interrogation, inward looking.

Two years were gone since that night of John's first supper with the Thanes in their trial abode. In this time she had changed at the base of her personality. It was not that the girl of her had vanished; it had vanished almost without trace.

What becomes of the self one no longer is? There is no parting with it; there is never a moment in which the cleavage consciously takes place between the self that once was and the self that now is. Nevertheless, one has died and been born again unawares, in a time unknown, as if being and not being were, as the philosophers say, all one and the same thing.

That Agnes of the tantalizing armor, half of ice and half of flame, part disdain and part desire, who froze the impulse she provoked and singed the pride that saved her—she was gone, entirely gone. This Agnes knew her not. This Agnes was a woman who knew bitterness and the taste of dust. When she had been ready—willing—dying—to give her pride to save her love, the door was closed. The shop was dark.

The light went out that night she let him stand behind her chair in an agony of longing, pretending not to know he stood there, and then broke him with a hard, glissando "Y-e-s?" It was ominous that he did not respond from the top of the staircase to her careless good night. She regarded him particularly the next morning and began to wonder. Never again did he look at her in that way she ached for and dreaded. The more he didn't look at her in that way, the more she ached for it and the less she dreaded it, until she couldn't remember why she had dreaded it and forgot why she had ever repulsed him.

She had repulsed him deliberately because her vanity required it. He had got her to wife without wooing her. She had been thrust upon him. The thought was a sleepless scorpion in her breast. It poisoned her dreams. Well, but before he could touch her he should have to want her and prove it. She would attend to that. To reach her at all he should have to overcome a great barrier. This she resolved, and so she repulsed him. Each hurt to his pride was a stone added to the barrier, and she set no limit to it, for the higher it was the more it would prove if he ever got over. Then she would see what her own feelings were.

He on his part, after that night, once and for all accepted the only inference he could draw from her behavior. He was hateful to her; he filled her with loathing and disgust. Well, he could no more help that than he could help the fact of their being married; but he could avoid those moments on the rack. They left him limp and useless for days afterward. He could lock the impulse up. Its getting loose was what drew her scorn upon him. So he chained and locked it up.

At first, seeing the door was closed, she walked to and fro before it, thinking he would read in her manner a sign of remorse. He saw nothing. Then she began to knock. He did not hear. She thought he was making her pay. She was willing, even greedy, to pay. She went on knocking. Presently she realized that he was blind and deaf. In a panic she beat upon the door, crying out her wish to surrender. But she had seared his heart. He could see only with his eyes and hear but with his ears, and totally misapprehended her woman's gesture.

"Did You Promise?" She Asked. "Was There Time for That?"

She imagined that now he repulsed her not in revenge, not to trample on her—that she could easily have endured—but coldly, with undesire. This completed the irony. Thereafter she held aloof and began to fear him. She put away her glittering armor, staining it with tears of rage and chagrin, and he never noticed even that. He was always gentle, always absent, always cold. He grew on her in this aspect, assumed colossal proportions, and began to seem as inaccessible to her as she had seemed to him. They changed places again. She stood in awe of him. What he wished for was. He spoke of a way of living more in keeping with their circumstances. She moved them to a larger house and organized their lives according to such dim suggestions as she could get from him, one of which was that she should "stay out of the kitchen." There had to be servants. Evenings were so much worse on that account that they began to go out more, often alone, sometimes together.

By a law of contradiction, the more they concealed themselves from each other in the tatters of their pride and the further they went apart, the more polite they became and the easier it was to be friendly.

Her outwardness had changed no less. A willful, pouting mouth had found the shape of wistfulness. Her eyes had lost their defiant glitter; they were softer, deeper and full of recognition. Into her movements had come that kind of gentle dignity, loftier than pride, lovelier than loveliness, which is idolized of men above the form and sign of beauty.

"Almost there," she said, settling back in her seat.

"How strange the mill looks, cold," said Thane.

Agnes did not look.

"Five years!" said John. "What a long time it's been!"

"Six," said Agnes.

"Six," said Thane.

The Gib carriage was waiting at the station.

"I'll be at the inn," said John. "It will take no time to bring me if I'm wanted. If Enoch—if you don't stay at the mansion I'd like you to have supper with me."

"I'll send you word," said Thane.

### XXIX

ON THE last terrace the carriage was stopped by two men who detached themselves from a sullen group on the lawn and stood in the driveway with their hands upraised. Thane recognized them. The two who halted the carriage were puddlers with whom he had worked side by side in the mill. The others, to the number of six, were heaters and rollers, all men of long service under the tyrant.

"Want a word with you, Thane," said the taller one of the two puddlers.

Thane got out of the carriage and stood for an instant hesitating whether to let Agnes go on to the house alone or have her wait. Suddenly a scream of mindless, futile fury canted through the air. Everybody shuddered.

"Him," said the puddler, answering Thane's startled look.

Deciding then not to let Agnes go on alone he took her out, led her to an iron bench in the shade, and returned to hear what the men were so anxious to tell him.

"You heard him," said the tall puddler. "That's at us. We ain't a-going to do it. Nary if nor an' about it, we ain't! It's against God, man and Nature. It's irreligious. What's moreover, the men won't have it. They got to work there, don't they? No, sir, they won't have it."

"What does he want?" Thane asked.

"He takes on thataway and says as he can't die until we promise. But we ain't a-going to promise."

"What does he want you to promise?" Thane asked, patiently stalking the point.

"No, sir," the puddler went on, "nobody's a-going to. Not so as you could notice it. Ain't it bad enough to have him always on our necks alive?"

"You ain't told him yet," said the second puddler.

"'Tain't Christian," said the tall one, walking off by himself. "It's heathen," he mumbled. "It's unbelieving. It's ——"

"You tell me," said Enoch to the second puddler. "What does Enoch want?"

"Wants us to burn him up in a puddlin' furnace," said the second puddler. He tried to speak calmly, even lightly, but he lost control of his voice, and it squeaked with horror on the last word.

"Is that all?"

The puddler recoiled. The group behind him fell back a step.

"Is that all he wants?" Thane asked again.

"All he's a-screaming at us for!" said the puddler sharply.

Thane went back to Agnes. He had time to tell her before they reached the mansion.

"If he wants it, and you have no will to the contrary, I'll promise to do it," he concluded.

"It strikes one with terror," she said. "But if he wants it that's enough."

Just as they were admitted they heard the dreadful scream again. The door, closing, seemed to cut it off. Inside there was no sound of it.

The family doctor anxiously received them. He talked rapidly, addressing Agnes in a manner tactfully to include Thane, whom he had never seen before. The two best consulting physicians in Wilkes-Barre were present, he said. There had arrived within the hour an eminent alienist from Philadelphia.

*There Was One Thing More, Enoch Said. He Had No Right to Ask it Except as a Favor. Would Thane Listen Very Carefully?*

Four men nurses had been provided. Everything possible to be done had been thought of almost at once.

"But what is it?" Agnes asked. "What has happened?"

The doctor was sympathetic. Naturally she would want to know what it was and how it happened. Those were questions anyone would ask. Alas! Who could answer them? He, the doctor, had attended the late Mrs. Gib; it had been his happiness to know Agnes before she could possibly know herself. But Mr. Gib, as they all knew, lived to himself. He had, so to speak, no pathological history. Three days before it happened he began to behave strangely at the mill. The men noticed it. He interfered with their work by having them hold the furnace doors open while he committed papers, bundles and various unidentified objects to the fire, thereby spoiling several heats of good iron. It was not a doctor's business to know these things. He had taken it upon himself, nevertheless, to make inquiries. On the third day there had been a conference between Mr. Gib and his lawyers. What took place at this conference a doctor would probably not understand if he were told; however, he had not been told. The lawyers were reticent to the point of being rude, not knowing, of course, how important it was for a doctor to be able to reconstruct the events that have immediately preceded the seizure. Mr. Gib, he had learned, never returned to the mill from that conference with his lawyers. The notice of the mill's closing was posted by the lawyers; it was signed by them with power of attorney. Mr. Gib went straight home and was next seen in a state of frenzy. When the doctor arrived he was in a paroxysm of rage, very dangerous to himself but otherwise harmless, since it seemed to vent itself upon imaginary objects. This state was followed by others in rapid and alarming alternation—despair, exultation, terror and depression. It had been necessary, as they could realize, to put him under restraint. Two men nurses were by him constantly.

What was it? The Wilkes-Barre consultants had agreed upon one diagnosis. The patient, they said, had been attacked by delusional mania. If the attack subsided he would recover; if not he would die of exhaustion. That might be a matter of weeks. The Philadelphia alienist had only just now seen the patient; yet his mind was made up. He pronounced it a kind of progressive disintegration of the brain matter, with sudden, catastrophic lesions. Death would take place in a few hours. And it certainly was true that all the symptoms grew worse.

"What is your opinion?" Agnes asked.

"My own?" said the doctor, casting glances around. He lowered his voice to a nonprofessional tone. "We have different names for it," he said. "That is scientific. No matter. We are all talking about the same thing. He—is—possessed."

Agnes shuddered.

"What does he want from these mill workers outside?" Thane asked

Yes, yes, the doctor was just coming to that. Mr. Gib had lucid, coherent intervals. They were decreasing in frequency and duration, and that was an ominous sign. In the very first of these intervals he seemed to be facing the thought of death and revealed an extreme horror of natural interment. He had either in that instant conceived a way, or remembered one, of cheating the earth, which was to be cremated in one of his own furnaces. Thereupon he began to call for certain old puddlers and heaters by name, and when they were brought up to him he demanded of them a promise to dispose of his body in that extraordinary way. While he looked at them they had not the strength to say outright they would not; but he could not make them promise, and each time he failed it was worse with him. The state of terror returned, and if this continued the consequences would be fatal.

"Would it ease him if I promised?" Thane asked.

"Promise what?" the doctor asked, stirring uneasily.

"To do what he wants done with his body," Thane answered.

"But who would do it?" the doctor asked.

"I would," said Thane.

The doctor looked away in all four directions.

"Certainly it would relieve him now," he said vaguely, as if that were not the point.

Thane suggested that Agnes be permitted to see him in the next lucid interval, and that afterward, in the same interval if possible, and if not then in the next one, they should try letting him promise to carry out the old man's cremation wish.

The doctor agreed. However, he was not to be held responsible for the consequences. He had been responsible until now for everything because there was no one else. He could not be unaware of the fact that there had been an unfortunate family episode. No one could tell how Mr. Gib would be affected by the unexpected sight of his own daughter. He had not asked to see her. However, she was his daughter, and there was no one else, no one. How extraordinary!

He left them, to ascertain and report.

Agnes, putting off her hat and gloves, sat facing the window. Thane took several turns about the room, came up behind her chair, laid his hand gently on her head. She sat quite still and reached over her shoulder for his other hand. They did not speak. The doctor returned in haste.

"If Mrs. Thane will come now, at once, very softly, we may try," he said.

Agnes and the doctor walked up the staircase together, Thane following. Her feet were as steady as his own. He was suddenly swept with a feeling of great tenderness for her.

The Philadelphia alienist and the Wilkes-Barre consultants made a group at the front hall window. They had

*(Continued on Page 31)*

# LEAVE IT TO PSMITH

## By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"Awake, Beloved! Awake, for Morning in the Bowl of Night Has Flung the Stone That Puts the Stars to Flight"

*CHAPTER X (Continued)*

TO BE prepared is everything in this life. Ever since her talk with Mr. Joseph Keeble in the High Street of Market Blandings that afternoon, Eve's mind had been flitting nimbly from one scheme to another, all designed to end in this very act of seizing the necklace in her hands, and each rendered impracticable by some annoying flaw. And now that fate in its impulsive way had achieved for her what she had begun to feel she could never accomplish for herself, she wasted no time in bewildered inaction. The miracle found her ready for it.

For an instant she debated with herself the chances of a dash through the darkened hall up the stairs to her room. But the lights might go on again, and she might meet someone. Memories of sensational novels read in the past told her that on occasions such as this people were detained and searched.

Suddenly, as she stood there, she found the way. Close beside her, lying on its side, was the flowerpot which Psmith had overturned as he came to join her on the terrace wall. It might have defects as a cache, but at the moment she could perceive none. Most flowerpots are alike, but this was a particularly easily remembered flowerpot; for in its journeyings from the potting shed to the terrace it had acquired on its side a splash of white paint. She would be able to distinguish it from its fellows when, late that night, she crept out to retrieve the spoil. And surely nobody would ever think of suspecting ——

She plunged her fingers into the soft mold and straightened herself, breathing quickly. It was not an ideal piece of work, but it would serve.

She rubbed her fingers on the turf; put the flowerpot back in the row with the others; and then, like a flying white phantom, darted across the terrace and into the house, and so, with beating heart, groping her way to the bathroom to wash her hands.

The twenty-thousand-pound flowerpot looked placidly up at the winking stars.

*VI*

IT WAS perhaps two minutes later that Mr. Cootes, sprinting lustily, rounded the corner of the house and burst onto the terrace—late as usual.

*CHAPTER XI*

THE Efficient Baxter prowled feverishly up and down the yielding carpet of the big drawing-room. His eyes gleamed behind their spectacles, his domelike brow was corrugated. Except for himself, the room was empty. As far as the scene of the disaster was concerned, the tumult and the shouting had died. It was going on vigorously in practically every other part of the house, but in the drawing-room there was stillness, if not peace.

Baxter paused, came to a decision, went to the wall and pressed the bell.

"Thomas," he said when that footman presented himself a few moments later.

"Sir?"

"Send Susan to me."

"Susan, sir?"

"Yes, Susan," snapped the efficient one, who had always a short way with the domestic staff. "Susan, Susan, Susan! The new parlor maid."

"Oh, yes, sir. Very good, sir."

Thomas withdrew, outwardly all grave respectfulness, inwardly piqued, as was his wont, at the airy manner in which the secretary flung his orders about at the castle. The domestic staff at Blandings lived in a perpetual state of smoldering discontent under Baxter's rule.

"Susan," said Thomas when he arrived in the lower regions, "you're to go up to the drawing-room. Nosey Parker wants you."

The pleasant-faced young woman whom he addressed laid down her knitting. "Who?" she asked.

"Mister Blooming Baxter. When you've been here a little longer you'll know that he's the feller that owns the place. How he got it I don't know. Found it," said Thomas satirically, "in his Christmas stocking, I expect. Anyhow, you're to go up."

Thomas' fellow footman, Stokes, a serious-looking man with a bald forehead, shook that forehead solemnly. "Something's the matter," he asserted. "You can't tell me that wasn't a scream we heard when them lights was out. Or," he added weightily, for he was a man who looked at every side of a question, "a shriek. It was a shriek or scream. I said so at the time. 'There,' I said, 'listen!' I said. 'That's somebody screaming,' I said. 'Or shrieking.' Something's up, I'm sure."

"Well, Baxter hasn't been murdered, worse luck," said Thomas. "He's up there screaming or shrieking for Susan. 'Send Susan to me!'" proceeded Thomas, giving an always popular imitation. "'Susan, Susan, Susan!' So you'd best go, my girl, and see what he wants."

"Very well."

"And, Susan," said Thomas, a tender note creeping into his voice, for already, brief as had been her sojourn at Blandings, he had found the new parlor maid making a deep impression on him, "if it's a row of any kind ——"

"Or description," interjected Stokes.

"Or description," continued Thomas, accepting the word; "if 'e's 'arsh with you for some reason or other, you come right back to me and sob out your troubles on my chest, see? Lay your little 'ead on my shoulder and tell me all about it."

The new parlor maid, primly declining to reply to this alluring invitation, started on her journey upstairs; and Thomas, with a not unmanly sigh, resumed his interrupted game of halfpenny nap with colleague Stokes.

The Efficient Baxter had gone to the open window and was gazing out into the night when Susan entered the drawing-room.

"You wished to see me, Mr. Baxter?"

The secretary spun round. So softly had she opened the door and so noiselessly had she moved when inside the room that it was not until she spoke that he had become aware of her arrival. It was a characteristic of this girl Susan that she was always apt to be among those present some time before the latter became cognizant of the fact.

"Oh, good evening, Miss Simmons. You came in very quietly."

"Habit," said the parlor maid.

"You gave me quite a start."

"I'm sorry. What was it," she asked, dismissing in a positively unfeeling manner the subject of her companion's jarred nerves, "that you wished to see me about?"

"Shut that door."

"I have. I always shut doors."

"Please sit down."

"No, thank you, Mr. Baxter. It might look odd if anyone should come in."

"Of course. You think of everything."

"I always do."

Baxter stood for a moment, frowning.

"Miss Simmons," he said, "when I thought it expedient to install a private detective in this house I insisted on Wragge's sending you. We had worked together before."

"Sixteenth of December, 1918, to January 12, 1919, when you were secretary to Mr. Horace Jevons, the American millionaire," said Miss Simmons as promptly as if he had touched a spring. It was her hobby to remember dates with precision.

"Exactly! I insisted upon your being sent, because I knew from experience that you were reliable. At that time I looked on your presence here merely as a precautionary measure. Now, I am sorry to say ——"

"Did someone steal Lady Constance's necklace tonight?"

"Yes!"

"When the lights went out just now?"

"Exactly!"

"Well, why couldn't you say so at once? Good gracious, man, you don't have to break the thing gently to me!"

The Efficient Baxter, though he strongly objected to being addressed as "man," decided to overlook the solecism.

"The lights suddenly went out," he said. "There was a certain amount of laughter and confusion. Then a piercing shriek ——"

"I heard it."

"And immediately after Lady Constance's voice crying that her jewels had been snatched from her neck."

"Then what happened?"

"Still greater confusion, which lasted until one of the maids arrived with a candle. Eventually the lights went on again, but of the necklace there was no sign whatever."

"Well, were you expecting the thief to wear it as a watch chain, or hang it from his teeth?"

Baxter was finding his companion's manner more trying every minute, but he preserved his calm.

"Naturally the doors were barred and a complete search instituted, and extremely embarrassing it was. With the single exception of the scoundrel who has been palming himself off as McTodd, all those present were well-known members of society."

"Well-known members of society might not object to getting hold of a twenty-thousand-pound necklace. But still, with the McTodd fellow there, you oughtn't to have had far to look. What had he to say about it?"

"He was among the first to empty his pockets."

"Well, then, he must have hidden the thing somewhere."

"Not in this room. I have searched assiduously."

"H'm!"

There was a silence.

"It is baffling," said Baxter—"baffling."

"It is nothing of the kind," replied Miss Simmons tartly. "This wasn't a one-man job. How could it have been? I should be inclined to call it a three-man job. One to switch off the lights, one to snitch the necklace and one to—was that window open all the time? I thought so. And—and one to pick up the necklace when the second fellow threw it out onto the terrace."

"Terrace!"

The word shot from Baxter's lips with explosive force. Miss Simmons looked at him curiously.

"Thought of something?"

"Miss Simmons," said the efficient one impressively, "everybody was assembled in here waiting for the reading to begin, but the pseudo McTodd was nowhere to be found. I discovered him eventually on the terrace in close talk with the Halliday girl."

"His partner," said Miss Simmons, nodding. "We thought so all along. And let me add my little bit. There's a fellow down in the servants' hall that calls himself a valet, and I'll bet he didn't know what a valet was till he came here. I thought he was a crook the moment I set eyes on him. I can tell 'em in the dark. Now, do you know whose valet he is? This McTodd fellow's!"

Baxter bounded to and fro like a caged tiger.

"And with my own ears," he cried excitedly, "I heard the Halliday girl refuse to come to the drawing-room to listen to the reading. She was out on the terrace throughout the whole affair. Miss Simmons, we must act! We must act!"

"Yes, but not like idiots," replied the detective frostily.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you can't charge out—as you looked as if you wanted to just then—and denounce these crooks where they sit. We've got to go carefully."

"But meanwhile they will smuggle the necklace away!"

"They won't smuggle any necklace away, not while I'm around. Suspicion's no good. We've made out a nice little case against the three of them, but it's no use unless we catch them with the goods. The first thing we have to do is to find out where they've hidden the stuff, and that'll take patience. I'll start by searching that girl's room. Then I'll search the valet fellow's room. And if the stuff isn't there it'll mean they've hidden it out in the open somewhere."

"But this McTodd fellow—this fellow who poses as McTodd—he may have it all the while."

"No. I'll search his room, too, but the stuff won't be there. He's the fellow who's going to get it in the end, because he's got that place out in the woods to hide it in. But they wouldn't have had time to slip it to him yet. That necklace is somewhere right here. And if," said Miss Simmons with grim facetiousness, "they can hide it from me they may keep it as a birthday present."

II

HOW wonderful, if we pause to examine it, is Nature's inexorable law of compensation. Instead of wasting time in envy of our mental superiors, we would do well to reflect that these gifts of theirs which excite our wistful jealousy are ever attended by corresponding penalties. To take an example that lies to hand, it was the very fact that he possessed a brain like a buzz saw that rendered the Efficient Baxter a bad sleeper. Just as he would be dropping off, bing! would go that brain of his, melting the mists of sleep like snow in a furnace.

This was so even when life was running calmly for him, and without excitement. Tonight, his mind, bearing the load it did, firmly declined even to consider the question of slumber. The hour of two, chiming from the clock over the stables, found him as wide awake as ever he was at high noon.

Lying in bed in the darkness, he reviewed the situation as far as he had the data. Shortly before he retired Miss Simmons had made her report about the bedrooms. Though subjected to the severest scrutiny, neither Psmith's boudoir nor Cootes' attic nor Eve's little nook on the third floor had yielded up treasure of any description. And this, Miss Simmons held, confirmed her original view that the necklace must be lying concealed in what might almost be called a public spot—on some window ledge, maybe, or somewhere in the hall.

Baxter lay considering this theory. It did appear to be the only tenable one; but it offended him by giving the

(Continued on Page 90)

*It Seemed to Lord Emsworth That Matters Had Gone a Step Further. It Was Raining Flowerpots*

# CUCKOO IS RIGHT

## By Kate Horton

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

We Chinned a Bit, as We Always Do Before Going to Bed

I DON'T know as I had ought to give the secrets o' the company away, but when I spoke to the boss of our branch he said, "Go ahead; they're a lot o' boobs that never heard of a burglary-alarm company and lived in New York all their life, and crime and wickedness rampant," and said if I camelflagged a bit it would be all right with the heads of the firm, and might bring in a little business besides. So, as long as it's a good yarn and funny, too, to anyone what's got a sense of humorousness, why I'll spill it and give you all a good laugh.

I don't like to talk about myself—and from that you know I am a lady—but if I do say it as shouldn't, I'm one of the best little operators in the Salem Burglary Alarm Company; and if you don't believe me, go ask the manager. And that isn't saying so much, either, when some of 'em is so dumb they think Long Branch is part of a tree and Green Point the end of a pickle.

But what I wanted to tell you is that us operators have a lot of responsibility on our shoulders. We set the subs' alarms—"subs" is short for "subscribers"—when they close their offices for the night, and when a alarm comes in, we're the Johnnies-on-the-spot to nab it. There's twenty switchboards in our branch office and mine is number seven. When the day dolls go home, us night birds have five or six each to watch. Some job, believe me, when the subs are staying late working overtime for a holiday. They keep us jumping around like a monkey on a string to keep up with them.

But say, I see I got to tell you the whole thing from the word go, or you won't get the hang of this tale. It won't take long if you'll just put your hair behind your ears and use the intelligence God gave you.

Maybe you got some friend who works in a place protected by the Salem Burglary Alarm Company. No? Well, anyhow, it's all electric, see? The place is all wired and connected up with the branch office that covers its territory. All the walls and ceiling and floor—that the sub will pay for—is wired, and every door and window has screens, a kinda latticework contraption of wood all wired put over 'em at night. Nothing much bigger'n a rat could get through the holes in these. The transoms is wired, too, with wired slats across 'em. Well, when a place is shut for the night, the doors and windows closed and these screens on, there's a needle in a little glass case on one of the company switchboards that stands up in the middle of its box like a compass. Us operators put it up there after the sub has left, see? That's called settin' the alarm, and the needle won't stand up 'less the place is all closed proper. Then when the sub opens his office the needle is dragged over to one side and sticks there, see? And a red eye opens up and glares on the switchboard below, see? That's a alarm when it ain't the sub going in himself. It may be a door and it may be a window and it may be a transom, see? But something is opened. When it ain't a rat chasing his tail too near the trap inside and springing it—but that's another story, as Mary told Doug when the last Hollywood horror was sprung.

Now you get the idea, don't you? Each switchboard has a hundred needles—that means a hundred subs—and they all has numbers, and their addresses is all on the galvos—the little needle boxes is called galvos, understand?

Well, I guess we're all set now, except you might as well know that when a subscriber gets ready to close, with everything all fixed, he signals in and waits for two O. K. bells before he leaves. If he's O. K. the needle sets up and he can go home. Course when he opens the door to get out, the needle goes back, but we set it up again as soon as we can, and that's when the sub has shut and locked the door behind him. If the needle won't set up in the middle of its box when the sub calls in, why, we know there's trouble somewhere and we give him six bells so he'll get a hump on himself and look the place over. Some of 'em are that lazy they won't take the trouble to look around and see if they've left a window open, so we have to send 'em a man to help 'em close up. But when the subs are, some time or other, all closed up, every needle on all the switchboards is standing up away from the side, on curl, as we say, or "coil," as I heard one of the head gazebos call it the other day. Anyway, there they are, and not a red eye showing.

But let some monkey business be going on to open a sub's premises, and bingo! a drop falls—that's a red eye—and there's a green buzzer working overtime on the switchboard where it's at until an operator goes up and pulls the switches and calls out the alarm. If the needle comes off the side and stands up by itself again it may be a leak somewhere, or a windy night and the needles swinging—"ring downs" we call 'em. But if it happens too often we don't take no chances. No sir-ree! We send on it. The operator calls out the number and address and a man up in front shouts "Keys!" and the guards break their necks coming outta the guardroom—where they been playing seven-up and teasing the company cat—and you can hear 'em hellitylarrup down the stairs and off in the red tin lizzie waiting down below. Each branch office covers only about five blocks, so you can see how Mister Burglar has got to do some tall hustling to get away with it.

Well, there's one other thing I'll have to let you in on. The company is awfully particular 'bout the kind of people they let in to work for them. You don't have to be no Sherlock Holmes to see how necessary that would be in a business protecting the lives and property of trustin' subscribers. Let them smell a crook hanging anywhere about your family tree, and it's all off, see? Which brings me onto personal ground, as you might say, for I didn't exactly point out to them that I had a brother-in-law serving time when I filled out their application and gave Father O'Rourke and Miss Flanagan, my sixth-grade teacher—where I stopped—for references. Joe McMahon was a black sheep of a good family—as you'll see later—but of course you couldn't expect Sister Nora to believe that before she married him. Anyhow, she has a good job now with the telephone company and Joe is where he won't get a chance to worry her for a good time yet. And when he does, well, maybe I'll have someone by that time to protect me as well as his sister-in-law.

Maybe you can realize from this foregoing what a jolt I got when I first saw Steve McMahon coming in as the new wire chief. Steve wasn't a brother of Joe's, only a cousin, but how he got in with that on him is harder to see than the cow that went through the eye of a needle. When I saw what he'd got away with I stopped worrying about myself. Course I suppose he had worked for the company as inspector long before his Cousin Joe got sent up. Anyhow, there he was—and I should worry! I hadn't seen him since he was a kid and played with my brother Michael. Michael never got back from France. I liked him then and I gotta own up that I couldn't think of him now as Nora did, even if he was Joe's cousin.

"McMahon is a grand old name," I says to Nora when she begins to jaw the first night I told her, and says as how I ought to report him to the company. "Just because you drew a lemon from the family tree ——"

"Be careful, Sarah Malone," she says to me, trying to make her voice heavy like a fortune teller's. "If Steve McMahon has begun to lamp you—and I can see he has—like Joe lamped me, you better run now while the running's good."

Well, Steve McMahon and I didn't get a chance to lamp each other for some time—he being off at eight every night and I working on to 'leven. The wire chief's job is done when most o' the subscribers get closed for the night and everything is O.K. After eight o'clock the Traffic Department takes care of any trouble in the wiring. And then one day just before my half-hour relief at seven o'clock, Steve has the nerve to make a date with me right during rush hour. My board was as full of lights as Luna Park and I had just twisted my head set around to make it more comfortable—us operators wear head sets like the telephone girls so as we can talk to inspectors that call in from subs' premises and want a alarm tested or maybe chew the rag with the wire chief—when I heard his voice in my ear.

"729 down; closing—dear," he says.

Well, I jerked out the cord like he says and give the sub two bells, though it would 'a' took a pin just then to let me know was I awake or dreaming. Of course I had seen his eye for days rovin' down my way every time he come out o' his room marked Wire Chief, to talk with the dispatcher, but I didn't hardly expect it had gone that far.

Sometimes I tried to kid myself that he didn't know I was on earth, hadn't recognized me. All the girls was out for him, but he looked down the row of 'em like they was so many cabbages. I'll say that for him.

Well, my heart was still acting queer when I seen his red light—which lets an operator know the wire chief is plugged in on her board—was still on. If you've never

"When You are Ready for Duty, Miss Malone," She Says, "Please Report to Me"

*Mr. Jones Stuck His Head Out to Call to Them*

worn a head set with a mouthpiece chucked up under your chin so that any breath you lets out goes into the receiver, you won't know how I felt. He was listening there, you see, as still as a mouse. He might 'a' heard my heartbeats. There was a nosey girl, Miss Donahue, on my right, looking at me kinda queer. I suppose she saw his light still on.

"What you lookin' at?" I says.

"Nothing much," she says.

Some o' them operators hasn't any more breeding than it takes a hog to get in at a county fair.

"I'm looking at you, honey," says Steve McMahon.

I had forgot, you see, that he was still listening in.

"Huh," I says. I let Miss Donohue think I was talking to her.

"Listen, Sarah. Have you got Saturday night off?"

I drops my handkerchief and leans over and picks it up, on the side away from Miss Donahue.

"Yes," I says into my mouthpiece, but quiet, like I was coughing, for a supervisor was standing right behind me.

"Want to go to a show—with me?"

"The wire chief is calling you, Miss Malone," butts in the supervisor. "Can't you see his signal?"

"Yes," says I.

"Righto!" says Steve McMahon, and his light went off.

"What did he want?" says Miss Donahue, all suspicion.

"Curiosity," I says, "kills a cat—and sometimes twins."

"What's that?" says the supervisor.

"He wanted to know had I taken the cord down from 729 yet "

"Oh," says the supervisor.

"I said 'Yes,'" says I.

"Oh, that's all right," says the supervisor, and she walks away like she seen she had grabbed the wrong bull by the horn.

Well, that night around eight I was kinda looking for Steve McMahon to give me some sort of a high sign when he come out o' his office. The day operators had gone and I had the first five boards up in front. Things was pretty quiet, most o' the subscribers being closed. Just before Steve comes out I notices a sub that has come in and is standing at the manager's desk chewing the rag with him. He was a queer-looking bird, big and porky with eyes like a crow's. The boss was laughing, but I could see he wasn't giving in any in whatever they was arguing about. Mr. Jones knows how to handle them loony subs all right. He never gets mad, so they hasn't any come-back.

Pretty soon the dispatcher comes down from her desk up near the manager. She's an old friend of mine, Miss Sheehan.

"Know who that is?" she says.

"No," I says, pretending I was interested, but not hearing her for the reason that Steve McMahon was coming outta his office, putting on his coat.

"He's one of your subs," she says. "I heard him give his number, 779."

"I always knew he was fat," I says, "by the time it takes him to signal. What's biting him?"

"I dunno," she says; "registering a kick, I guess, 'bout the rotten operation."

"Go on," I says, but I knows she was kidding.

Miss Sheehan went back to her desk and I had a chance to look for the wire chief. He was standing by the boss' desk listenin' to 779. Every once in a while he and Mr. Jones throws back their heads and laughs, but 779 wasn't laughing none. He was a queer bird, flapping his hands around, that worked up, but I couldn't hear what it was all about. Pretty soon he left, still shaking his head and pawing the air. Mr. Jones calls after him, but he didn't come back.

"It's up to you," hollers Mr. Jones, "we got the guards if you wantta pay the price."

Well, he and Steve McMahon stands laughing for a while and then the boss gets busy at his desk and Steve starts out. I wasn't exactly looking at him, but just as he opens the outer office door I seen him turn his head and look at me and smile. It was Joe's smile, I remembered, that Nora always used to get soppy about, so I let him have one of them china-eyed stares. You know the kind I mean. Funny, though, what my heart was doing. I had a feeling like it had wings and was trying to get out. Ever had it feel that way? Like it wanted to sink and then wanted to come up through your mouth—and follow somebody? I guess the McMahon smile was the kind my mother used to say'd charm a bird off'n its perch.

I was kept busy for some minutes after that, a lot o' late subs closing, and, besides, if you don't make a noise like you're working, the supervisor thinks it's time to test the boards or something. Every night the alarms has to be tested so as you know the needles is working all right, and also the drop, which is the red eye, so as a alarm can't come in and you know nothing about it, see? But pretty soon the manager, Mr. Jones, comes by, putting in a new galvo or something.

"There was a friend o' yourn in tonight, Miss Malone," he says to me, conversational-like. Mr. Jones is a prince, always acts like he knew each girl, friendly and yet not fresh. You know what I mean.

"Ye-uh?" says I.

"Ye-uh," says he; "779."

"What, that cuckoo bird?" says I.

"Bird is right, also cuckoo," says he. "Some o' these here subs think if they keep up with their monthly subscription they got a right to the whole works."

"You've said it," I says.

"What do you think he wanted?" says he.

"Wanted us to see him safely home," says I, "'cause he's carrying a dollar unchanged?"

"Ha, ha," says Mr. Jones. He's always right there when it comes to appreciatin' a joke. "Well, you got his number all right. He wanted the company to stand for a special guard on his rat factory, 'cause he's got a line of silk dresses he's afraid some lovin' competitor is going to grab."

"Can't he trust his alarm?" I says.

"He says this is a particular and extra-ordinary case; that the loss o' this stock would mean thousands of dollars to him "

"If he's that nervous," says I, "why don't he hire a Salem guard like a real guy?"

"That's what I told him," says Mr. Jones, "but he can't see it that way. He thinks the company ought to stand for it. He says it's only just for the night and they'll all be safely shipped off tomorrow."

"Well," says I, "if there's any sleep lost over it I'm not going to be it."

"No, we'll leave that to him," says the boss. "He oughtta know just how valuable his stock is and how much he can pay for its protection."

"You've said it," I says.

And then the supervisor calls out and tells us to begin testing the boards, and I didn't think no more about 779 until I come across his alarm on Seven Board, which has a red band across the glass below the needle to show as how he is a crank and needs particular attention. I seen as how the needle was O. K. and the drop didn't fail, and I thought o' all them silk dresses of his, he so big and porky like, and somehow it was to laugh, if you see what I mean.

It was a quiet night, there being no wind and so no ring-downs, which is the drops, I told you, caused by the needles swingin', and only two alarms, one a leak and one a place which we all knew was rats, but sent on just the same. About ten o'clock the testing was all done, and glory be, for it's no joke standing up for a two-hour stretch ringing bells and punching up drops what you make fall yourself. And then there was the subs' closing-time tickets to put in order, one to a hundred, you know, and by that time the night girls was coming in and soon we was stamping off our time at eleven o'clock and beating it for the rest room and the lockers where we keep our hats and coats.

When I got home Nora was already there—she has the same hours as me—and had a good pot of coffee going and some crullers she had got on the way home, and we chinned a bit, as we always do before going to bed, but I didn't tell her about Steve McMahon and our date until we had turned in and I thought she was most asleep.

"And I know, Nora," I winds up, "if you once saw Steve you'd see he's no more like Joe ——"

But Nora just lays there all humped up without a word, and I couldn't even hear her breathe.

Just when I begun to stretch out and think she was gone to sleep, she says low and deadlike, "You can't learn nobody, Sarah, by your own experience; I can see that."

I seen it wouldn't be no use to argue with her, her feeling like that, 'cause I could see she was thinking of Joe and remembering how he used to smile, I suppose, so I just sighed like it might be sympathy and maybe a promise to think it over about Steve, and went to sleep.

The next day I was kinda late to the office and was making time through the operating room to the cloakroom, when the chief supervisor hollers to me.

"Just a minute, please, Miss Malone," she says.

"Certainly," I says, stopping at her desk.

I noticed as how she looked kinda sober and I thought maybe she was going to tell me of some sub that had wrote in to kick about the service he was getting and I felt my Irish getting up ready for him. All those subs got to do, some of 'em, is to register kicks about the operators' service, and most of 'em lies at that, so they can get away with something of their own.

"When you are ready for duty, Miss Malone," she says, "please report to me."

"Yes, Miss Carroll," says I.

*(Continued on Page 48)*

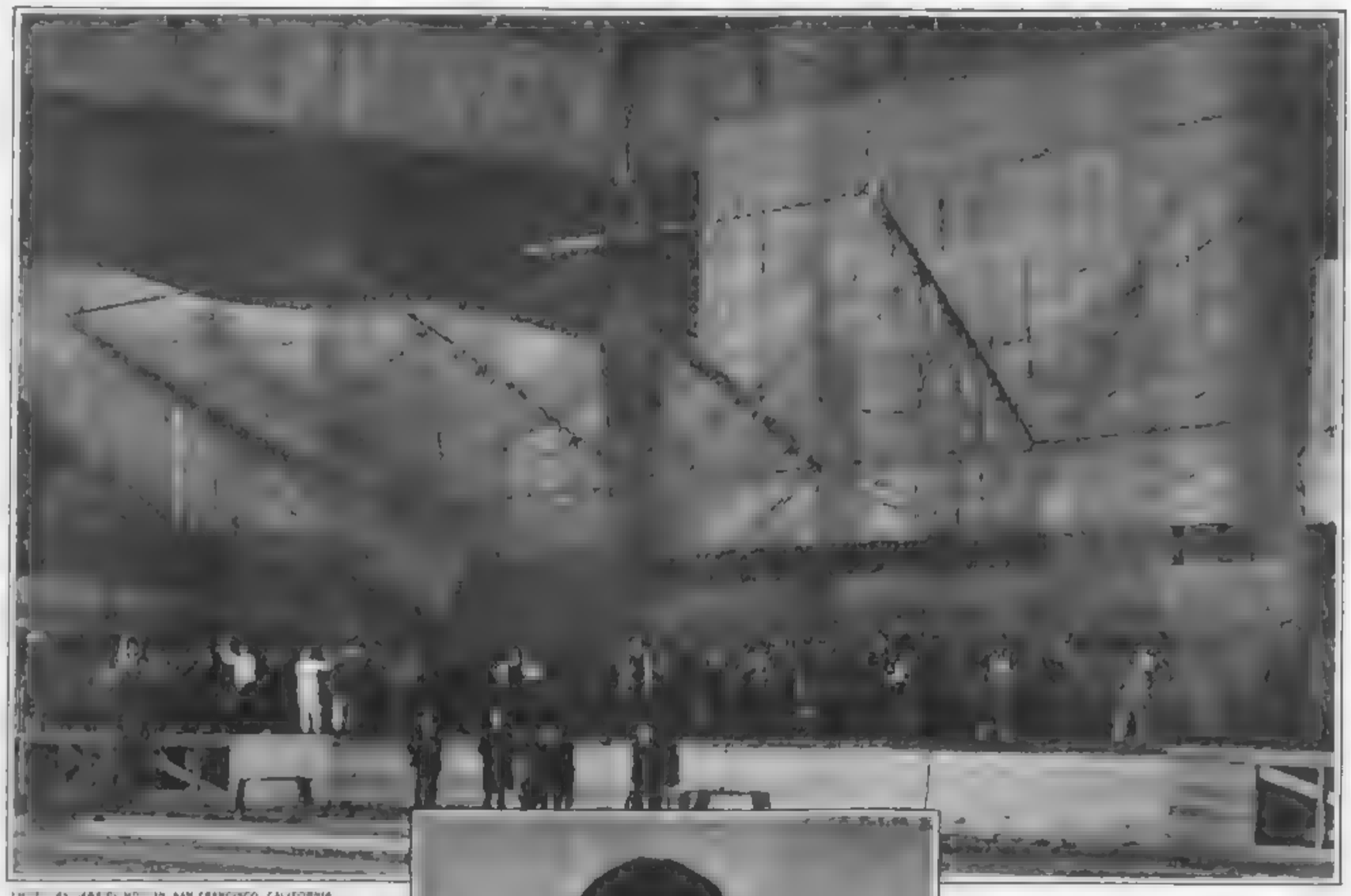
*We Both Stretches Out Our Necks Again and Leans Over Like We Was Going to Take a Slow Dive*

# THE COST OF A CAREER

## By Ruth Scott Miller

THERE is a famous fable of a mother who journeyed with her small son to a box office in New York to purchase tickets for a concert to be given by Heifetz. When told that $2.50 was the least for which she might secure a ticket, she turned to her chubby offspring, cuffed him soundly and said, "Now, do you hear that, Sascha? Two dollars and fifty cents for a ticket this Heifetz gets. Haven't I told you you should practice!"

Here were expressed the perfect faith and sublime confidence in ultimate and inevitable musical greatness which are entertained by the vast majority of those who undertake art as the means of earning a livelihood.



There are a number of delightful fallacies which have fascinated throughout the ages the simple trusting mind. Among them are the comforting belief that the Lord will provide without any painful human coöperation, the idea that all men are created equal, the sweet trust that there is good in the worst of us, and the comfortable conviction that the great musical career just happens.

The proper promotion of a great musical career is as intricate and delicate a task as the organization of a great business concern. It involves huge sums of money; careful constructive thought; conscientious planning to eliminate waste of time, effort and money; serious, dignified, truthful and yet brilliant publicity campaigns; and, above all, the artistic goods to deliver.

Jenny Lind was an exquisite songstress because Providence so shaped her throat. She was a musical sensation in America because P. T. Barnum was one of the greatest managers and most colorful press agents the world has ever known.

### *Mary Garden's Great Chance*

BUT in spite of the fact that it costs money to hire a hall and that someone must produce that prosaic cash, the general public and, unfortunately, most music students have the unshakable belief, encouraged by much popular fiction, that the spectacular career just bursts like a thunderstorm. Yet any veteran musician who has been through the mill could tell many and long stories of just how much heartbreak and bitterness could have been saved fiery youth, all agog for the tinsel and pictorial extravagances of music, if their parents and friends had considered the everyday ways and means of a career, the cost in dollars and cents of lessons and concerts and shelter and clothing and food, and talked less of Walter Ferdinand setting the Mississippi on fire musically. And, incidentally, Walter Ferdinand would have had a much better chance, in the end, of accomplishing his artistic incendiarism.

Instead, the average music student starts out on his career wrapped up in the vague and joyous idea that he is just a natural-born genius, and that some morning he will wake up to find himself hailed as an artist without any particular effort on his part. He is quite a bit like the engaging lunatic who rushes up to an artist after a concert and gurgles: "It was just too wonderful! But then, it was perfectly natural for you to play like that. You were just born with the gift, weren't you?" For most music students, far from refusing to learn the commercial tricks of their trade, are touchingly unaware that these tricks exist.

*Mary Garden. Above—Getting the Operatic Stage Ready, Exposition Auditorium, San Francisco*

However, every so often, apparently giving the direct lie to all the plain, prosaic facts about the building of a career, will come a story of a sudden spectacular musical success, like the one about Mary Garden, who leaped into fame between acts because another prima donna had a fit of hysterics.

It happened, as most everyone knows, during a performance of Louise at the Opéra Comique, in Paris. Miss Garden was a mute inglorious understudy of the star of Charpentier's opera. During the first two acts on that historic night she sat in the musty Gargantuan soap box of a dressing room, deemed good enough for the nobodies of the lyric drama, waiting and doubtless hoping that her operatic superior would stub her toe or break her neck. Neither happy event took place, but something quite as fortuitous did. At the close of the second act the current prima donna had an attack of temperament and Miss Garden was dragged from her dungeon soap box and hustled on in the third act. At the final curtain everyone within hearing declared that Louise was Mary Garden and Mary Garden was Louise, one and inseparable, and so she has continued throughout the glowing years of her great success since that sensational début.

And the very drama of incidents like that is apt to make the average story-loving citizen forget the thousands that were spent on Miss Garden's career prior to that event, the black hours of struggle and hopelessness and the patient grinding work which that great artist put in on the rôle of the rebellious seamstress before the third act of Louise called her for its own.

What the industry of music really needs is a widespread presentation of both sides of the artistic curtain, back stage as well as out front.

### *The Price of Musical Fame*

IT HAS been averaged by the experienced that a first-class, full-grown career in the concert field costs about $60,000. When that amount has been expended the musical débutant has, at least, paid the price of being an artist. There have been other estimates, but that is considered the conservative admission fee of the American musician to the playground of the big-league musical professionals.

Charles L. Wagner, manager of John McCormack and Mary Garden, and four years president of the Musical Managers' Association of America, gave his estimate of the cost of a career in the United States as $25,000 a year for two years.

Mr. Wagner divided that neat but not gaudy sum into a $10,000-a-year salary for an expert manager or personal representative—one might as well give the dealer in artists the $10,000 as a salary in the first place, because he will get it away anyway, as a booking fee or in percentages—$5000 a year for office expenses and bill posting, and the remaining $10,000 for advertising in the music journals, magazines and newspapers.

When one considers the cost of a single, lone, lorn concert in the city of New York one can better appreciate the great sad truth of Mr. Wagner's estimate. Now there is the exclusive expensiveness of the right hall. The rental of the hall—minimum on percentage—will be $300. The stage help, box office, ushers and such incidentals add $150. Tickets are printed for an additional $16.50. Then there is the item of advertising. The daily papers call for an outlay of $150 at least; $200 is considered advisable, and there is no law preventing a reckless artist from spending $1000 on the capitalistic press alone. Item, six insertions in one set of musical programs, $36. Item, one-half page for a week in another set of programs, $40. After advertising comes printing. The printing and distributing of certain circulars and 1500 announcement cards that betray the recitalist's unoriginality as a program builder total $75. Item, $15 for 100 window cards. Item, $7 for 1500 pass slips.

This last proclaims that it costs the artist just $7, twenty-eight quarters or 700 cents, to be able to give away his tickets to his friends.

Then there is the trifling matter of postage. Twenty dollars is needed to mail 2000 cards; $1.68 each to mail three press stories to twenty-eight publications; 48 cents to broadcast twelve photographs of the interesting subject, and $5 for general mailing of tickets, passes and various trifles.

There is the portentous subhead called Miscellaneous. Under that, one finds the cost of distributing window cards listed at $3; of folding, stamping, addressing and mailing cards, $12, and the price of photo mailers put at $1.20.

Then, away down at the end of this itemized cost of a concert, comes the crux of the whole affair. In an inconspicuous corner neatly typed one finds the words: "Management for a ——— Hall concert, $150."

The grand total of all this, as any lightning calculator can tell you, is $986.22. You will add to that, if you have chosen to sing or to fiddle, $50 or perhaps $100 for an accompanist. Then, if you happen to be a woman and sufficiently wise, you will set aside at least $200 for a gown, for her appearance is the last thing on which the feminine exponent of the magic of Orpheus dares economize.

All in all, if you escape from a recital such as I have described under an expenditure of $1400 or $1500 you should immediately award yourself one diamond-and-brass medal and one large bunch of gladioli. And one New York concert does not make a concert career by any manner of means.

A similar venture in certain less costly halls averages $256.50 less, owing to the lower charge for the halls and their various appurtenances. The management of a concert in the less expensive halls is listed at $100 instead of $150. In other words, the price of appearing in one of these halls is $729.72. Other figures, based chiefly upon other allotments for advertising, have been applied to concert giving in these halls. There has been a quotation as low as $525 and one as high as $760, which latter sum included the accompanist's fee. But the sum conceded by most managers to be the minimum cost of a concert in New York is $600.

Then, any New York concert, to be of practical benefit to the artist, must be followed up by advertising in the music magazines. It takes at least $100 per magazine to apprise the clubs, musicians and local managers who buy artistic wares throughout the country of the fact that another musician has made his more or less successful bow to the world of greater music.

The tickets to practically all New York recitals are given away wholesale. There are often twice as many passes sent out as there are seats in the house, on the theory that perhaps half of the recipients will attend and give the artist the air of popularity. One pianist carried this peculiar practice so far that when certain relatives of his arrived unexpectedly from the South and tried to buy tickets for his October concert in New York there was not one to be had in the hall.

### *Metropolitan Approval*

THE only method by which the enterprising aspirant to musical fame can defray the necessary expense of initial concert giving is by selling the tickets and, if possible, the boxes to his friends. Occasionally, however, one of them experiences a weak-minded streak of considerateness in the matter.

There was one young woman, an expert fiddler, with an unbelievable number of friends, who was urged to give a New York recital on the grounds that she could sell out the house to her intimates. It was even pointed out to her that the concert would make money for her.

She considered the matter gravely and then delivered her ultimatum. "Make my friends pay to hear me play? Well, I guess not! I know a much better way of getting money out of them than that. I'll just go to each one of them and say, 'If you will buy a two-dollar ticket to my concert I won't give it!'"

The New York concert looms disproportionately large in the musician's life chiefly because of the stress laid by the managers, both tour and local, upon the importance of the Metropolitan criticisms. An artist with eulogistic Manhattan-press comments has all the managerial world for his oyster. But these scraps of paper must be perfervid. Lukewarm reviews are practically worthless. Many and many a young artist has heard his manager say, "I can't do a thing for you with press notices like that What they want in Bilgewater and Sassafras is the musician whom the New York critics have assayed twenty-four-carat platinum."

The only thing for the aspirant to do who is unfortunate enough to receive mild praise is to come back again and again in concert until the New York press becomes so heartily tired of him that it will praise to rid itself of him.

Charles Marshall as Otello

Although New York is declared to be the most expensive city in America for recital givers, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago are hardly philanthropical toward the musical débutant in the matter of concerts. However, $350 still underwrites a fairly dignified and worthwhile concert in Chicago. For sheer artistic expensiveness New York is undoubtedly the music center of the world. But she has other claims than that.

In 1912 Berlin, with a twelve-month season, was acclaimed the first city of music, and gave 1700 concerts to prove it. In those prewar days of artistic gladness a concert with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, including three rehearsals, cost the recitalist 1200 marks—about $300 at that time. The Berlin equivalent of an Æolian Hall concert required between 400 and 500 marks. In that year an appearance with the Tonkunstler Orchestra in Vienna set the performer back just 1800 crowns—$360. A plain everyday concert without orchestral accompaniment cost 800 crowns.

In 1921 New York begged to submit that with only a nine-month season—thus wholly omitting her busy orchestral summer—and with her concerts costing from $600 to $1000 to give, approximately 1200 concerts took place within her boundaries. As a world's music center she is ready to meet all comers.

The litany of the American music student before he arrives at the dangerous moment of his New York début is a short and simple anthem. There was Matilde Crescent. Matilde was one of a family of seven living in a good-sized Western city. Her mother, widowed, was a piano teacher, and as three of her four sisters monopolized the family upright with their daily five-finger exercises it became a necessity for Matilde to look for other instruments to conquer. At the mature and experienced age of five a friend of the family gave her a fat, brown, baby violin. Thus was her musical destiny shaped in the beginning.

The cost of Matilde's first lessons was not necessarily ruinous. But her mother, knowing the wisdom of excellent early training, gave her the best the town afforded, and that best required $1.50 per half hour twice a week. Thus between the ages of five and nine it took approximately $125 a musical year to raise Matilde to be a violinist.

When Matilde had conquered the positions up to the fifth, had learned alien music phrases like *allegretto* and *poco a poco vivace*, and that waltz and march are not necessarily all the varieties of time, she made her initial public appearance

She was six, fat, lusciously pink and white, with hair of palest gold and a most insolent and haughty manner. Her demolishing hauteur was not jarred one whit by the fact that her elder brother sat in the front row and made faces at her during her entire performance of Braga's Angel's Serenade. Quite the contrary. In fact, having received the two-dollar check for her services just before she had stepped on the stage, like any full-grown, licensed artist, she felt quite safe in scoring him off in kind when her enamored audience brought her back for an encore.

From that night on, her life was just one long sweet concert.

If Matilde had a penny for every time she played the Angel's Serenade between the ages of six and nine she would have no occasion to worry about her next American tour today.

At the age of nine she was sent to the city, where she started upon her life's work of collecting scholarships from one of the country's major musical colleges. Every known scholarship, from those in violin playing to those for research on the subject of the Lost Chord, was added to her collection.

Thus, thanks to Matilde's marked skill at evoking sweet sounds, the bogy of tuition fees was eliminated from her mother's financial calculations. But for Matilde and her companion, usually a sister, to be able to live in the city which harbored the great music school that had gobbled up her talents, depleted Matilde's mother's slender income just $1200 a year. Board and lodging of the same unpretentious variety consume just twice as much today.

### *Matilde's Career*

AT THE age of thirteen Matilde turned her attention to collecting medals, with a preference for those inset with diamonds. Between picking up diamond and gold medals and scholarships Matilde was able to keep her mind fairly well occupied until she gave her first big recital, at the age of fifteen. Matilde's musical education to date—to insert a financial digression—had required an outlay of $8800. This sum does not include the cost of her clothing or dentist's or doctor's bills. These would have been part of the price her mother would have paid for the privilege of being a parent, even if Matilde had been tone deaf and stayed in her home town. Nor does it include tuition fees. If Matilde had not been able to camouflage herself so successfully as a genius there would have been $1750 for lessons to add to that $8800, the sum that merely gave her early musical opportunity.

Her first major recital, at the age of fifteen, cost her brother—the same one who had grimaced at her efforts when she was six—something like $300. The music reporters hearing her play the Bach E Major Sonata for violin alone in an unblemished fashion upon this occasion called her inborn impertinence by the sweeter name of artistic authority, and headed their reviews, "A Genius." Which was pleasant praise, but to this day has, commercially speaking, buttered no musical parsnips for Matilde.

Another recital a year later depleted the brother's bank account $400. Then it was decided that Matilde must have the advantages and prestige of foreign study. This was back in the dear old prewar days, when to study piano in Germany was to be thought a Paderewski.

It was necessary that this artistic venture of Matilde's be subsidized by borrowed funds. Her brother made himself and his salary responsible for the debt, and traveling second class Matilde started for Berlin. The railroad and steamship fares of Matilde and her companion approximated $200 for this trip.

On the boat, following the traditional narrative of catching genius unawares, the captain overheard her practicing, and insisted that she provide the major part of the program of the inescapable ship's concert. At this concert a man who had been interested in the soap business long enough to be able to afford to take an active and practical interest in art, discovered that

Continued on Page 42

Reinald Werrenrath

John McCormack

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 17, 1923


## Industrial Tendencies

IN A COUNTRY of such diversity of interests, climate, people and territory as America it is perhaps fortunate that objectors can usually be found to any industrial consolidation of far-reaching importance. If one of the great packing houses proposes to take over another it is fairly certain there will be some livestock association ready to proclaim the relative advantages of more competition, and at least one senator and one government commission all set for a protest. Nor is a merger of steel companies of the first order likely to escape a critical scrutiny; and any other momentous realignments of industrial units under consideration would better count upon a little healthy opposition.

No doubt such objection and protest irritate Wall Street bankers and promoters as well as the immediate principals in the business units involved. Opposition may be based upon sound economic reasons or may consist of political hogwash and ranting. Only the closest examination of the facts in each case will determine. But surely such a radical change in our industrial structure as the constant succession of mergers involves should not be permitted without a minute consideration of all the factors in the problem, a problem that is as wide as the country itself.

Ever since the trust-forming era of the late '90's debate has continued without stop or conclusion with regard to the advantages and disadvantages of combination. Usually it has been fought out from the viewpoint of the consumer, or in case of the packers, from that of the producer. But gradually a new viewpoint is coming up, that of the investor, and it cannot be neglected. He may be a less important person than either the farmer or the consumer, but his numbers are spreading so fast and he is becoming to such an extent identical with consumer and producer that the plot is steadily thickening.

More and more, unconsciously perhaps, the investor leans toward the big corporation. He feels instinctively that it is safe, that it will carry through hard times, that "the bankers will not let it fail; it is too big." And there is a world of truth in his instinct. Big corporations have failed and will probably continue to go on the rocks in the future, but each successive depression seems to witness a lower percentage of mortality among the great interstate corporations that hold a conspicuous or dominant position in their trade.

The politician may argue against the big corporate consolidation, and even the farmers may say it is injurious to them; but when the individual with money to invest, whether he be politician, farmer, clerk or workingman, comes to the momentous decision as to which bond or preferred stock he will put his five hundred or thousand dollars into he feels that it is safer if the company is one that has a fairly powerful position in its particular trade.

But this viewpoint extends to others than the scattered, isolated investor. Those active in management may have selfish motives in their ambitions of enlargement and wider trade control, but they have other motives as well. They see in the great, powerful unit one that can stabilize both investment and employment. They seek through corporate power a gradual filling up of the valleys and a cutting off of the crests. One trade has a billion-dollar corporation that has measurably succeeded. There is no question about its bonds; its preferred stock has gradually become as reasonably secure as most investors have any right to expect, and though dividends have varied on the common stock from nothing to a fairly large figure the element of risk has slowly diminished.

More than the country yet realizes, employes and investors are becoming one and identical. With many corporations of a certain class consumers and investors are merging into a single group. Corporate management is devoting effort to selling stock to employes and consumers. With every new stockholder of this sort the big corporation has a new responsibility. It must conserve the investment.

No one knows where these tendencies will stop. Vast size may bring dry rot and the ineffectiveness that is ultimately bred from arrogance. Or eternal vigilance on the part of managers may avoid such errors. No one knows. The mere glamour of size should not permit groupings that are uneconomic. But no fact is more certain than the ever-increasing identification of the public interest, through the small investor, with the larger corporations. This is an omelet that no governmental power can unscramble. It is a marriage of too many millions for divorce to operate.

## A Chance to Make Good

TO MEET halfway the desires of certain international bankers, and of their honest but imperfectly informed followers, Representative George W. Edmonds, of Pennsylvania, lately introduced in the House a resolution of obvious and undeniable merit. Mr. Edmonds' measure would authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to receive from our own citizens and other nationals United States bonds at par, their face value to be entered as a credit against the debt or debt interest of any debtor nation named by the depositor. Some of Mr. Edmonds' colleagues characterized his resolution as a legislative joke; but even if they are right, this is the sort of joke that cannot be carried too far. Mr. Edmonds declared that he was in earnest, and pointed with pride to his simple method whereby any believer in cancellation could do his own canceling to the precise extent of his ownership of United States bonds.

We should rather like to see this resolution passed, if for no better reason than to permit the country to observe whether it would result in choking Pennsylvania Avenue with throngs of international bankers, groaning under the weight of tin boxes of Liberty Bonds that they were hastening to turn in at Mr. Mellon's office to be credited to their favorites in the family of European nations. But perhaps this would be too cruel a test of the sincerity of ninety per cent of the loose cancellation talk that has been so glibly bandied about.

## The Troubles of the Netherlands

FOR a hundred years the British have known that the best traders and bankers outside of the United Kingdom came out of Holland. But against the effects of war their skill has availed them little. Today Holland is in an amazingly bad position contrasted with Belgium, when one bears in mind that Belgium went through a terrific war in which Holland was not engaged.

During the war the Netherlands received both the hot and the cold. Part of her merchant marine was tied up in harbors after the entry of the United States into the war. In order to protect her frontiers she was compelled to maintain a large standing army. Her fishing fleet was allowed to operate only under heavy restrictions. She furnished supplies to both combatants at good prices. But as against this she was compelled to make heavy loans to both combatants. Often she knew not where to turn for coal. The products of her colonies were hedged in by blockade restrictions.

With the coming of peace, troubles continued. Large Dutch investments in Russia, Central Europe and the Balkans were rendered worthless for the present or for all time. Large purchases of German marks served to involve the country in a remorseless speculation. Other speculations centered about the boom trade of the world during 1919 and 1920. With the slump of trade and shipping in 1921 Dutch interests suffered heavy losses all over the world. Holland still has a goodly volume of invisible resources, but the country is poorer than in 1914.

As result of the high position of the Dutch guilder the country for two years has suffered from high prices, stagnation of industry and extensive unemployment. In recent months this has been intensified by German workers going into Holland for employment in terms of a currency so much better than their own. In many respects the conditions in the little European countries with high currencies have been much worse after collapse of the postwar boom than in the United States.

A partial redistribution of wealth has taken place. Of course there were profiteers. The middle class has been hard hit, having lost heavily in collapsed foreign investments. The *rentier* class suffers from a prewar income with postwar prices. Holders of shares in shipping concerns, trading companies and foreign banks have all been injured.

The excess of imports over exports of goods is covered by the available invisible resources. But the budget of the state does not balance. During the past year the deficit has been covered by internal loans. The budget for 1923 contains expenditures that can be covered only by further internal loans. Dutch policy sticks to loans and rejects inflation with paper money. One trouble with the money is that it will not stay at home, but wanders into Germany to do the work of worthless marks.

When a highly organized state, with rich colonies, world-wide trade and extensive foreign investments, cannot raise enough money by all forms of taxation to meet the common expenditures of the state, then it is time for other countries to be examining into its affairs.

## Borrowing Money in Terms of Goods

WHENEVER a country suffers under a currency that is unstable as well as depreciated, procedures are devised that enable industries to protect themselves from risk and uncertainty, at least to some degree. Most of these protective devices represent a return to barter in an open or complicated form. Under conditions of depreciated currency, money becomes scarce and credit scarcer. To facilitate financing of industries, what the Europeans call loans in kind are being more and more employed. Mecklenburg raised a loan, called a rye loan, to the payment of which state lands were pledged on the basis of their rye-raising capacity. A German shipping company has raised a loan based on the tonnage capacity of its international trade, in terms of foreign currency. A public-utility corporation in Baden-Baden has raised a coal loan, to be paid in to the company in paper marks to the value of a specified amount of coal, to be redeemed in paper marks in terms of the price of coal at date of payment. Such transactions represent attempts to base financing on real values instead of on earning capacity in terms of currency. A similar device has been applied to taxation in Hungary, where land taxes are levied in terms of wheat-raising capacity, the taxes being reckoned with wheat as the unit of payment. Currency is only the symbol of value. Trade through currency grew out of barter. When necessary, the steps can be retraced, though only with considerable lost motion.

# SHALL WE DEMOCRATIZE OUR INDUSTRIES?

## By ELIZABETH FRAZER

True democracy is the concentrating of power in an élite who can best judge of the interactions of social cause and effect.

ARTURO LABIOLA.

There is no peril before society more insidious than those forms of communism led by minorities, with an appeal to violence as a means of accomplishing their ends.

JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS.

ACCORDING to the large tranquil-ticking clock on the side wall of Mr. Smith's office, it was eight o'clock time for the trial to open. But although the stenographer, an impersonal young woman with black bobbed hair, was there, ready to take down the evidence, and the judge, or impartial chairman, Mr. Smith, sat absently drumming his fingers at the end of the long table, the two parties to the contention had not yet shown up. These two parties were, on one hand, the employers of certain manufacturing concerns in the textile industry—I am purposely vague, since this was an actual occurrence that I am reporting, and I was asked, for obvious reasons, not to give personalities away—and on the other hand, the employes of those same manufacturing concerns. The employers had chosen four representatives from among their number to protect their interests, and the labor union had designated the same number to defend the workers' rights. It was, in short, a court—not a criminal but an industrial court. Here was no raised dais for the judge, nor formal trappings of authority; no court attendant; no Stars and Stripes; no cops; nothing but an ordinary business office situated in the heart of the industry, and containing, in addition to the usual appurtenances of its kind, a long table and rows of chairs. It bore a closer resemblance to a directors' room, stripped bare of luxurious fittings, than to a court of law.

And yet it was a court, and the impartial chairman who sat there, casually drumming his fingers on the table while he waited for the litigants to turn up, was in very truth a judge; and the decisions he handed down were binding, absolute, final, and without appeal on either side. Moreover, by reason of these decisions, there had been complete peace for over two years—and this in an industry whose previous history had been one of continuous and bitter warfare. Not a strike; not a lockout; no terrible labor wastage, nor brutal strong-arm methods, nor picketing nor blackjacking nor secret sabotage; but law and order; peace.

I had been invited by the impartial chairman to attend this hearing in order to see exactly how they ran the thing off.

"I could talk to you for hours about this whole business," he said to me over the telephone, "and you'd not have as clear an idea as if you watched us in actual operation. We have some mighty hot sessions, I can tell you; things get pretty tense. So come along and listen in for yourself."

I chartered a taxi and came, and the first mental note I took was of Mister Impartial Chairman himself. An American, with an American background, heritage and name. His real name was not Smith, but it was just as common as Smith or Jones. He was not American hyphenated with any European race. If his forbears were English, the strain was so remote that you could not tell it on him now. He was straight native-bred American stock. Lean, blond, grizzled, turning bald, with a humorous drawl, and a pair of shrewd humorous eyes under down-drooping

(Continued on Page 137)

TRY TH
WHAT IT'S
FER THOSE FELLERS
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BLOC HAIR TONIC
RECOMMENDED BY BLOC HEADS EVERYWHERE!
A BENEFICENT COMPOUND OF COXEYISM, POPULISM, SOCIALISM, NON-PARTISAN-LEAGUE-ISM AND TINCTURE OF PATERNALISM—NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THE PINK LABEL!
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# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

## Our Sentimental Juries

*A Rimed Editorial*

I

*IT'S time to speak, in a general way,*
*Of a person, we'll name, for convenience, A.*
*He's much like B and very like C,*
*But he's not for a minute like you or me!*
*Or anyway, not like me.*

*He wakes in the morning and starts to scold*
*Because the room's so blankety cold;*
*His wife arises on shivering feet*
*And closes the window and starts the heat—*
*(Provided there is some heat).*

*And then he airs some sulphurous views*
*Because he's unable to find his shoes;*
*His wife then shows him exactly where*
*He left them last night, under the chair—*
*(They're always under the chair).*

*He tests the faucets and starts to rave*
*Because there's no hot water to shave;*
*His wife lets it run a minute or so*
*And soon it's steaming like all below*
*(For the rime I must use "below").*

*At breakfast, plunged in his Morning Post,*
*He bolts his eggs and his buttered toast,*
*Then grabbing his hat upon the fly*
*He dashes downtown with a muttered "By!"*
*No more than a muttered "By!"*

II

*We shift to the trial of Mary Fox.*
*The jury's perched in the jury box;*
*And there are B and C and—say!*
*Look at the foreman! It's Mr. A!*
*It's none but our hero, A!*

*Defendant (that girl there, chewing gum)*
*Put five shots into her sweetie's tum*
*With the highly regrettable consequence*
*That she's now on the stand in her own defense;*
*And this is her sobbed defense:*

*"I loved him—honest I loved him, judge!*
*I bought his collars and made him fudge,*
*And now what more could a man expect?*
*But all he gimme was coarse neglect!*
*The coarsest kind o' neglect.*

*"I begged and cried, but he wouldn't go*
*But twicet a week to a movie show.*
*I'd never of killed him,*
*judge, I swear,*
*But I couldn't stand his*
*neglect, so there!*
*And that's my*
*story, so there!"*

*The jury retires en-*
*gulfed in tears,*
*But shortly afterward*
*reappears,*
*And wiping a drop from*
*his dripping cheek*
*Friend A, the foreman,*
*prepares to speak—*
*(Being foreman, he*
*has to speak):*

*"We've heard defend-*
*ant's pathetic tale*
*Of sad neglect by a cal-*
*lous male,*
*And our verdict is that*
*we're satisfied*
*His treatment war-*
*ranted homicide!*
*'Twas justice, not*
*homicide!"*

*Defendant kisses the*
*jurymen*
*And, free, departs for*
*the world again*
*To deal out justice to*
*some new love.*

*Internal Trouble*

*And A resumes (as in I, above)*
*His habits (see I, above).*

III

*But if his wife took into her head*
*Some day to pepper him full of lead,*
*And told him the reason for his demise,*
*His uppermost feeling would be surprise,*
*A feeling of hurt surprise!*

*—Baron Ireland.*

## Monologue Between a Lady Shopper and a Salesman

YES, if you please, show me some fur coats. N-no, I don't know just what sort of fur I want; n-no, I don't know whether I want a coat or a cape. I want you to show them to me so I can tell. But I think I'd better take the coat shape, for you see I'm stout—oh, yes, I am—you needn't look like that—I realize that I'm—well, plump. I'm not like some women who can't see the defects of their own figures. Why, my neighbor, Mrs. Faxon, she—no, no, I positively do not want one of those short coats, they cut me off at the waistline—and not a light fur. You ought to know that I can't wear a short coat, nor one made of light fur!

Long, straight lines and dark coloring for me. You see I know. Now Mrs. Faxon, she got a light cream-colored Krimmer; and, if you please, a short one! And she weighs as much as I do; well, anyway, nearly as much. My husband says —— Oh, that short ermine coat is a beauty! But not for me. I know my limitations. Show me a long black caracal. My, they're not very smart, are they? That sweet little ermine is a beauty. But, of course, light fur makes me look bigger. And as I said, I can't wear a short coat.

I've a friend who has one about like that. She looks ducky in it—but she's so slim—she's nothing but a spine! I'd rather have a little flesh on my bones! My husband says —— Oh, mercy! Not a Hudson seal! I had one of those three years ago. Yes, try a cape; I want to see them all—that's the only way to buy satisfactorily. Yes, a long cape—short garments cut me off so. Oh, heavens! Take it off! A cape makes me look a regular old Mother Bunch. Dear, I wish I'd kept up my diet and exercise. Coué's all right for blues or dyspepsia, but he doesn't take off weight.

You see, a long coat makes me look dignified. I'm not the sort of woman who buys the latest style whether it suits her figure or not. The art of dressing, I always say, lies in selecting models that suit your lines. Now my friend Mrs. Faxon, she's—well, dumpy, if you know what I mean; and in that light short coat she looks—well, she looks just like the picture in my baby's book of This Little Pig Went to Market! Honest, she does! Much as I'd like a short coat, or a light-colored fur, I know better than to buy such a thing! Let me try on that short ermine a minute and I'll show you what I mean.

There, don't you see how it cuts me right in two? But what lovely fur it is! And really a bargain at that price! No, I can't take it—it cuts me off. I've always loved ermine, ever since I was a child and played with kittens—and it has beautiful lines—maybe it doesn't cut me off so terribly.

No, I mustn't take it—I always wear dark gowns, you see, and that pure white fur—stopping at the waistline—and my dark skirt below—well, when I look at it in the mirror sideways—and, of course, most people see me sideways—in passing, you know—no, there's no use—it makes me look positively—and my husband warned me about wearing light colors on the street, and my sister-in-law said "Whatever you do don't get one of those short coats."

Where's my own coat? Put it on me, please. No, you needn't show me any more. I've made up my mind. Yes, a charge account. Here's my card. Send me that short ermine one, please. Good morning.

*—Carolyn Wells.*

*Direct Marketing—Rude Awakening of a Consumer Who Used to Blame It on the "Middleman"*

## The Modern Drama

THE eminent theatrical impresario, Mr. Alan Penrhyn Feinberg, rose from his tapestry-covered couch to greet our star reporter as he entered the studio. The room was slightly smaller than the waiting room of the Grand Central Station and magnificently furnished. The floors were covered with delicately toned Chinese rugs, and the walls were hung with rich tapestries and paintings.

"So glad to see you," said Mr. Feinberg cordially. "This is my den, where I come to think out things."

A string orchestra, concealed in the conservatory beyond, played softly the

(Continued on Page 165)

We blend the best with careful pains
In skilful combination
And every single can contains
Our business reputation

Some ingredients of Campbell's Ox Tail Soup

Ox Tail Joints
Ox Tail Broth
Beef Broth
Tomato Puree
Carrots (cubed)
Carrots (puree)
Turnips (cubed)
Turnips (puree)
Barley
Celery (diced)
Celery (puree)
Onions (puree)
Parsley (puree)
Leek (puree)
Wheat Flour
Rice Flour
Kitchen Bouquet
Salt
Sugar
Cayenne Pepper
White Pepper
Allspice
Cloves
Bay Leaves
Marjoram
Shot Pepper
Thyme
Savory
Nutmeg

*Suppose you had to make your own soup!*

# *All blended by artist-chefs*

No wonder that every spoonful of Campbell's Ox Tail Soup is so rich in delicious flavor and hearty nourishment! Tender and nutritious as juicy sirloin steak is the meat of the marrowy ox tail joints used in this soup. Consider the variety of the many tempting ingredients—choice ox tails, luscious fresh vegetables, hearty cereals, savory herbs, tasty condiments! Skilfully selected and combined by life-long specialists in fine soup-making! One of the delights of the dining table.

A soup no home kitchen could produce.
A soup that lingers in your memory.

But let your spoon tell you the story of Campbell's Ox Tail Soup.

**21 kinds** **12 cents a can**

**Campbells' Soups**

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

# THE ERRING WIFE, OR LOVE'S SUGGESTION

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

IX

TWO women alone in the black nocturnal wilderness, prisoners in a primitive shelter, of a gigantic gale, might not unnaturally be timid, alarmed and self-centered in their isolation—even though in part protected by the sterner semblance of masculine attire. Yet this need not necessarily be the case. It was another's welfare that had engaged the attention of them both since the very beginning of the storm—to the exclusion of all else in either mind.

A new and more terrific blast shouldered their frail shelter.

"Oh! Oh!" cried the older, fairer, more marcelled, knickerbockered figure. "If Lionel—Lionel is out in this storm, I shall never forgive myself for this thing! For letting you bully me into this silly, silly thing!"

"Oh, for gosh's sake!" cried the younger woman, in a somewhat brittle voice. "Stop. Stop saying that. For a minute anyway!"

"How—how can I stop," the other still wailed on, "when Lionel may be out—in that?"

The great trees roared, groaned and rattled out where she pointed.

"How many times must I tell you," asked the other—the younger, darker, more confident speaker—"that they certainly are inside by now? There!" she said.

For at last, while she was speaking, the telephone bell rang. She grasped the receiver firmly; her glances across her shoulder at her companion indicated the triumph of her predictions.

"At the hotel! All perfectly safe and sound!" she said in a low aside, using her eyes, as one does at the telephone, to complete her meaning.

A conversation confirming this proceeded with the person at the other extremity of the line.

"He's all right! All right!" the telephoner affirmed with her lips—now pressing back the other, the anxious-faced woman who stood ever closer to her, apparently insistent upon speech.

But the wife of Lionel Hetherington clutched her, not to be denied.

"Tell him," she said with great distinctness, as one does interrupting a telephone conversation, "to tell Lionel, if he's wet any, to change his clothes. Everything he has on! Or if he can't—go straight to bed!"

The other, nodding sharply, as one does when interrupted at the telephone, indicated that, although somewhat irritated, she had received the message and would possibly transmit it. But at that time the connection was abruptly broken off, gone; with a sudden, rather alarming expression on the telephoner's face that the wife of Lionel Hetherington did not fail to note.

"What is it? What is it?" she inquired.

"Oh, nothing. Nothing!" said the previous telephoner somewhat irritably, "excepting the connection's broken off. Wait!" she said, pushing her back, trying to secure the attention of Central—of someone! But in vain. "It's undoubtedly," she said at length after swallowing slightly, "the wire's gone! Some tree probably!"

The wife of Lionel Hetherington could well believe her. The storm raged and gushed through the wooded wilderness about their shelter in a welter of forbidding sound. And yet she was not entirely satisfied.

"Oh," said the Wife of Lionel Hetherington instinctively. "Oh, I Wish That Lionel Was Here!"

"That was all—all you heard?" asked the wife of Lionel Hetherington, a doubt still shining in her eyes. "You aren't deceiving me? Holding anything back? They are both safe there in the hotel?"

"Absolutely! Absolutely! Everything is quite—quite all right!" replied the other, recovering her usual buoyant and confident manner with a start that was almost a snap. "Think of it," she continued now, abruptly but very cheerfully.

"Think of what?" asked the anxious wife.

"Aren't you happy? Aren't you glad?" the other one was asking her, still more cheerfully and heartily.

"What about?"

"Your husband! He's cured! He must be! Can't you see?"

"No."

"Could he have stood a trip like this a week ago?"

"No," said the cold-fingered waiting wife.

"No. And now he was not even tired. He wasn't satisfied. He wanted to come here—to come—to you—tonight!"

"What!" said the bewildered anxious wife. "Come here! Tonight!"

"But of course—of course he won't!" asserted her friend sharply—almost too sharply, the wife of Lionel Hetherington thought.

They stopped a moment, listening to the raving of the gale.

"It's splendid, isn't it? It's splendid!" said the younger knickerbockered woman, not long allowing the lack of conversation to continue.

"The cure, you mean?" said the wife of Lionel Hetherington doubtfully. "Yes. If it really works."

"But it will work! It has worked, my dear," said her companion, even more convincingly, if possible. "Can you imagine Lionel Hetherington doing this a week ago? Starting out like this? Forgetting himself to that extent? That whole obsession—that old fixed idea of weakness and death—quite evidently has been jarred entirely out of his mind."

The wife watched her narrowly. It seemed in a way that her buoyancy was more than circumstances really warranted; as if she might be talking under some hidden nervous strain, from some motive not apparent.

"It's wonderful, that's all," she was continuing. "Isn't it? To think—to think that all this can be done, not by force or drugs or surgery, but just by suggestion from one mind, one imagination to another. Perfectly awesome, isn't it? Almost supernatural."

And at this moment both the women gave a sudden start, the younger unexpectedly starting first. Some heavy object from outside had crashed suddenly against their shelter.

"What—what was that?" cried the younger woman; and the older noted, with an anxious suspense, the fact that the other, the naturally dominating leader in the enterprise up to now, had clutched her savagely, in apparent fear. Come to her for support! But only for the moment. "Oh, it's merely—merely a branch fallen on the roof!" she was now saying quickly, though with a voice not entirely steadied yet.

The wife of Lionel Hetherington watched her with a growing apprehension. There was something radically different, disconcerting there; an entire change in her attitude, her morale!

"Oh," said the wife of Lionel Hetherington instinctively. "Oh, I wish that Lionel was here!"

She noted at the time the peculiarity of the glance the other threw at her. But her own instinctive thoughts now turned back, at her own words, to an old familiar channel—the normal natural passion of her life, the welfare of Lionel Hetherington.

"If he only were cured! If he only were," she dreamed aloud, "it would be worth it all. All I have gone through this terrible week!" And as she said this she looked down at her late-model sport suit, her knickerbockers; passed her hand over her highly waved hair with marked and ill-concealed distaste.

"This week of horror—and deceit!" she cried. "Of making myself different from what I really am! Of deceiving Lionel! Of deceiving Lionel!" she cried more loudly. "Oh, how I hate—hate those words!"

The gale, it seemed to her, continually increased and grew more terrifying. "Oh, this terrible week!" she repeated. "This terrible night without Lionel! Oh, if Lionel were only here now!"

As she said these words they felt the impact of the storm like a sudden heavy body projected upon the flimsy entrances of their shelter. And she noted now, as at the sudden falling of the limb upon the roof, that with each new bump and buffet of the great wind the eyes of her companion seemed involuntarily to focus on the door.

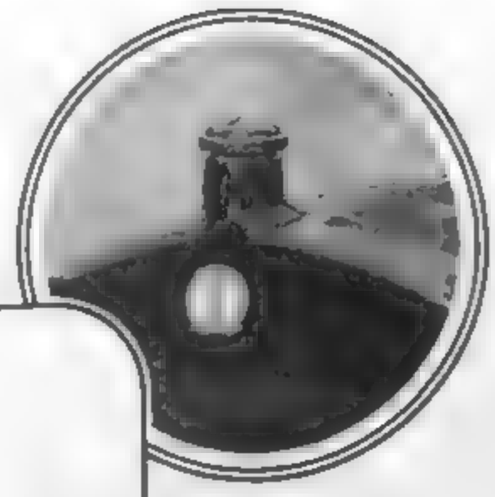
"It's locked, isn't it?" she asked her.

"What?" the other answered absently.

"The door."

"Oh, yes! Why?"

(Continued on Page 36)



# A Few Reflections In Regard to Hupmobile

EVERY MAN is an advocate of his own car in sheer self-defense unless and until it becomes intolerable.

But if you could dig down into the minds of the overwhelming majority of men who own cars, you would find that nearly all of them believe implicitly in the Hupmobile.

If they could indulge in the luxury of entire frankness without casting doubt on their own choice, they would probably say: Buy a Hupmobile.

This general attitude toward the Hupmobile is rare enough to be worth recording, because it goes to the very root of wise automobile buying.

It could not exist—this general habit of making an exception in favor of Hupmobile high quality—if the exceptional qualities themselves did not exist in the Hupmobile.

People in the mass do not continue to see superiorities in a motor car over a long period of years, unless the superiorities are actually there.

And it is an indisputable fact that motorists in the mass do spontaneously, continuously testify to merits in the Hupmobile which make it the wisest, soundest purchase possible in its class.

IT is interesting to look back and see how Hupmobile sales have steadily advanced for fifteen years.

The Hupmobile business was neither conceived, nor developed, on the theory of huge volume, but rather on the conviction that Hupmobile would make itself known and fix a firm place for itself through downright merit.

AND Hupmobile's total sales have gone steadily up, up, up,—its market constantly broadening—a sound, substantial, *permanent* thing.

All of these things should interest the buyer, because they represent precisely what he is looking for when his mind holds fast to the one safe principle of all sound buying.

By the one safe principle of all sound buying we mean the principle of proven value as it exists in any good product such as the Hupmobile.

# Hupmobile

(Continued from Page 34)

"I saw you looking at it—that's all."

"Oh, yes. Yes, it's locked!" she responded nervously.

The wife of Lionel Hetherington shuddered. The suddenly and obviously lowered morale of the other was affecting her, insensibly but surely. She suddenly arrived again upon the verge of tears; began, in fact, crying.

"What is it? What is it now?" inquired her somewhat preoccupied companion a little sharply.

"I'm so lonesome! So lonesome!" replied the wife of Lionel Hetherington. "Do you realize—do you realize," she asked bitterly, "that this—this is the first night—the first night in ten years—that I have been sep-separated from Lionel?"

And breaking down, she now burst frankly into tears, in which her former encourager did not now take interest sufficient to check or assuage her in any way. At length she stopped, when she saw there was no action to restrain her.

"And now," she burst out once more, "this—this is all I shall have tonight!" she said, and brought forth an object from her pocket, her trousers pocket.

"What, for gosh's sake, Martha!" said the other, now with unfeigned irritation—the irritation of those with an anxiety of their own upon their mind. "What for heaven's sake is that?"

"It's—it's Lionel's necktie," said the tearful wife. "The one he liked—the one I gave him. I brub-brought it to have something of Lionel's near me—if he didn't come—if anything like this should happen—to put in under my pillow!"

She wept quietly for a little space.

"That's—that's all I'll have tonight—this darned awful night without Lionel!" she continued after some little time. "Except—only this!"

And now she held a ring—a plain, thin, ancient band of gold upon her finger—out toward her companion.

"We bub-bought it in London," she said, "on our honeymoon. I've—I've never—never taken it off. Read—read what it says around it!" she directed, and burst once more actively into tears.

The other strove indifferently to decipher the worn lettering.

"What does it say?" she asked briefly.

"'To—to my own true—love!'" the other sobbed.

"Well?" came the cold and repellent reply.

"Oh! Can't you see?"

"See what?"

"See—see that! What that says! And what Lionel will be thinking about me—all night tonight!"

And with that she turned definitely to unrestrained weeping; for the other, occupied with her own thoughts, no more withheld her.

They sat, always now a little closer, two women still, although in trousers, each occupied with her own womanly regrets and apprehensions. The clamant wilderness beat upon their door, and with each beat the wife of Lionel Hetherington could not fail to note the other's strangely apprehensive start.

"What is it? What is it you're always doing that for?" she asked at last.

"What?"

"Jumping! As if you were expecting something always at that door!"

"Oh, you are mistaken—absolutely mistaken! Everything," affirmed the other, with a returning dignity, "is quite—quite all right!"

But a start at a new strain—a peculiarly lifelike imitation of a beating of a body on the door—belied her words.

Her companion disregarded her statement; understood clearly that she herself was not alone afraid. The two knickerbockered figures stole more closely each to each—clasped each other tightly.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried Lionel Hetherington's wife. "How I wish that Lionel were here!"

And at this point both figures started sharply to their feet. For now there came a definite pounding of an actual human fist upon their door.

"Let me in! Let me in! Quick! Quick!" A voice—a man's voice came out of the dangerous wilderness from beyond their fastened door.

"Who—who?" stammered the slight straight knickerbockered figure, standing up.

"It's Travers Overholt! Let me in! Let me in!"

They did so finally. His big drenched figure lurched through the doorway.

"Quick! Quick! Put out the lights!" he cried.

■

AT THESE unexpected words his hearers both stood practically motionless.

"Hurry! Hurry!" cried the newcomer.

They still stood gazing.

"Unless you want to die!" called out their sudden visitor. And in their protracted silence he leaped forward toward the central hanging light. "How does it go? How does it go?" he cried.

And then, finding for himself the right attachment on the wick, he projected the room into the dimness of firelight.

The wife of Lionel Hetherington stood watching, dazed, entirely speechless.

"Water! Water!" she heard him call.

"Here! Here!" called back the voice of her companion, offering a pitcher as if by prearrangement.

Standing frozen to the spot, the wife saw them put the hearth fire out entirely, to the last coal.

"What is it? Oh, what is it?" she cried, recovering her voice at last.

"He's—he's coming!" returned the voice of young Mr. Overholt, broken by the strained breathing of protracted exercise.

The wife—the overanxious wife—leaped forward toward his voice and clutched him in the now total darkness.

"Coming! Who?" she cried. "Who? Lionel?"

For this man, of course, must have been, she knew, with him, her Lionel. Should be still!

The unimpeded storm raged, more sinister than ever, through his silence, the blackness of the room.

"Where—where have you left Lionel Hetherington?" cried the voice, the poignant voice of his devoted wife, through the darkness.

"He was after me! Just after me—with his pistols!"

"And you ran away—and left him!" cried the wife. "You left him! Out there!"

Silence for a bare moment succeeded her accusing cry.

"Well! What could he do? What should he do?" sharply replied the voice of the other woman, who seemed from her position to be attached to the other arm of the man. "What could he do—when Lionel was threatening him?"

"He was coming here—to shoot you both!" added young Mr. Overholt, stammering somewhat, in hasty explanation.

The wife of Lionel Hetherington would have none of it!

"And you left him!" The wild reproach in her reply filled the dark room.

"What else could he do?" responded the voice of the other woman, rising quickly to his defense—more quickly than his.

"And you ran in here! And put out the lights! So that—so that he couldn't find us! Find his way!" went on the bitter and accusing voice of the wife again.

"Exactly," said the quick defending voice at once, the voice of the other woman.

"Of course," the man's voice stammered after hers again. "Of course we must ——"

"And left Lionel—out there!" broke in the scornful voice of Lionel Hetherington's wife—a silhouette, which now was pointing through the darkness to the window.

Their eyes now slightly focused to the dark, they saw the trees—dull, black, uncertain shapes writhing against gray-black intervals.

"He has done all—more—than anybody could," exclaimed the other woman's voice, the voice of eager and alert defense, which always answered first.

Young Mr. Overholt not unnaturally appreciated it. A strong reaction had come over him in the past few moments. He understood again the finer attributes of woman as he could see them now. He appreciated greatly this fine young woman's springing so generously to his aid—in his clear need. And yet he, too, must speak.

"Something, I know," he conceded, "something must be done—at once."

"Light the light then," directed Lionel Hetherington's wife.

"And all be killed!" objected young Mr. Overholt's defender.

(Continued on Page 38)

His Big Drenched Figure Lurched Through the Doorway. "Quick! Quick! Put Out the Lights!" He Cried

# Always a Prized Possession

It is a noteworthy fact that Buick owners prize their cars so highly that they are reluctant to part with them even for new Buicks.

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BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
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(Continued from Page 36)

"I will go back—now you are warned," said young Mr. Overholt rigidly. "I'll go back for him. And try and save him!"

"And be killed, probably!" cried the high voice of the young woman, who was now clearly—the wife of Lionel Hetherington saw with a certain dull surprise—desperately clinging to him.

"Well!" said the man briefly, but not unappreciatively. "What of it?"

"No! No!"

They were struggling in the darkness—a struggle in which were evident to Lionel Hetherington's wife both mutual affection and overmastering fear.

"I've got to take the chance, dear," she clearly heard the man's voice say.

"No, dear. No!" returned the woman's voice, a voice which could scarcely be recognized as that of Miss Isobel Strong. "No, dearest! No!" it called almost hysterically. A voice changed, revolutionized in the past few minutes. A voice so lately strong, confident, uncompromising, become now suddenly wild, feminine, oversaturated with emotion!

The scornful active wife of Lionel Hetherington no longer even watched them.

"Move one side. Get away!" she cried; and, pushing by, stumbled on, searching in the dark for the object she was seeking. At last she found it—cold, smooth, slippery.

She stepped to the door. The wild gale filled the distracted room, as she unlocked and opened it.

"Lionel! Lionel!" she started calling into the storm.

The other woman sprang toward her, captured her.

"You cannot go!" she cried.

"But I am going!"

"Keep her! Hold her!" cried the voice of the man. "I have it!" he cried out. "I will call to him—from out a ways. I will find him and call him away from this direction—until I exhaust him!"

He plunged out into the dark.

The tall fine figure of the stronger, younger woman, who was restraining Lionel Hetherington's wife, at once released her, and with a cry plunged out into the roaring forest after the disappearing figure of the man.

The wife of Lionel Hetherington advanced, stood in the depths of the storm-tossed forest all alone! She had no qualms, no fear. The timidity of the woman was submerged in the devotion of the wife.

"Lionel! Lionel!" she screamed; and with a pressure of her thumb threw on the glow of a flashlight.

The sound of her voice, she realized, penetrated the forest scarcely ten feet from where she stood. It was barely blown back to her own ears through the loud riot of the storm. The sound of the other voice—of Travers Overholt—was gone, obliterated.

She started onward, frantic, almost in tears. For she saw now no human voice could reach her husband through that tumult. There was one thing only that could save him, she saw now. Light—light through the forest! If he could only see that flashlight of hers, if in some way she could wander on until with it she found him! Struggling forward in the gale, the devoted wife of Lionel Hetherington flashed it—before her, behind her, toward every side!

She had gone on a few steps only when she realized her new situation. Buffeted here and there, in the midst of twisting, writhing, hissing trees, of branches groaning, and drenched leaves that slapped her in the face, the wife of Lionel Hetherington was lost! She no longer knew her own location, except that her feet seemed to be on an obscure and discarded path. She saw her difficulty, yet she struggled on, casting the radiance of her insufficient flashlight about her, confident that, if anything, that would find him.

She had passed on some little distance before her course of reasoning was rewarded. Far off she thought, and then was sure, she saw another gleam, the gleam of another moving flashlight.

With an exclamation she ran toward it—pitching, falling, bumping through the forest. Hands outstretched, her clothing soaked with the incessant rain, the wife of Lionel Hetherington ran on in the direction of the other flashlight.

It was not so far away as it at first had seemed. Rapidly advancing among the tree trunks, the two lights came together.

"Who are you?" cried the high, cultivated, menacing voice of Lionel Hetherington on before her.

She almost dropped her flashlight from sheer joy.

"It is I—I—Lionel!" she cried, leaping rapturously toward him, oblivious of any fear.

"You!" cried back the voice, the cultivated but repellent voice of Lionel Hetherington.

The faithful wife stood still, transfixed by the tone—the dreadful accusation of that voice.

"You!" it said again. "You!"

"Yes. Yes!" exclaimed the wife. "Oh, Lionel! Lionel! Have I killed you? Have I killed you? By this terrible thing? This terrible thing—I've done!"

Raising her flashlight she stared hungrily into the strained set face before her. "Are you—are you ill?" she cried, stumbling forward in her abandonment of self-reproach. "Don't tell me you are ill!"

"Stop! Where you are!" said the hard, implacable voice from the relentless face before her.

"Are you exhausted? Exhausted? Worn out? Ill?" she cried, brought to an abrupt and terrible halt.

"I am as well as could be expected—in the circumstances!" said the high, proud, hostile voice—so dear to her—across the interval of rain.

She held her searchlight steadily upon that dear but unrelenting face—studying its expression, the ravages of anger and fatigue.

"And I am amply strong enough to go through with—what I have to do!" went on the proud, the dreadful voice of the man she loved, to whom she was now, she saw, nothing! Worse than nothing!

"Oh, Lionel! Lionel!" exclaimed his wife, once more starting toward him. "It has all—all been a terrible mistake!"

*"And Leave Me! To be Killed! Alone!" She Exclaimed Sharply, Now Clinging to Him*

"Stand where you are!" she heard that dreadful, that implacable voice again.

It had been this voice before that had held her back—the mere tone of her husband's hard command. But looking forward she saw in addition now the blue gleam of his pistol—his favorite range pistol, which he had tried in vain so long to interest her in—now leveled, toward her! Toward her!

It was all a terrible, terrible dream to the wife of Lionel Hetherington—impossible, monstrous! To be standing there, with a pistol, his favorite pistol, leveled at her head, soaked—in all that wet! Terribly wet and nasty—all over her!

She had never known in all her life before the agony, the sloppy agony of being entirely and sopping wet in all her clothes. But now she was all of that—and more! Her newfound beauty was gone. Her permanent wave matted down. Her figure was not successful. But none of these things as yet weighed in her mind. Her whole being, conscious and subliminal, still focused on one spot—her love, her devotion, her anxiety to expiate her fault, to convince and to appease this drenched and dreadful figure before her; and draw it back indoors to warmth, to safety.

She saw only those proud implacable eyes gleaming at her against her flashlight, like some wild, ferocious animal's through the forest.

"But I can explain, Lionel. I can explain!" she pleaded wildly, seeing the bitter utter scorn in them.

"Explain then! If you can!" he answered her, each word a cutting and deliberate insult.

The hostile voice, the terrible eyes, the raised and threatening pistol were too much for the excited wife. At the crucial moment they confused, unnerved her utterly.

"It was all—all done for you, Lionel!" she stammered.

"What!" Lionel Hetherington exclaimed, and his voice was terrible! It hastened and confused her more than ever.

"Yes, yes!" she cried. "You must know that! You must believe that, Lionel!" There fell a dreadful and tumultuous silence. "I did it, dear," she started on again, "all for the best!" He did not reply. His face was rigid. "To save—to save your life! Your health!"

Lionel Hetherington was still dazed almost, at first, at hearing those extraordinary words again. That silly subterfuge that had been offered him before.

"Yes, dear. Yes!" she cried. "It was all—all for that! All done to save your life—your health!"

A new and shocking sound rang through the stormy woods—an awful laugh.

"Ha, ha!" cried Lionel Hetherington. "Ha, ha!" The ferocity of his scorn rose above the warring elements. "Ha, ha!" said Lionel Hetherington. "That's a new one!"

"What?" inquired his hearer sharply.

"A new and striking excuse for erring wives," cried Lionel Hetherington bitterly, and laughed his wild and strident laugh again.

The wife stretched out her pleading arms to him. Anxious, terrified and very wet, she still pleaded with Lionel Hetherington, still hoping to win him back—his sanity, his love! But still in vain.

"Ha, ha!" still rang the high shrill cultivated laugh of Lionel Hetherington in devil's mirth across the wild, wet, clamorous forest.

His wife now stared at him. A slight change came into her face, her voice.

"Don't you believe it?" she exclaimed with a slight tang of asperity and anger; of something other than the spurned and vainly pleading wife. She was cold, wet—terribly wet and nasty, all over her! "Don't you believe it?" she asked again.

He did not even choose to answer her.

"Guilty!" said Lionel Hetherington, slowly but very plainly.

She stared at him—wildly, madly.

She was wet to the skin; water enveloped her like a garment—soppy, cold, disgusting—more than any woman in the world had been ever called upon before to endure! Her shoes were full, her hair a sight. And now another shade of tone came into the voice, the changing voice of Lionel Hetherington's wife—the ring of a sense of injustice.

"Then you don't believe me?" she asked again.

The ferocious mockery of the other's scorn blew back to her along the wind.

"Ha, ha!" it said again.

"You mean to say—that I—I'm lying to you!" came back the voice, the rising outraged voice of the wife of Lionel Hetherington.

"Guilty—as—hell," returned the slow voice of the man whom she had loved, across the storm, in accents of a terrible finality.

And suddenly a change, an entire change came over the spirit of Lionel Hetherington's wife. She could not have analyzed it herself. It was a combination, probably, of emotions. Her sense of injustice was one—her memory of her devotion, her ten years' devotion to this man, who now stood here, holding her out in the rain at the point of a pistol; making this terrible, outrageous, utterly unjust accusation against her! And then, too, she was wet—wet as never she or any other woman had ever been before. She knew it. Cold, wet, nasty, sloppy, inside and out—soul and body—to the very core! Her face hardened.

"Guilty?" she cried sternly. "Of what?"

"Guilty—as—hell!" came back the slow, insulting accent.

And suddenly, at the repetition of these words, something seemed to snap—give way within the wife of Lionel Hetherington. What devotion had she not lavished on this man the past ten years! What sleep had she not lost watching over him nights! What tortures of anxiety had she not endured—over a cold, a toothache, an attack of indigestion!

And now he stood there, at the point of a pistol holding her in this wet and nasty forest, and said that to her—without hearing, without justice, without cause!

She scarcely knew herself as she spoke.

"Guilty!" cried the wife of Lionel Hetherington. "Guilty! Yes! Of trying to save your life, your health!" He laughed again. But she paid no more heed to him. "Guilty, yes," she cried. "And not just now—only—either! Night after night—week after week! And this is all the thanks I get—all I get! Guilty," she cried loudly. "I'll show you how guilty I am!" And in her fierce excitement she stepped toward him.

As she did he called again—she heard him—stopping her, away from him, as if she had been some terrible, loathsome, awful thing!

"Stop," he said, "where you are—if you value your life!"

That was the last. He had threatened her! Desperate, done, and terribly wet, life was over for the wife of Lionel Hetherington.

"All right!" she cried loudly, and went forward. "All right. Shoot!"

"Stop!" Lionel Hetherington warned her in a low hard tone.

"Go ahead!" said the still-advancing wife. "Shoot! If you think that about me! Shoot! I wish you would."

(Continued on Page 178)

# How the Pilgrim Fathers got their meat

Food and shelter were the great questions with the first settlers in New England.

Shelter they could obtain, such as it was. Food was more difficult.

At first they subsisted precariously on game, and fish, and corn which the Indians taught them to plant and use.

But they missed their beef.

Eight years later there was a fair supply of cattle in the Colonies, in spite of wolves and the Indians; small, stringy animals—but beef.

Each family had to prepare its own animals for food in those scant, hard-working days.

November mornings found them at the work by early daylight. By night the meat was "cooled" in the crisp autumn air.

It had to be smoked or salted, or made into sausages for the winter's store—a tedious task with results that would scarcely win approval from a modern taste, accustomed to the fresh, clean, wholesome meats of today.

* * *

A descendant of those resolute, resourceful pioneers—Gustavus F. Swift—was one of the first to place meat packing on a basis which could take care of the expanding needs of the nation.

Today Swift & Company, still building on his vision, helps make the food wealth of the nation available.

Branch houses supply the larger consuming centers. Refrigerator cars carry meat, under constant refrigeration, to towns and villages not supplied by branch houses.

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*Acknowledgment*

*Swift & Company is indebted to Mr. Rudolf A. Clemen for permission to use historical data from his book, "The American Live Stock and Meat Industry"*

*The rug on the floor is pattern No. 524. The rug forming background of page is No. 374*

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Remarkably durable, Congoleum Rugs come in a variety of artistic patterns that are truly amazing in a low-priced printed floor-covering. There are colors and designs appropriate for any room in the house—living room, dining room, kitchen, bedroom or bathroom.

And so easy to clean! They do away with dusty sweeping and tiresome beating! A few moments with a damp mop and the firm enamelled surface is again fresh and sanitary as new. Another convenience—these rugs lie flat on the floor without fastenings of any kind. Note the low prices.

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| 6 | x 9 | feet | $ 8.10 | Patterns No. 386 and 408 | 1½ | x 3 | feet $ .60 |
| 7½ | x 9 | feet | 10.10 | are made in all sizes. The | 3 | x 3 | feet 1.25 |
| 9 | x 9 | feet | 12.15 | other rugs illustrated are | 3 | x 4½ | feet 1.75 |
| 9 | x 10½ | feet | 14.15 | made in the five large sizes | 3 | x 6 | feet 2.25 |
| 9 | x 12 | feet | 16.20 | only | | | |

*Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted. Canadian prices are also higher.*

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# General Grant at Galena, 1861

## By H. H. KOHLSAAT

JUNE, 1876, the Republican convention held in Cincinnati nominated Governor Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio, in a bitter fight in which Blaine nearly captured the nomination, following a brilliant speech by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, in which he referred to Blaine as The Plumed Knight.

The Hayes-Tilden election contest was finally settled by the courts, but it left little honor to the successful candidate. My first vote for President was cast for Hayes, but I was never fully convinced he was legally elected. There was no demand for his nomination for a second term.

The first national convention I attended was held in Chicago in June, 1880. Grant and Blaine were the leading candidates.

There was considerable sentiment for the nomination of ex-President Grant. His friends, led by Senator Conkling, of New York, wanted a third term for the general. He was first elected in 1868, and was reelected in 1872, defeating Horace Greeley.

Three hundred and six delegates voted for Grant ballot after ballot, but were unable to get a majority, as the unwritten law against a third term, even though not consecutive, was too strong to overcome.

James A. Garfield was finally nominated as a compromise candidate.

My choice was Grant, as he had been one of my boyhood heroes in Galena. I was eight years old when I first met Grant, or rather was spoken to by him.

My father owned a farm two miles from Galena, Illinois. Like the other farmers within a radius of twenty miles, he took a load of vegetables to market Wednesdays and Saturdays. As a reward for washing and tying up hotbed radishes, washing lettuce, and so on, I was allowed to go to market Saturdays, sitting with my father on a wagon drawn by old Jim and Robin.

One Saturday early in April, 1861, Captain Grant, as he was called, brought his basket to my father's wagon, ordered some vegetables and asked to have the basket sent to the leather store of his father, Jesse Grant, which backed up on the market place. I was sent with the basket. Going in the back door, I walked to the front of the store without meeting any one. Grant was sitting with his feet propped up on a bale of hides, reading a paper and smoking a pipe. The only impression the scene made on my youthful mind was, it wasn't business!

*A Rare Photograph of General Grant and His Staff at City Point, His Headquarters Before Richmond*

### *The Jo Daviess County Guards*

CAPTAIN GRANT came to Galena from St. Louis with his family in 1860, to clerk in his father's store. I have always understood his salary was twenty-five dollars a month. Some of his biographers say fifty dollars, but I doubt if any clerk in Galena in 1860 or 1861 received that fabulous sum.

April 12, 1861, a few days after my experience with the vegetable basket, Fort Sumter was fired on. President Lincoln issued a call for seventy-five thousand volunteers for ninety days' service. A meeting was called in the courthouse. Captain Grant attended. He took a seat in the rear of the room. As he had had military experience, he was asked to preside. My brother, Ernest, who was present, says he walked slowly to the platform and tried to make a speech; but he spoke so low only those close to him heard what he said. Finally A. L. Chetlain called for volunteers. One hundred and three men came forward and signed the roll. They called themselves the Jo Daviess County Guards. I believe it was the first company west of the Alleghanies to respond to Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand men. Before the meeting ended our congressman, Elihu B. Washburne, entered the room. When told what had been done he looked at the chairman and asked who he was. When told it was a Captain Grant, he protested that a newcomer who had been in town only eleven months should not have been called to the chair. Later he became Grant's staunch friend and helped him get a colonelcy at Springfield from Governor Yates. When Grant became President he sent Washburne as minister to France where he distinguished himself during the Franco-Prussian War of 1871.

Grant never went back to the store again, but drilled the one hundred and three men in small detachments. He gave directions for making regulation uniforms. Tailors measured the men and cut the cloth. The ladies of Galena made them up.

On April 25, 1861, the Jo Daviess County Guards started for Springfield, Illinois, to offer their services to Governor Yates. Captain Grant accompanied them, but not as a member of the company.

Mrs. Grant, her three boys, Fred, U. S., Jr., known as Buck, Jesse and their pretty little sister, Nellie, stood on the window sill of the little brick depot. The Rev. John H. Vincent, pastor of the Methodist church, pronounced the benediction after a short prayer. Mrs. Grant and the children waved their hands good-by as the train disappeared around the curve.

We expected they would all be back inside of three months, but a large number of them never again saw their pretty little town with its seven hills.

Among the last to leave the station platform was Pastor Vincent, in later years Bishop Vincent, founder of the Chautauqua and father of Dr. George E. Vincent, the present rapid-fire head of the Rockefeller Foundation.

Captain Grant received little recognition at Springfield. He was unknown. One night as he was leaving in disgust for his home in Galena Governor Yates asked him to call on him in the morning. On reporting at the governor's office he was asked to go into the adjutant general's office and help organize the volunteer troops. He despised clerical work and went under protest.

One day the colonel of a regiment, camped in the fairgrounds just outside Springfield, told the governor he could do nothing with his men; said they were a wild, undisciplined lot of farmers' boys and city toughs and asked to be relieved of his command. Grant overheard the conversation and when the colonel left asked Governor Yates to let him take them in hand, to which the sorely tried governor gave his consent. Word reached the men that a new colonel was coming. They went to the depot to meet him.

As Grant stepped off the train they cheered him and yelled "Speech, speech!"

Grant held up his hand and said in a voice of command, "Men, go to your barracks!" They walked away in silence.

A few days later an order was given to be ready to march next morning, July 3, 1861, at six o'clock. After they had tramped some miles they asked, "Where are we going?" and were told "To Quincy, Illinois." Before they reached the end of a several days' hike they were a tired, footsore lot of men, but were beginning to understand what discipline meant. Before they reached Cairo, Illinois, some weeks later, they were a well-trained, hardened body of soldiers.

In October, 1914, I spent an evening with Winston Churchill, the British statesman, in the home of the Hon. Lionel Guest, in Seymour Street, London. We were discussing the Civil War of 1861.

Mr. Churchill said, "I think the most remarkable battle of the entire four years was General Grant's capture of Fort Donelson."

### *Squared*

I TOLD him of an anecdote of Grant and Gen. Simon B. Buckner, the Confederate commander of the fort, as told me some ten or twelve years ago in the old Holland House, New York. Joe, the head waiter in the café, came to my dinner table and told me George R. Peck, chief counsel for the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, wanted me to bring my coffee to his table. He introduced me to a General Lee, a handsome, white-haired man of military bearing, who was aide-de-camp on Gen. Robert E. Lee's staff

Peck said, "General, tell Kohlsaat that story you told me about Grant and Buckner."

General Lee related the following:

"When Captain Grant returned to New York from the Pacific Coast in 1854, in walking down Broadway at night he fell into an excavation for a new building; was covered with mud and clay and lost his hat. Next morning he appeared at Governor's Island, where Capt. Simon B. Buckner, a classmate at West Point and a Mexican War comrade, was stationed. He asked Buckner for clean clothes and a hat; also money enough to get to St. Louis, his home. Buckner complied and Grant, on his return home, paid the loan. Buckner resigned from the U. S. Army in 1855. In 1861 he became a general in the Southern Army, and was commander of Fort Donelson.

"Grant laid siege to the fort and compelled Buckner to surrender February 16, 1862. When the two old classmates met for the first time since 1854, General Buckner tendered his sword to his victor.

"Grant said, 'Keep it, Simon. It wipes off that little debt I owe you.'

"Grant took Buckner into his tent and shared it and his purse with his old comrade in arms."

In June, 1891, I gave a statue of Grant to Galena. The senators and governors of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and several thousand others were present. Chauncey Depew was the orator of the day. The mayor of Galena, a town

(Continued on Page 154

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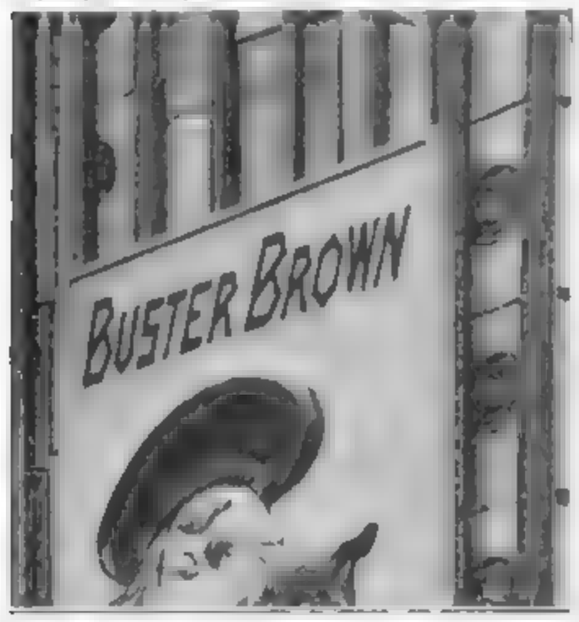


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# THE COST OF A CAREER

(Continued from Page 29)

Matilde was one of seven fatherless children, that her mother taught piano for a living, and that she herself was traveling second class on borrowed money. It is difficult to tell which item horrified the bubbles magnate the most, but one has a strong suspicion that it was the traveling second class. This purveyor of cleanliness had emigrated to this country via the conventional steerage route, so his strong emotion on this subject would have been natural. At any rate he saw to it that a purse of $1000 was made up and tendered Matilde as tribute to her genius.

During Matilde's European experience she appeared in concert in Germany, Austria, England and Ireland, each appearance exacting its toll of $100 to $350. In each and every country Matilde received chaplets of critical praise. One recording angel of music in London even forgot the dark side of musical things long enough to write: "Kreisler in his salad days could not have played the Mozart D Major Concerto with more perfect grace, finish and appreciation of the things that count than did this young artist." Matilde was then seventeen.

After this London concert another windfall came her way in the form of a $1000 check from an English patroness of things musical. These gifts are mentioned here because they are the only moneys that went into the financing of Matilde's career that were not repaid by her brother.

At this stage of Matilde's career the war intervened, leaving only American concert fields for her to conquer. It should be stated here that had Matilde, eulogized as she was, been a German, Austrian, Italian, Russian or Turk instead of American she would have been snatched up and exploited in this country by some shrewd manager. But Matilde was American born, and America is notorious for being the happy hunting ground of the alien, the imported musician, and too often treating her own like the inglorious Biblical prophet.

Matilde at seventeen, regardless of the fact that, according to the passionate testimony of her family and friends, the sun, moon and stars swung in their orbits solely because of her, was humble enough to believe that she was not yet ready for the services of the big-tour manager. She returned, therefore, to her home town, a huge and self-complacent mushroom growing in the fecund soil of the Middle West, and gave her third major recital there.

Shortly after this Matilde felt that a certain legitimate concert experience should be hers, so a $500 booking fee was paid to a Middle West manager to secure engagements for her in the outlying towns. The concerts thus procured averaged $50 each, 25 per cent of which was returned, in accordance with the terms of her contract, to her manager. In other words, she received $37.50 a concert. It takes no expert accountant to discover that by the time she had paid her accompanist's fee, two railroad fares and incidental expenses out of this $37.50 she would be more likely to lose $5 to $25 per concert than to win.

In 1916 her brother paid $600 to a New York manager that Matilde might make her initial bow to the music lovers of Manhattan. After this, this young American artist appeared in some dozen recitals, each costing $500 to $3000, including advertising. In 1919 she coached with a master pedagogue for a year.

By now she had appeared with several of the symphony orchestras. She had been hailed as a "genius," "the logical successor of Maud Powell," "head and shoulders above all women violinists"; and she was still spending money.

### Getting the Short End

In 1920 negotiations in behalf of Matilde's career were opened with a tour manager. For a $1000 booking fee this pathfinder of the music world agreed to undertake the promotion of Matilde's career for two years. He gave Matilde the privilege of using his name on her advertising and got a large share of the fee of any concert he might secure for her. In that contract there was no guaranty of a minimum number of engagements, nor was there promise of any refund. At the present time that contract is just expiring, and the number of engagements Matilde secured through the efforts of this manager approximate a dozen, at $50 to $150 each, minus of course the manager's percentage.

When Matilde was twenty-four the cost of her career had amounted, as anyone knows who has been adding up the items on his fingers, to approximately $40,000. If Matilde had paid for her musical instruction between the years of nine and twenty at the minimum rate of $250 a year, $2750 could be added to that total. What Matilde has earned as a concert artist since she received that first check at the age of six might sound like adequate wages for an independent young woman if it were not lined up along with that $40,000 cost of her career. As it is, her yearly earnings just about pay her annual advertising bills.

### Matilde Qualifies in Temperament

Up to a year ago Matilde played on any violin that she had the good fortune to be able to borrow. One of the most harrowing episodes of Matilde's career had to do with violins and a joint recital with a certain great French tenor. The morning of that concert Matilde took her own $350 violin out of its case, and at the opening notes the bridge fell down, the sound post followed, and upon inspection the disreputable instrument disclosed several places where the glue was not functioning as that adhesive should. In commenting upon the big moment that followed this violinistic collapse Matilde's mother remarked, "You know, I had always worried about Matilde. She had such a good disposition. I was afraid she didn't have enough temperament. But you should have seen the tantrum she had when that fiddle went to pieces. If I had ever doubted it before, I knew she was a great artist then."

Fortunately, before Matilde developed too much temperament an uncle died, and from the windfall from his estate she bought an excellent Guarnerius for $9000.

Matilde and her mother later went abroad. She concertized in England and on the Continent and acquired several more bales of eulogistic press comments. She reckoned the price of these additional bundles of criticisms at a minimum of $10,000. Which brings the cost of Matilde's career at this typing to $59,000. And she hasn't reached the stage yet of spending $25,000 a year for two years, the amount cited by Mr. Charles Wagner earlier in this article, for an American concert career.

Before she sailed Matilde had lunch with an old friend. She had just left the bank and had all her canceled checks for the previous month. She ruffled these mottled pinkish slips before that old-time Berlin colleague.

"Want to see the cost of a career?" she asked. "There it is. Over $1200 in one month. Out of that I spend just $25 a week to live, because I live with relatives. That's for advertising—not very spectacular advertising, either; just a quarter or an eighth of a page occasionally in the music magazines. That includes railroad fares, concerts, accompaniments, and decent concert dresses. I have made some money of course. My fee is $300 a concert when I can get appearances of that type, but I'm spending thousands more than I earn. If I didn't know so much about big music I'd be discouraged. But practically every artist before the public today has gone through just what I'm going through. Look at Herr ——"—mentioning a certain great violinist—"America didn't know he was on earth until he was nearly forty. Now he packs places like Carnegie Hall, and the Auditorium in Chicago. So far I've had pretty decent press notices. The critics have never panned me to speak of, or damned me with faint praise. I've been before the public now for ten years. I don't expect them really to realize I'm living for five more."

Matilde was painfully correct in her statements. Her musical experiences have been typical and they are authentic. Fortunately, in exchange for the onerous apprenticeship it exacts, music seems to lend a perennial youth to its devotees.

A few years ago a slim blond youth brumming over with vitality, magnetism and irresistible charm suddenly caught the fancy of the American public and caused it to froth at the mouth with pure joy over discovered genius. The women murmured, "What magnificent youth! And how he can play! Such maturity!" The men grunted, "Great stuff, isn't he? Great stuff!" According to the birth certificate of that brilliant boy pianist he was just forty-one years old. He had spent twenty years arriving.

Then there was a little woman pianist, vivid, dark, electric, and aglow like a flaunting scarlet poppy. "How," demanded her enthusiastic audiences, "can such a slip of a girl play like that?" She had a son fourteen years old.

The musician on a still hunt for a great concert career stands or falls by his aptitude in choosing the right tour manager. The tour manager the artist has always with him, so it is well to consider his ways thoughtfully and well for a few paragraphs.

This broker in things musical controls through his friendly relations, his understanding of the needs of the various local managers, through his reputation as a farsighted, shrewd promoter of musical sensations, through his exclusive control of established artists with their decided box-office value, through that great old you-do-something-for-me-and-I'll-do-something-for-you formula, the majority of the appearances with the great symphony orchestras and practically all the appearances on the concert series in the smaller towns.

The reputation of any musician is built for the most part upon the quicksand opinion of the so-called musical experts, from the teacher to the musical critics and those musical medicine men who say: "Watch So-and-So. Good stuff there."

A tour manager backed with a sufficient amount of such favorable opinions can, if he be so inclined, talk the average local manager into giving the fledgling artist a tryout. After that it depends upon that particular musician and the public. The greatest tour manager at large could not jam down the throat of either a local manager or the concert public an incurable musical incompetent.

### The Middlemen of Music

These middlemen of music, the tour managers, are divided into three classes:

The first of these require no booking fee—which is the equivalent of the lawyer's retainer or the physician's consultation fee—and operate on a commission basis, taking 10 to 25 per cent of the fee paid the artist. This managerial percentage is one of the expenses of a career that no artist, however great, has ever been able to eliminate. He is never separated from it until his voice cracks under the strain and he is compelled to return to the pursuit of agriculture for his living.

The second struggle along with a small booking fee, the size of which seems to be regulated chiefly by the artist's bank account, and an additional per cent of the recitalist's stipend. The booking fee, incidentally, is an entirely legitimate phase of music and commerce, but it is hardly complimentary to the merit of the artist. As one manager put it, "It stands to reason that when a manager demands a booking fee from an artist before he will undertake to promote his concert career, that manager is fairly certain in his own mind that that particular musician lacks the qualities that go to make a popular success." It goes without saying that this second type of impresario deals principally in also-rans and musical beginners.

The litany of the third class, or the deep-bass participants in the managerial chorus, is, "The cost of a career depends upon what the artist wants to spend." Which, translated into plain American, means, "The cost of a career depends upon what the artist has got to spend."

That is the beginning, the middle and the end of their chant. They grow fishy-eyed, blank and utterly silent at leading questions about the price of concerts, advertising, window cards, booking fees and pass slips. If really set upon by persistent inquiry they droop under a great and dreary melancholy and, gazing with gloomy despair out any convenient window, repeat their everlasting "It depends upon what the artist ——"

One of these is a regular money hound. No booking fee is too small; $100 or $10,000, it matters not to him, so long as it is accounted for at the United States

(Continued on Page 44)

BODY by FISHER

It is increasingly evident that the emblem—Body by Fisher—is inducing a more searching scrutiny of motor car bodies, by manufacturers and buyers alike, than ever before.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS

FISHER BODIES

## Welcome back

I know how it is. You get kind of interested in the glowing promises regarding the magic virtues of some other shaving preparation and buy it. If you weren't always looking for the best, you wouldn't have known about Mennen's.

Under the Coué influence of aforementioned promises, you even imagine for a few mornings that you have found something pretty good, but somehow a beard is unresponsive to auto-suggestion.

Before the week is up, you begin to yearn for the old, firm, creamy Mennen lather. Your mind dwells on how soft and non-resisting your beard used to be. You miss that gorgeous after feel of glowing skin comfort. You begin to dislike the razor that had seemed so friendly. Blades don't last as long.

What a real pleasure it is, once more to see the old green and white striped tube of Mennen's in your bathroom.

I am glad you experimented, for now we can stick together to the end.

Welcome back!

Let me tell you a secret about Mennen's. Just because we gave to the world, ten years ago, the most perfect beard softener that had ever been made—which actually revolutionized the shaving habits of a nation—we didn't just rest on our laurels.

We kept right on improving the Cream. Perfecting Boro-glycerine and incorporating it in the Cream was a triumph. Boro-glycerine is a soothing emollient which relaxes skin tissues and provides an antiseptic protection.

Have you noticed what a small amount of the Cream you now require and what an enormous quantity of water you can work into the lather? Have you used Mennen's with cold or hard water? Have you tried shaving without rubbing in the lather with fingers?

All of these superiorities are the reward of a firm purpose to retain leadership by a constant striving to improve.

Would you like to try a few Mennen Shaves? Buy a tube. Use it for a week. If the shaves are not the finest you ever enjoyed, send tube to me and I will refund purchase price.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N. J. U. S. A.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)


(Continued from Page 42)

Treasury. He will even refund a part of his musical gains if the plucked but trusting artist, at the end of a season of explaining to all his best friends his concertless condition and that his manager is right at that moment in the throes of booking him through the South in a tour that promises to be very exceptional, grows a little fussy about putting so many pennies in this concert slot machine that produces none of these musical bonbons.

Once a good Samaritan took it upon himself to remonstrate with this particular merchant in artists' wares. "Have you no conscience?" he said. "Now, take that young lad, Sascha Frost. He gave you $5000 to present him to the public as a concert artist, didn't he? He wanted it done right, so he gave you $5000. And what did you do? When local managers came to inquire about such artists as Sascha you were on your vacation. When information or photos were wanted you didn't have either on hand. The way you papered the house at his New York concert was nothing short of a crime. Where on earth did you scare up all those wild-eyed Bolsheviki? And did you get any engagements for him throughout the country? Four, at $75 apiece! Now that $5000 was all the money the kid had. Don't you think you handed him a pretty raw deal? Doesn't his disappointment—his disillusionment—ever worry you? Doesn't ——"

"Worry me!" squeaked this unrepentant. "Worry me! What worries me is how ever that $5000 got away from me."

It is the suckers in music who provide the upkeep for these managerial parasites. And, take it from the initiate, it is no insignificant portion of the world's boob population that turns to self-expression via the music route.

As one of the greatest local managers in America put it: "I could go to New York tomorrow and open an office and run a little ad, stating merely that I was in the business as a tour manager, and I'd be literally besieged by would-be Kreislers and John McCormacks. I could get all the money I wanted—in fact, they'd beg me to accommodate them by taking it—and I wouldn't have to turn my hands over or promise one blessed thing."

The arrangement between artists and their managers is usually on a commission basis, but occasionally an enterprising dealer in genius will bring some European sensation, who has been turning 'em away for several seasons, to America and guarantee him something like $500 a concert. Now it has been nicknamed a small world, and a sensation in one part of it is quite likely to duplicate his success in another. So one concert often finds the New York music devotees running around in circles, exclaiming, "Oh, lookit what we found!" and tickets to that particular artist's performances are at a premium thereafter.

### The Music Retailers

Now suppose, if it's an off day and there is nothing else to do, that this particular world-beater gave five concerts that season in Carnegie Hall, official seating capacity 2760, plus 400 on stage, with tickets at $2.50 with a few at $1 thrown in to relieve the strain, and the artist receiving $500 for his services. It won't take any great amount of time or mental strain on the part of any deep thinker to point out that the profit from five such concerts is going to do quite a bit toward keeping the managerial soul responsible for this new sensation from going over the hill to the poorhouse.

It should be mentioned here, just for the sake of telling the whole story, that about the fifth concert the world's greatest violinist or tenor or pianist wakes up to what is happening, and proceeds to spoil the manager's party.

It is the tour manager with his excellent sense of business who sells the various virtuosi to the different local managers. The local manager is the last step in the involved preparation for the great concert career. The business arrangements with these wary individuals are as many and diverse as there are local managers and artists.

In some cases these musical retailers handle a concert for a percentage; sometimes they pay a certain fee for a desired artist; and again, if the artist is unknown, they are guaranteed all expenses and a fee besides. Concerts of the latter type are generally given by musicians who cannot afford a tour but who wish to gain prestige by the big-city appearance and the attendant criticisms in the great dailies. So far as being of any use in the building of a concert career, such isolated appearances are worthless even when the artist makes an excellent impression.

Many a musician has splendid press notices tucked away in his scrapbook from such isolated concerts given in most of the great cities of Europe and America, and because he was not one of the fortunate few who had the wherewithal with which to give his fragmentary success the necessary follow-up advertising and to finance his initial tour, he is a musical nonentity so far as the great concert-going public is concerned. The only virtue these appearances have is that they add materially to the artistic reputation of the musician who desires to settle in some city and make for himself a very definite musical place.

### Rates of Tuition

Perhaps the earliest expenditure necessary to a musical career has to do with the matter of tuition fees.

After he has heeded the don'ts in all the guidebooks on choosing a teacher, and has acted upon all the advice lying around loose on the subject, the musical young idea discovers the sad truth that no matter who his chosen teacher, that instructor must be paid for his services.

There are as many and sundry arrangements in this matter as there are individual teachers and fees. If a music student is able to disguise himself as a youthful genius he can always procure scholarships which take care of his musical education either partially or entirely. Acquiring gifted pupils is an obsession with all music teachers, and by assuming a little talent the enterprising music student may profit much.

In the matter of rates of tuition, the voice teachers have been known to violate the blue-sky law, but $15 for a half-hour lesson each week usually will cheer up the best of them. Many vocal students in New York learn how to sing with these instructors to the tune of $30 or $40 a week. And an outlay of $250 a month on the acquiring of the art of song is not unheard of by any manner of means. However, $5 or $6 for a period of thirty minutes is quoted far oftener. Add to this, $3 a week for an accompanist, $2 for a French or Italian lesson, another $2 for weekly instruction in harmony, and your aspirant faces a minimum outlay of $22—with the less-expensive teacher, $12—every seven days. As was pointed out in the preceding paragraph, this estimate will be materially reduced upon the student's assuming a sufficient semblance of genius—unless, of course, he happens to have wealthy parents or a great art patron. Then the sum required is usually increased.

The price of learning to be a good pianist or violinist is approximately the same, except that the violinist must face, sooner or later, the necessity of buying a good instrument. Fine violins vary in value, but an instrument that meets all the requirements of the concert violinist usually brings about $10,000.

The musical school year approximates forty weeks. The minimum annual tuition fee of the serious, ambitious student—and these figures are prepared conservatively from the rates of tuition of accredited and established teachers and unendowed schools—is $400. In an endowed school $250 will meet the yearly cost of musical instruction. Even in the dear, dead student days of this writer it cost $280 a musical year to learn to be a violinist.

Then, with all due consideration for art, the music student must eat and sleep. Even in New York it is possible to obtain board and room in those clubs and institutions conducted solely for the benefit of students for as low as $8 a week. However, they are not always to be recommended either from a mental, a spiritual or a physical standpoint. The pursuit of music is difficult enough without having it hampered by the hardships and makeshifts of cheap living.

Once one of the wise men of music was requested to hear a certain débutante play her program before her concert in order to criticize and advise her about it where necessary.

The afternoon of the audition she came, sat down before the piano and began to play. Suddenly, halfway through the composition, her memory failed, her fingers tangled, and she abruptly put her head down on the piano and began to whimper childishly. He learned, upon inquiry, that the last time she had eaten had been twenty-four hours before, an order of two doughnuts and a cup of coffee.

Now it takes Peter, who is pursuing a musical career in New York, just $30 a week to solve the problem of food and shelter and concert tickets and music and car fare and tooth paste. He rents a good, small, court room for $7 a week. In the same house a front room brings $10 or $12 for seven days. In the house next door, at the table of a motherly New Yorker from Iowa, Peter eats his breakfast and dinner for $8 a week. His lunches are extra, and average about $3 or $4 a week. Incidentals consume the remainder of his allowance.

Then there is the item of clothing—unfortunately, there is some kind of law that makes it necessary—and the dentist and the doctor and all the other accessories of civilization. All told, if you can achieve a year's all-round musical study under fairly wholesome living conditions under a minimum of $2000 you can make up your mind that it is due to your Scotch ancestors or else it's a gift.

### Where the Money Comes From

This is the approximate cost of music study in America. In view of the present unstable rate of exchange it would be impractical to attempt to estimate the cost of study abroad, a pastime chiefly indulged in nowadays by the musical provincials. Travel and concert work abroad are other matters.

However, the American Academy at Rome, which is not a school in our common meaning of the word but a place where young men of exceptional gifts, already successful, may go and work under the most favorable conditions, gives the fortunate winner of its prizes and fellowships the privilege of a studio and three years' residence at the academy besides an annual stipend of $1000 and an allowance not to exceed $1000 for traveling expenses.

When a mere American business man hears of the huge sums expended yearly in promoting and launching the careers of various musical aspirants he becomes slightly addled wondering where all the money comes from which keeps the world of aristocratic or more commonly called highbrow music going year after year.

Before he reaches the unduly exercised stage, however, he discovers the great golden wall built of the dollars of liberal art patrons which stands staunchly, protectingly, and sometimes to its artistic detriment, around greater music. In Europe these music patrons are of the royal families; in America they are the very rich. Without them great symphony orchestras and opera companies could not exist; without them famous composers often could hardly have lived or the finest artists have had their opportunity.

To gain the interest and attention of one of these individuals the young musician or, more often, his earnest, kindly and sometimes misguided friends deluge the prospective patron with all their careful, obsequious sophistries about one's sacred duty to art and the necessity of fostering young genius and their own young genius in particular. The potential backer usually falls for this subtle tribute to his qualities as a musical connoisseur, and soon another career is under way.

A number of years ago a certain rich man underwrote the career of a gifted young man to the customary lyric of

(Continued on Page 46)

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*for Economical Transportation*

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The Chevrolet 5-Passenger Sedan is most popular for family use because it affords comfort, weather protection and the home atmosphere all the year 'round for five people—yet may be economically operated with only one or two passengers.

Its power, reliability and low up-keep appeal to men. Women like its handsome lines, fine upholstery, plate glass windows with Ternstedt regulators, and fine finish.

Everybody appreciates its great value at $860.

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*Division of General Motors Corporation*

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| SUPERIOR Two Passenger Roadster | $510 |
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Either at home or in beauty parlors, thorough cleansing from dust and secretions of the pores is necessary to prepare the skin for further beauty treatments.

Most effective in this First Step is the TURKNIT Wash Cloth, knitted of soft cotton yarns into a spongy Turkish fabric that holds abundant water and cleanses thoroughly without irritating the skin. Other advantages are that the Turknit is just an *agreeable thickness* to handle and it has "*Ravelproof*" loops.

Scalloped edges and borders in dainty colors—pink, blue, gold or lavender make Turknits more attractive.

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4 Turknit Wash Cloths and a Turknit Towel, postpaid for $1.00

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(Pronounced TURK-KNIT)

KNITTED WASH CLOTHS

FREE BOOKLET

*Your name on a postal will bring you our booklet giving helpful suggestions on "Intelligent Care of the Skin."*

(Continued from Page 44)

$60,000. This youth was a good average musician, not excellent enough to be great and not bad enough to be iconoclastic and found a new school of interpretation. His endeavors received mildly favorable criticism such as "Smithwitz was heard in recital last evening at White Hall. He was at his best in the Bach E Major Prelude. His audience was large and enthusiastic." Such reviews, as any music commentator will tell you, do not mean a thing, and the music reporter, except for the row it would stir up, would have much preferred to type, "Another deadly musical bore by the name of Smithwitz was on exhibition at White Hall last night. This reporter slept through the Bach E Major Prelude, which proved to be the most enjoyable number on the program."

After a number of years devoted to collecting various folios filled with such criticisms the rich man's protégé seemed no nearer the success which is measured by what is called, in the musical vernacular, pay dates than he was in the beginning. His patron would supply the hundreds necessary to promote his various concerts in the larger cities and then, when the tickets did not sell, would go to the box office and buy out the house and turn the tickets over to a portion of his thousands of employes, with instructions to attend that concert and fill the hall. Immediately the box-office man would put out the Sold-Out sign that all passers-by might marvel at the boneheaded public that patronized such a musical cipher.

### Emmanuel Quits Cold

One day a musical busybody decided that this particular piece of musical philanthropy had gone far enough. He decided to remonstrate with the rich man. But after he had said his piece this great art patron looked at him in a puzzled way and made the memorable remark: "But Emmanuel is such a nice boy."

However, after deep and painful cogitation, the rich man must have come to the conclusion that there might be a grain of bitter truth in the busybody's remarks. At any rate he arranged matters so that his protégé would begin musically to earn his own living at last. He exercised a little of that capitalistic power of his, which has afforded the embittered Bolshevik so much propaganda copy, and secured a contract for Emmanuel with a certain music bureau. It was a very fat and juicy contract and infuriated all Emmanuel's contemporaries.

About a week after Emmanuel started on his tour the bureau began to receive telegrams from the local managers of various towns:

"Emmanuel Smithwitz refuses to play in Sassafras. Says it's an insult to an artist of his reputation to play in such a hick town."

After a dozen such communications the bureau manager phoned the sponsor of the recalcitrant musician. Whereupon the rich man came very close to losing his temper and wired his protégé: "If you know what is good for you you'll play every town for which you are booked."

Two hours later he received the following: "This tour is nothing short of an insult to art. I have no intention of submitting to it. SMITHWITZ."

But in spite of the fiasco of Emmanuel, this optimistic art patron continues to sign huge checks for the promotion of sweet sounds as rapidly as ever.

The tragedies that lurk in the path of musical debtors are obvious ones. But the piper of music commerce must be paid. The teachers, the boarding-house keepers, the accompanists, the coaches, the newspapers and music magazines, the concert managers and press agents, the railroad and the steamship companies—all must be recompensed for their trifling part in the making of an artist.

A few who have accomplished greatness—and the great majority have done it on borrowed funds—have had enough hard sense, have been canny enough to make of their monetary obligations a definite debt. One famous singer even went so far as to insure her life in favor of her patroness. Within three years of her first great success she had paid every cent of her $33,000 debt.

### The Value of Exclusiveness

Another price of artistic greatness is the parasitic relatives. It is a rare experience ever to interview a great operatic luminary, particularly if he be European, without finding the place cluttered up with sycophantic aunts and forty-second cousins. The chewing-gum magnate and the sausage prince seem to have no such difficulty, but the musical great with their easy-going generosity and lovableness make super-targets for the sharpshooting mendicant.

If anyone is struggling along with the delusion that the artist's openhandedness to his kin is rewarded with either gratitude or consideration hearken a couple of harks to the head usher of one of the Manhattan concert halls: "They generally arrive about the middle of the first number—something like a gang of twelve of them. They started with six tickets and lost three of them in the Subway. They prepare to march right into the hall. I grab them and tell them that nobody can be seated while the artist is playing; that it disturbs the audience as well as the artist. Sometimes they listen to me and sometimes they don't. If they do they brush me aside like a mosquito or something and bawl out at the top of their lungs, 'Oh, that's all right! he won't mind me. I'm his cousin.'"

Another toll taken by the great career is the privilege of mingling promiscuously with one's kind. The successful artist must abstain from practically everything of a social nature if he is to keep his place. And the majority are shrewd enough never to remove the glamour of the footlights by rubbing elbows with the crowd. Comparatively few people ever meet the artistic super men and women socially. The great showman that every artist must be recognizes too well the incalculable value of exclusiveness. He refuses to be lionized. It is only the musical hangers-on, the second and third raters, that one finds playing the social game.

But once having achieved great artistic success, the prize of that glorious accomplishment soon fades into a very insignificant, very negligible item. To the super-musician, whose gross earnings reach the $250,000 mark each year, the thousands which gave him musical opportunity seem a puny sum. And artists, especially singers, of one-tenth the master-artist's ability and fame easily average $20,000 to $50,000 a year.

There is Mme. ——, the type that the critical jury usually dismisses as an excellent and conscientious singer—who has twenty performances each year at the Metropolitan at $1000 per perform, and an additional concert season of some forty appearances at $1250 each. Here is a songster whom the musical experts tartly declare among themselves they would not go across the street to hear sing, and yet she has a gross annual income of $70,000.

Naturally, the upkeep of a career—the manager's per cent, the expenses incidental to travel, clothes, and the $150 to $300 weekly salary and expenses of good accompanists—is considerable. It amounts, according to the experts, to about 30 or 40 per cent of the average musical income.

But great wealth, as such, has very little meaning to 99 per cent of the master musicians. The father of one of the most expensive of them often glares at his famous daughter as her great yearly income slips through her white slim fingers, and says, "Well, lassie, I can see plainly that if you keep on a-spending and a-spending I shall have to pay for your burying yet."

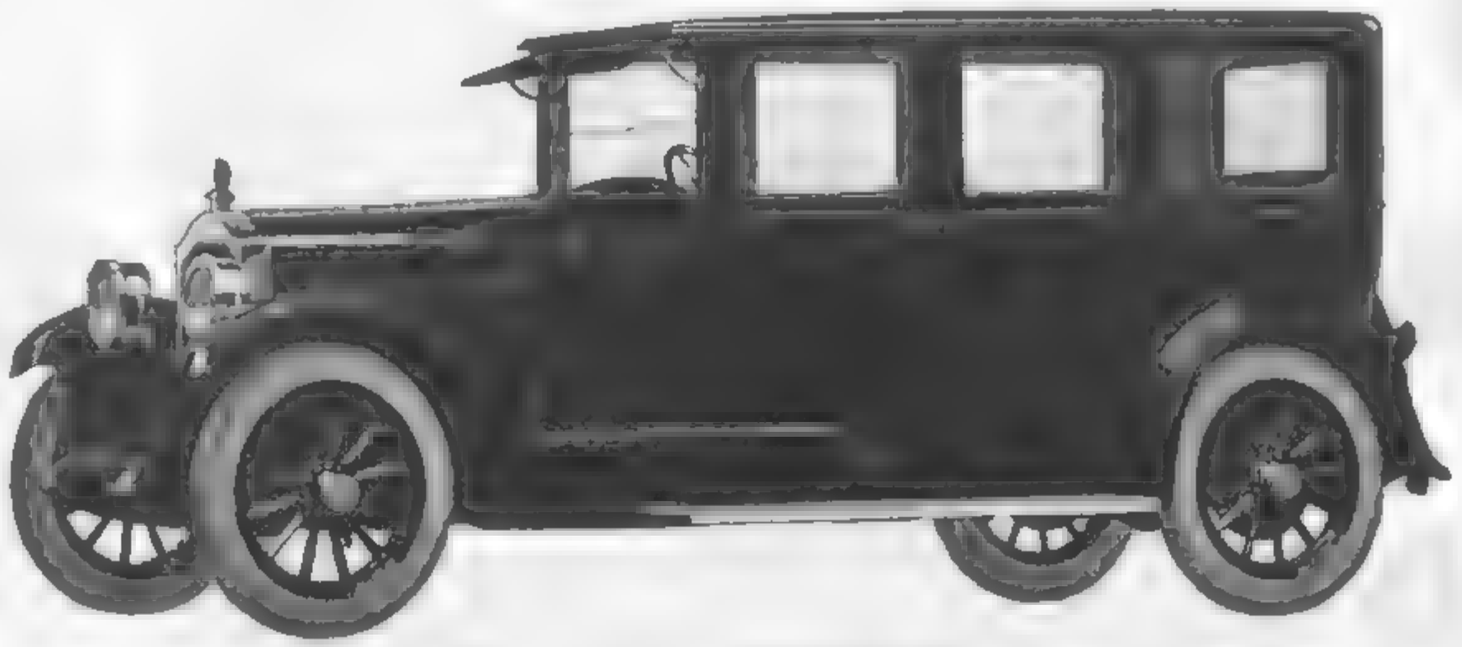
The prizes of fame that please the artistic great the most are the gold of the music, the game, and the tinsel and gilt of the world's adulation. The great musician takes a very human pride in winning the rapturous approval of all humanity, even the woman whose life is bounded on the north by a hotel, on the south by a bridge club, on the east by the theater and on the west by a limousine louse; and who reacts to music in the phrases, "Did you notice what big feet that pianist had?" "Why did the cords on that violinist's neck stand out that way when she played?" and "I just love to listen to Harold Bauer play. He's so virile!"

### The Artist's Reward

And it is a veritable triumph of music—one that affords even the Galli-Curcis and Kreislers food for gloating—ever to reach and conquer any member of that staunch and sturdy band of antimusic-lovers to which the masculine symphony subscriber and the old Scotchwoman who abhorred psalm singing belonged. When the manager of the orchestra appealed to this particular music patron to renew his subscription for season tickets the man grudgingly consented on condition that the manager would write a letter to the subscriber's wife saying that he never had to attend a concert. And no argument could persuade the ancient Scottish beldam to like the squallin', as she designated the hymning of praise to her Creator. In fact, even when the name of King David was invoked for her conversion as an example of a composer of merit, a protagonist of psalmistry and a prominent character in her favorite book, the Bible, she remained unmoved and merely remarked scornfully, "Now I ken why Saul threw his spear till him."

Then, in payment for his labors, to the master artist, more than to all the rest of the world, is given the joy of the music which is such a mighty spoke in that eternal balance wheel of beauty by which we are enabled to keep our equilibrium in the midst of a rather grubby existence devoted to shoes and ships and sealing wax and cabbages and kings.

*Picturesque Palms Along the Beach at Miami, Florida*



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Single-Six simplicity of parts-design and accuracy of parts-machining are accomplishing some very notable and probably unprecedented results in low operating expenditure.

During the earliest months of the Single-Six some of the carefully compiled reports from various parts of the country were so unusual as almost to arouse scepticism.

As Single-Sixes in service have multiplied into the thousands, these reports of negligible monthly outlay on the part of the owner have not only been confirmed in hundreds and hundreds of cases, but have even gone beyond original expectations.

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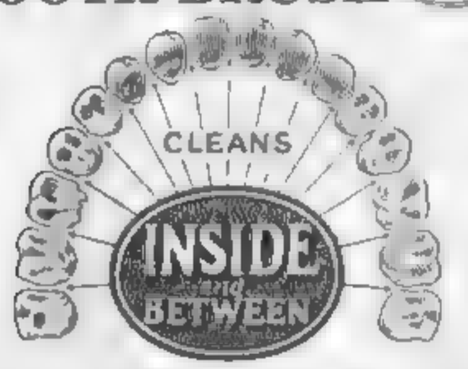


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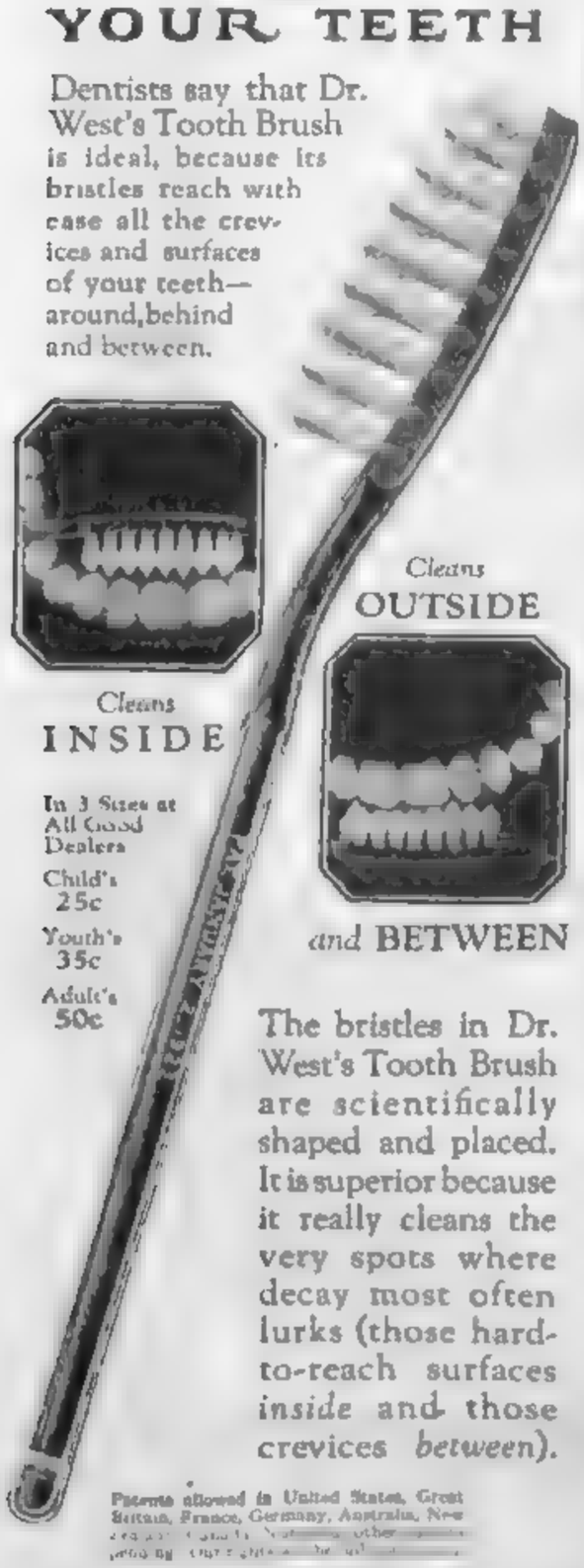

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THE WESTERN COMPANY - Chicago New York

# CUCKOO IS RIGHT

(Continued from Page 27)

I knew by the way she was trying to get her upper lip over her front teeth it was something serious, but I did think, too, it might have to do with a promotion. I had worked for the company nearly a year and everyone said as how first-class operation don't get by unnoticed. But the minute I got in the cloakroom I knew it wasn't about a promotion the chief supervisor wanted to see me. The five-to-eleven girls was standing around, all as excited as a swarm o' ants when a nut falls on their hill.

"There was a robbery last night, Miss Malone!" they calls out to me. "One o' your subs cleaned out."

"Quit your kidding," I says.

"Kidding!" says that nosey Donahue girl. "Hasn't Miss Carroll been asking for you?"

"So that's it," I thinks.

"Who was it?" I says.

"779," they says.

"What!" says I. "Then that member of the Ku-Ku-Klan had the right hunch, after all."

"What do you mean?" they says.

"Nothing," I says; "I got to beat it out to Miss Carroll."

I didn't lose no time getting out to Miss Carroll, although I thought it was queer she wanted to see me. There hadn't been a alarm on 779 while I was on, so it must have been while the night girls was on.

Miss Carroll looked up when she seen me coming.

"Oh," she says, "you are prompt," she says.

"I wanted to hear about this here burglary," I says. "When did it happen?"

"Oh," she says, "so the girls has been talking. I wish," she says, "that the girls would not discuss the affairs of the company."

"They didn't," I says; "they just asked me had I heard."

"Oh," says Miss Carroll. "What I want to ask you is, Are you sure you had no alarm on Case Seven last evening? You couldn't perhaps have forgotten to turn it in?"

"Say, Miss Carroll," I says, "could I ha' forgotten to get up this morning if there had been a steam whistle going off under my pillow?"

"You mean," says Miss Carroll, "that you are perfectly certain there was no alarm on Case Seven while you was on duty until eleven last night?"

"I do," says I; "as certain as I am that I wore my hat home and didn't leave it here in the locker all night."

"Do you remember"—and she looks at 779's yellow closing ticket that she's holding with my initials on it—"when you closed him at 7:27 last evening, if there was any closing trouble; if it broke circuit perhaps after the sub left?"

I forgot to tell you that sometimes the needles don't have to be set, they set theirselves. That's a break circuit, and trouble.

"If there had," I says, "I would 'a' reported it, knowing how important it is," I says, "that a break circuit should receive imperative attention."

"Can you remember," says she, "if you had a ring down on 779 at any time last night?"

A ring down, like I told you, is where the needle swings to one side and we get a drop on it, but it swings off by itself.

"I can, and I didn't," I says. "It was a quiet night, as any of the girls and Mr. Jones can tell you. Besides, if I had had a ring down on 779 I would 'a' reported it, on the chance that there was some funny business going on, after the sub was so anxious and all."

"You remembered, then, that the sub was in and wished for a special guard; that he seemed to fear a robbery?"

"Yes," I says, "I did. There wasn't a ring down on that case that could 'a' escaped me."

"Very well," says Miss Carroll; "it is a very strange case. You may go to your position."

"Didn't the night girls get any alarm?" I says.

"They say they did not," says Miss Carroll.

"Strange is right, then," I says. "How could he ha' been robbed without no alarm?"

"That's what we are trying to find out," says Miss Carroll. "You may go to your position, Miss Malone."

I could see Mr. Jones sitting up at his desk, and he was looking pretty glum. Of course it's a black mark on a whole office to have a robbery and a clean get-away like this, and then to have it worse, not even a alarm. The girls looked kinda queer at me when I set down. Of course the operators ain't held strictly responsible, and their word on most things is taken, even against a subscriber; but no one likes to have a thing that looks like it might be careless operation on their board.

But it wasn't till I seen Steve McMahon talking with the boss later in the evening and I thought o' Joe and how he was my brother-in-law and how I was getting chummy with his cousin, the wire chief, that I begun to realize just what the company might suspect if they knew my business as well as I knew it myself. They could cook up a nice little case against us—me and Steve McMahon. A wire chief has to inspect a sub's premises every once in so often. Steve left at eight. He could 'a' had duplicate keys made to the sub's place and gotten in and I could 'a' covered the alarm, and both of us made a neat little pile on 779's silk dresses—if we was crooks and up to that kind of a game. The more I thought about it the nervouser I got. If the sub could prove that the place had been robbed and the company could prove that the wiring was O. K. and the instruments was working, why, it just couldn't be, that's all. They is some things that is just impossible. You can't snake silk dresses through a keyhole—not this year anyway, what with heavy silk and full-length skirts—and it's a cinch if the dresses has disappeared they was either burned up inside or somebody come through a window or a door, in which case they was a drop on Seven Board and we got the alarm. It made me think of that old riddle: Fathers and brothers I have none, but that man's father is my son's son. Or something like that. Of course I knew our company didn't stand to lose, for the insurance company has to make good a sub's loss, and before they do that both our detectives and theirs gets all the dope they can on the case, although I didn't see what good dope on this case would do, if the sub had proof his dresses was gone and we had never got any alarm.

It was in the rush hour again that Steve McMahon reminded me of our date for the next night, Saturday, my night off.

"Shall I call for you or meet you?" he says. "I don't know where you live."

"Meet me," I comes back, dropping my handkerchief again on the side away from Miss Donahue.

"Where?" says he.

"One Hundred and Thirty-third Street Bronx Interborough Station," says I. "Downtown side at eight," I chokes, wiping the floor with my handkerchief.

"Righto, kiddo!" he says, and gets off.

I didn't worry Nora none by telling her what I was going to do. I thought I'd let her know about it easy. Besides, I felt I must see Steve McMahon and talk with him, and ask him, maybe, what he thought about this cuckoo robbery and if he wasn't afraid the company might suspect some of their own employes.

He was already waiting for me when I got there at ten minutes past eight. There's no use my trying to describe Steve to you. Which makes me think I've never yet told you how I look myself. Well, all I can say about myself is that maybe I'm not no movie queen, but then I never seen that the boys fell over themselves to get away when I come on, neither. Steve told me that first night that what he fell for was my hair. It was so dark and so darn much of it. Maybe I was glad I hadn't listened to the girls and bobbed it. Oh, boy!

Well, and Steve? Steve is the kind of a fellow that can wear swell clothes or overalls—and get away with both. His hair is so light it makes him look like a kid. And blue eyes, you know the kind I mean. But, rats, you'd have to see him to know Steve. He looks serious, like a solemn kid, until he smiles, and then —— Well, I never seen a man, woman or child—or dog for that matter—that didn't loosen up some under Steve's smile.

We didn't have a thing to say all the way down to Forty-second Street. You know how it is in the Subway. Then after we got out we couldn't decide between the Strand or the Rivoli. You know how it is. They was a dog picture at the Strand, but then that there Sheik fellow that everybody is so crazy about was at the Rivoli. Well, we finally went to the Strand, and say, it was great! The way that dog saved the girl and brought the fellow to her! I says to Steve, I says, on the way home, "And there's some folks think dogs hasn't got human intelligence."

"Yes," says Steve, "if some o' the birds that think they know so much was to be set alongside of a dog, and couldn't talk neither, so the chances was even, I guess they'd find out they'd be beat in the first inning."

"You've said it," I says. "Which makes me think, talking of birds, what do you think of that there 779 robbery?"

I hadn't 'a' meant to bring it out so shortlike, and somehow, knowing that he was Joe's cousin, I jumped myself at the word "robbery" and almost bit my tongue, though why I should I don't know, knowing Steve was all right.

"What do I think?" says Steve. "Well, I don't think much. You can go batty letting your mind chew on a blind case like that that don't seem to have no answer. I never seen a case like it, and I been with the company going on four years now. The old bird had the right dope, though, when he thought he was going to be robbed. Maybe next time he'll loosen up his grip on five bucks or so and hire a special guard."

"It's queer, though," I says. "And I'll say I'm running in bad luck to have it happen on one of my boards."

"I'll say you are," says Steve. "But if you hadn't been the operator I wouldn't 'a' put it past any of the rest of them side kickers of yourn with nothing on their mind but bobbed hair, to ha' got the alarm and forgot about it till an hour afterwards."

"Oh, they aren't none of them could 'a' done that, Steve," I says, "even if most of 'em do look like they wasn't looking farther than the powder on their nose. It just couldn't be a fault of operation."

"Well, it couldn't be a fault of wiring neither," says Steve quick-like, "so what the Jumping Joseph do you think it was? The boss says the sub has proved that the stock was there when the premises was closed for the night. I happen to know that there ain't a window or door or transom of that place unprotected, so how the stuff could 'a' got out of there without a alarm I'd like to know."

"Yes," says I, soothing-like, for the reason that I could see the thing had got on his nerves like it had on mine, "that's what we all want to know. Well, we should worry. Maybe the old bird will loosen up next time like you say, and pay for a special guard."

"Ye-uh," says Steve, "shut the door after the horse is stolen."

Well, we let it drop right there. I could see without going further that the whole thing worried Steve like it did me. Maybe he was thinking of Joe and what a black eye he would get with the company if they dug into his past because of this and found out he had a cousin in the penitentiary. Anyways he didn't say much more all the way out to the Bronx, only made a date with me for my next night off, which was two weeks away on a Friday.

The company and insurance investigators was still working on the 779 case when the sub himself come in again a few days later. It was about 7:35, just after the day girls had left. He stood talking and waving his arms like he did before, but this time Mr. Jones wasn't laughing none. He called Steve McMahon out from his office and all three of 'em stood chinning. Then Steve and the sub left together. Just like the other time, the boss called after 779 when he reached the door.

"It's a matter of principle, Mr. Caven," he calls. "We don't furnish our guards for nothing. The subscribers has to pay for them."

"Principle!" hollers old 779, pawing the air. "So you want that I give away my principal! Vell, not so I notices it, my fine young friend."

"Our wire chief is going over personally," says Mr. Jones, "to inspect the premises, but he couldn't find anything wrong last time. The thing to do, I'm telling you, if you feel uneasy, is to hire a special guard."

But 779 just humped his fat shoulders and shook his head, as obstinate as an old mule. (Continued on Page 50)

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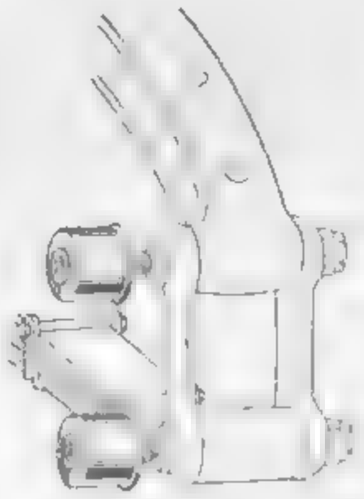

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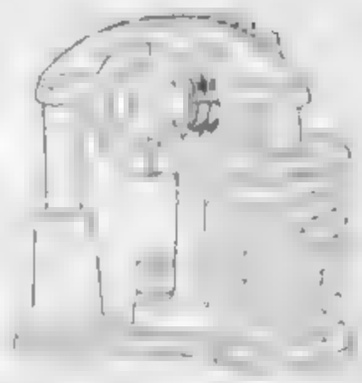

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*(Continued from Page 48)*

"You don't mean to say," I says to Miss Sheehan, who had come down from the dispatcher's desk on account that I had signaled her—"you don't mean to say that that bird has been to a fortune teller's again and has learnt that his place is going to be robbed another time?"

"You've said it, Little Bright Eyes," says Miss Sheehan. "But here comes the boss; maybe he'll give us the dee-tails."

And Jones comes up looking as solemn as a life-insurance agent when he starts to tell you why you had ought to take out a policy.

"Miss Malone," he says, "779 was just in. He's looking for another big robbery tonight, so I wish you'd keep an eye on his alarm. Report even a ring down."

"No fear, Mr. Jones," I says, "I'll let you know if his needle as much as shimmies. But what I'd like to know is," I says, "why don't he hire a guard and give us all a rest?"

"He says that's our business," says Mr. Jones, "but I told him the company wasn't in business for its health any more than he was."

"You've said it," I says. "But I should 'a' hoped one lesson would 'a' been enough for the old bird."

"There are some folks," says Mr. Jones, "who never seem to benefit by experience."

"You've said it," I says.

About fifteen minutes later the boss got a call on the outside phone and I could tell he was talking to the wire chief.

"Everything O. K. then," he says. "Well, we won't let any alarm get away from us tonight."

A few minutes after that the sub called in on the switchboard to close. The needle registered O. K., and in less than two minutes he was outta the place and the alarm set for the night. I spent most of my time after that until eleven standing in front of Case Seven and watching Number 779. Mr. Jones must 'a' spoke to the supervisor, for she never hollered at me to start testing, and I never let that galvo out of my sight. She never moved the hundredth part of an inch the whole time.

When the night girls come on I told 'em about the old bird's coming in again, and they said they'd take turns keeping an eye on Number 779's alarm all night.

Well, the next day when I come on I hadn't to look only once at Mr. Jones' face to get a line on what had happened. He looked up from his desk when I come in the operating room and then looked down again, no smile nor nothing. It was like he said to me: "That there cuckoo bird has been robbed again and it's getting to be a little too mystery-ious to be funny, Miss Malone." You could 'a' knocked me over with a toy balloon. I felt like a stove that has had its ashes shook out. I must 'a' stood right where I was for a minute, then I walked on down past Miss Carroll's, the head supervisor's, desk.

"Miss Malone," she says, like the words would break on her lips, they was that crisp—"Miss Malone, 779 was robbed again last night."

"What!" says I, but that weak it sounded like I was passin' a remark on the weather.

"A very strange case, Miss Malone," says Miss Carroll.

"You've said it," I says, that faint I could 'a' dropped.

But she didn't say nothing more, and I went on to the cloakroom. Maybe you got a line on how I felt? And the next few days didn't ease things up none. Jones went around with a face like it had been wrung through a wringer and put through crooked. It seems the company investigators had reported everything to be like the sub had claimed on the first robbery. The dresses was there one night and the next morning they was gone, and there wasn't a thing the matter with the wiring nor the instruments. It looked like witchcraft, one of 'em said, or—well, the Salem Company had caught crooks before in their employ. It seems the sub himself had told 'em it was the only way he could figure it out. And here the thing had happened a second time! Maybe it didn't look pretty bad for me—me and Steve McMahon—if they knew what we did! About Joe and all, I mean. There wasn't once during the day when Mr. Jones or a supervisor passed behind me, that I didn't think "Here it comes, Sarah Malone! Look out for a hand on your shoulder!"

But nothing happened and not a word was said to me. Even the girls didn't talk about it. Maybe they was told not to, I don't know. I didn't get a chance to see Steve none until our date on Friday night. He met me like before and we went downtown on the Subway. This time we went to the Rivoli, but I forget what the picture was. We was both that nervous it seemed like we couldn't look each other in the face.

Then on the way home he says to me, quiet-like, he says, "What do you bet, Sarah, that I ain't being followed?"

"Followed?" I says. "Steve, what do you mean?" Like I didn't know!

"It ain't no use for you and me to kid each other along," he says; "there's Joe."

"Well, and what if there is—Joe?" I says.

"You wasn't there," he says, "when the sub come in the next morning after the second one."

"No," I says.

"He says to Jones, he says, 'A fine damn company,' he says. 'Twice I come to this office and say I have valuable stock, and the next morning, where is it? Yah, yah,' he says 'a fine business, a fine lot of crooks you have here!'"

"He didn't!" I says.

"But they'll have to go some to get anything on me," Steve says, "though they might fire me, just on suspicion."

"Oh," I says, "they couldn't find anything on you," I says.

"You think so, Sarah?" he says. Then he cocks his head on one side and looks at me—and smiles.

Of course there was a minute there I couldn't think of nothing. My heart was playing peekaboo around my ribs and I just set, looking silly, I guess. Steve reaches out his hand and squeezes mine good and hard once, then he sets back in his seat and looks suddenly solemn.

"Ye-uh," he says, "it gets me. I went over the whole place, and there wasn't a thing as I could see, not a chance to get away with something 'thout our getting a alarm. I tapped every foot of floor and wall that wasn't wired to see if they could 'a' cut through, and not a chance."

"Not one thing queer or phony looking?" I says, calm and interested-like, just to show him I was still in my right mind, if he had squeezed my hand.

"Not a thing," he says.

"That's queer," I says.

"Queer is right," he says.

We made a date for my next night off, but I didn't know when it would be, seeing as how the next month's schedule wasn't up yet, but I thought it would be a Sunday. We didn't talk no more about the robbery, I remember that. What we did talk about wouldn't interest nobody but ourselves, though like a fool I had to spill it all to Nora when I got home, she being so stirred up about the robbery and all, and kept rubbing it in that she thought it was Steve McMahon all right, for like father like son, though they was only cousins, like I told you.

"I suppose," she says, real sarcastic—"I suppose you let him kiss you good night."

"Well," I says, "and if I did there's nobody going to catch nothing but me."

"Go ahead," she says, "and marry him. He'll be took away from you soon enough," she says, "and that'll be some consolation, when they put him in the pen along with his cousin."

"Don't mention them two in the same breath," I says, "Nora Malone, if you expect me to breathe the same air as you."

Then she cried and so did I. You know how it is.

Every day seemed like a week down to the office. Then one evening just at the same time, around 7:45, in comes Mister Sub Number 779. I got up the room as far as I could so as to be near Jones' desk and hear what the old boy had to say. And will you believe it, he was handing out the same old lingo! Had another line in and wanted the company to provide a special guard free of charge. Say, I wanted to volunteer myself, if Mr. Jones would 'a' let me off.

"Well, Mr. Caven," says Jones, "I'm going to do like you ask this time, though it's strictly contrary to the rules o' the company. It's going to come outta my pocket, but this thing has got on my nerves and it means more to me just now that your place ain't robbed than it does to you maybe."

"Now, now, you mustn't say that," says 779, rubbing his hands. "I go into bankruptcy sure if there happens again a robbery, what with the insurance company holding back payments and the money I lose from sales."

"Well, I'm telling you," says Mr. Jones, reaching for the phone, "that I'll order a guard set on your place tonight and we'll see what happens."

"Gut!" says old 779. "A gentleman, that is vat you are, Mr. Jones."

"Keep the change," says Jones. "What I want you to understand is, that I'm doing this myself. The company ain't doing it. I have no authority to provide a subscriber with a special guard when he won't pay for it, and the sub's alarm is O.K."

"But if my place is robbed?" says the old bird.

"Well, rules is rules," says Jones, but looking foolish, too, like he knew the sub has something on his side. "We got rules and we got to abide by 'em. But I'm doing this myself, personally, tonight. It's a particularly strange case and there's something here we don't understand."

"I'll say," says the sub, "it's strange. I tell the world already that."

And he went out, rolling his head and heavin' those fat shoulders of his.

Well, o' course you can guess that the place wasn't robbed that night. For five nights Jones sent a guard, which he paid for out o' his own pocket, and they didn't as much as lamp a crook anywhere near the premises.

Old 779 kept coming in every night and patting Jones on the back and telling him what a prince he was, and then the sixth night Jones struck. We was all on hand, you bet, to hear what we could. I pretended like I had something to say to Miss Sheehan and was standing up alongside the dispatcher's desk. Steve McMahon come out o' his office and stood in the door, kind o' waiting-like.

"No guard tonight," says Jones when 779 come in.

"No guard tonight?" says 779, like he was told the last train has went.

"That's what I says," says Jones. "I spent a week's salary already."

"But just one more night, please, Mr. Jones," says 779. "Tomorrow we send them all off. Just one more night!"

"No," says Jones, "I told you the first time I was doing it for my own sake, not yours, and now I gotta quit—for my own sake."

"Mr. Jones, please, just tonight," says 779.

"There's no use arguing with me," says Mr. Jones. "I've played the boob long enough."

"But just one more night, Mr. Jones, to play the boob," says 779.

"Say, see here," says Mr. Jones, "why don't you go down there and guard your own place if you're so darned anxious? And so darned afraid of spending your money?" says Mr. Jones.

"Me!" says 779. "I ain't got no gun," says he, looking kind o' foolish.

"Well, we'll loan you one. How's that?" says Mr. Jones.

"Mr. Jones, you like your little joke," says 779. "I got my wife and my family to think of."

"All right," says Mr. Jones, "that's your lookout. Steve," he says to the wire chief, "if you got them reports ready for me I'll look 'em over now."

779 stood watching him for a minute like an old crow with its head on one side.

"So firm you are in your mind, Mr. Jones?"

"Firmer'n hell," says Mr. Jones, who was getting sore, as we could all see.

The old bird just turned around and went out with his shoulders humped over and his head down between them like he was cold, muttering to himself and squeezing his hands in front of him.

"Old fool," says Jones when he was gone, "I hope I've seen the last of him."

"Fool is right," I says, "and cuckoo."

"You've said it," says Jones, but he don't look at me.

Steve come out o' his room with the reports in his hands and went past to Jones' desk. He had a kinda queer look in his eyes. He didn't look at me neither.

"Going home now, Steve?" says Jones.

"Ye-uh," says Steve.

All at once, I can't explain it, but I had a hunch it wouldn't do to let 779's place go unguarded that night. For if anything was to happen, well, there was Steve and me with a relative in the pen. I felt like I got to speak to Steve and tell him what I thought. When he went past me again into his office, for his coat, I guess, I just went up behind him and followed him in. I didn't care if Jones and Miss Sheehan and

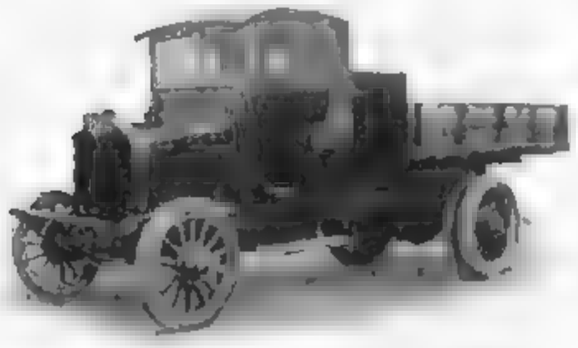
*(Continued on Page 52)*

# Used 11 Years— *still a profit maker*

In 1911 a New York Transfer company (now operating 40 Pierce-Arrows) bought a Pierce-Arrow Truck. In eleven years of service it covered two hundred thousand miles. The company desired to replace this veteran with an even more efficient and economical dual-valve Pierce-Arrow. They disposed of the old truck at a sum which represented a depreciation of only 6 per cent a year. The old truck is now earning dividends for a new owner . . . . Such records as this are not surprising when you recall that 44 of the first 50 Pierce-Arrow Trucks built are still in service.* All told, more than $100,000,000.00 worth of Pierce-Arrow Trucks have been built and sold. No matter where you are located, no matter what the traffic or roads may be, no matter what type of material or merchandise you wish to transport, we can give you exact information on Pierce-Arrow costs under your particular haulage conditions.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY
*Buffalo, New York*

*Of the original 50 Pierce-Arrow Trucks built in 1911, two are retired from service; two are unaccounted for; and two were destroyed by fire.



*From a recent photograph of the eleven-year-old Pierce-Arrow Truck*

# Pierce Arrow

## HEAVY DUTY MOTOR TRUCKS

# Announcing the use of COPPER STEEL in Truscon Basement Windows

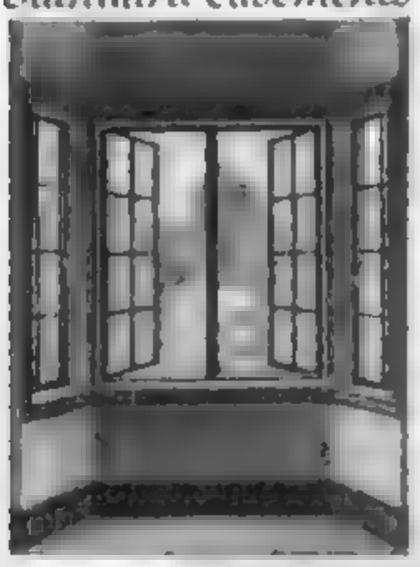
This modern basement is bright, cheerful and secure, in spite of the storm outside. Truscon Copper Steel Basement Windows give double daylight. They never leak, stick nor need repairs. They are always easy to open and close and lock automatically.

As an added feature, these popular Truscon Basement Windows are now made of copper steel, the metal that resists corrosion. Its superiority has been proved by extensive tests conducted by leading authorities.

All this you get without increase of price; in fact Truscon Copper Steel Basement Windows ordinarily cost as little as wood; and on the basis of daylight area, cost a third less.

These trim, attractive windows are now used in thousands of modern homes and apartments, large and small. For sale by dealers everywhere. Ask your dealer; if he doesn't have them, write us.

*A new window for the rest of the house Truscon Copper Steel Standard Casements*



*Beautiful and permanent. Economically priced because made in standard sizes. Furnished in single, double or multiple units. For use in living and dining rooms, sun parlors, sleeping porches, bedrooms, halls, etc. Write for literature and prices.*

TRUSCON COPPER STEEL BASEMENT WINDOWS
PRICE in U. S. A. $4.30 Small Size $4.70 Large Size

TRUSCON STEEL COMPANY
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO, U. S. A.

Warehouses and Offices from Pacific to Atlantic
For address see 'phone books of principal cities
Canada, Walkerville, Ont. Export Div.: New York

*For Sale by Lumber, Hardware and Building Supply Dealers*

LOOK FOR THE NAME • TRUSCON • IN RAISED LETTERS ON EACH WINDOW

TRUSCON COPPER STEEL BASEMENT WINDOWS


(Continued from Page 50)

everyone in the front office saw me. Something just pulled me along. I expected any minute to hear the supervisor holler out, but she didn't. Maybe she didn't see me. Steve turned around when he heard me come in. He stood and looked at me without a word, too struck dumb to speak, I guess, to see me followin' him like that before everybody.

"Listen, Steve," I says.

"Spill it, Sarah," he says.

"You and me has got to do something," I says. "We gotta guard that 779 place tonight, if nobody else will."

"We?" he says, and smiles.

"Yes, we," I says. "I ain't joking. Something tells me if we don't it's going to be robbed again tonight—sure!"

"Well, that's strange," he says; "that's just what I been thinking."

"Oh," says I. "So you will! Let's talk quick, 'cause I got to get out o' here before the whole office comes in to see what's up."

"Sorry, Sarah," he says, "but I don't think I can. I got a date."

Something come up in my throat and stuck there, but I gulped it down.

"You—gotta break it," I says.

"We should worry, Sarah. It's the company's business," he says.

"No, it ain't—not now," I says. "It's our business, if we want to stay with the company."

"Well, what do you want?" says he.

"I want you to go over now and stand guard around there until I come over at eleven. You can tell if anybody gets in the building or comes out."

"Oh," says he, "so I can."

"And if you want to go home after I get there—why, you can."

"Oh, I can?" he says, and stands there and smiles at me.

"Quick," I says, "say yes. I hear somebody coming."

"Yes, I hear somebody coming," he says.

"Silly!" I says.

Then Mr. Jones come in.

"Say, Steve ——" He stopped like he had waked up sudden and found himself in church or somewhere. "You here, Miss Malone?" he says.

"Yes," I says, "but I'm going." And with that I walked around him and out the door.

The girls all giggled when I come out, but I just looked at them like I pitied 'em.

"Begin testing your boards, please," hollers the supervisor.

Then Steve comes out with Mr. Jones, and Mr. Jones goes to his desk and Steve goes out the door. He kinda put his hand up to his collar just before he goes out like it might be a signal, but I couldn't be sure. Then the supervisor hollers again, and I begin testing my boards.

When it was eleven I didn't waste no time stamping off my time and getting my hat and coat outta the locker. It was warm for March, but I kept shivering like somebody was tickling my back with an icicle all the time I was beating it down the stairs.

It was only two blocks off, down the street and around a corner to the sub's premises—his place was the sixth floor of a building on the corner—but I figured that it wasn't going to be no Sunday picnic to stalk around a building like that in the dark and all alone if Steve hadn't 'a' gone there like I asked him. It's all right to see yourself doing some o' them dare-devil girl-detective stunts when you're sitting in a padded seat at the movies, but, believe me, I'd rather pay thirty cents and see somebody else doing 'em any time.

I passed the company car standing out in front and was tearing along with my head down on account of a wind, when somebody took a hold o' my arm by the elbow.

"What you entered for, the one-hundred-yard dash?" says a voice in my ear.

It was Steve!

"Say," I says, "it's a good thing for you that the wind has my arms pinned down or you might 'a' got one in the eye, taking a hold o' my arm sudden like that."

"Well, slow up," he says; "we ain't a-going to a fire."

"What did you come away for?" I says.

"To meet you," he says.

"Did you see anybody?" I says.

"Nary a bird," he says.

"Well, for all we know he may be going in now," I says.

"Who?" says he. "Where?"

"The crook," I says, "o' course, in 779's place."

"To be sure," he says. "Well, there he goes now," he says, pinching my arm and holding me down to a standstill.

"Where?" I says.

"Down the street. There's his building on the corner," he says.

I looked across and down the street a little way. There was a tall building all dark, and a automobile with the curtains down around the sides was stopping in front of it. While we stood there a man got out and went up and stood a minute by the door and then went in.

"Looks like a sub to me," I says, "that has the keys to the building."

"Prob'ly is," says Steve; "come back to get his umbrella."

"Still," I says, "a crook might have keys."

"Spoke like a born detective," says Steve.

"Let's watch a while," I says, "and see when he comes out."

"I can stand the draft if you can," says Steve.

We crossed the street and went along to 779's building, where the automobile was waiting with nobody in it.

"Might as well wait in this doorway as any," says Steve, "seeing as how it is more convenient."

"Why not?" says I.

So we stood there and waited like we was part o' the building. A couple of five-to-eleven operators went by on their way to the L, but they didn't see us, for the reason that we saw them first and got clear back in the doorway.

"I don't know how you feel," says Steve after we been standing there for what seemed like an hour or more, "but I feel pretty foolish."

"Foolish is right," I says, "but we might feel foolisher if we went home and found out tomorrow that the place is robbed again."

"I wish that bird would come out, whoever he is," says Steve, "and then maybe we could walk around and get some exercise so as to keep warm."

"We might go inside if the bird has left the door unlocked," I says.

And with that I goes over and pulls the door. It opens up so easy it was like somebody was pushing it from the other side. But it was all dark and Steve and me stood there like we was crooks ourselves, just breathing soft and listening.

"I see the elevator," says Steve. "The stairway must be over beyond."

"Come on," I says. "If we meet the bird coming down we can tell him we was looking for our uncle, the janitor, but maybe we was in the wrong building."

"All right," says Steve. "Take a hold o' my hand, but we better beat it when we hear him coming."

We shuffled along like we was toddling to a funeral blues, and pretty soon we got around the elevator shaft and found the stairs.

"Hush," says I. "There's a light!"

"It must be high up," says Steve. "They ain't very darned much of it gets down here."

"Maybe it's the sixth floor," says I, and clutched him like he was a water wing and my feet had got off bottom.

"Come on," says Steve, kinda through his teeth.

We took one step at a time and toddled across the landings and pretty soon we figured as how we was on the third floor and the light still farther up.

"What do you bet," I says in a whisper, "it's the sixth floor?"

"I ain't bettin'," says Steve; "I can see it is."

Well, we didn't hurry none, but we could step out now, 'count o' seeing better, though we still went like we was walking on eggs. When we struck the fifth floor and I seen for sure the light was in the hall above, my heart was going that fast I felt it was like a drum you could hear for miles away.

"Easy!" says Steve in my ear. "Want me to go on alone?"

"Don't you dare try it," I says, giving his arm a strangle hold.

"Hush," says Steve. "Can you hear that?"

There was a rattle-rattle and a creak-creak, like a mouse was stirring up the papers in a basket and giving a squeak every once in a while.

"Come on," I says.

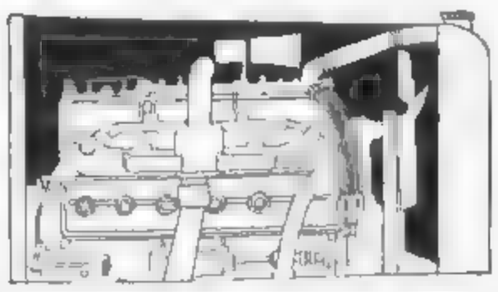
The last few steps we took like we was expecting the ice to give way any minute. When we got to the top there was a light

(Continued on Page 54)

# Why Jewett Six Wins Wise Buyers

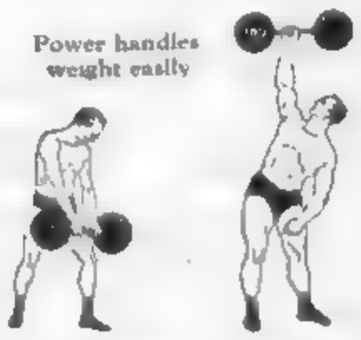
## *Paige Engineering—Paige-built Quality—Big-Six Performance—at* $995!

JEWETT Six is the only car of its size and price built by a maker of high-grade sixes. Wise buyers have endorsed it to the tune of over 25,000 cars in its first year. For this amazing acceptance there must be reasons all can appreciate! To many, the mere fact that Paige reputation, engineering and workmanship are embodied in the Jewett is conclusive. To you, however, who have not yet verified them, we say: See these Paige-designed features in the Jewett for yourself before you buy *any* car! Here we picture and tell the advantages of some of them. The Jewett dealer is the man who can furnish final proof. Look him up.



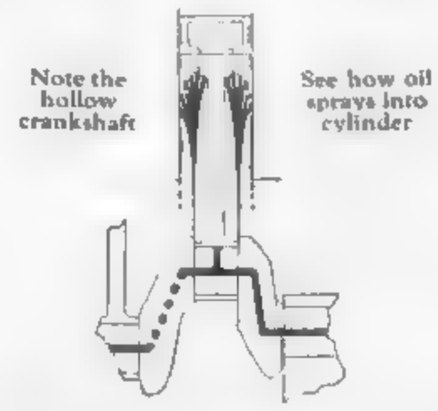
### *Fifty-Horsepower Motor Fills the Hood!*

You don't have to be an engineer to appreciate Jewett's exceptional power. Just see how its motor fills the hood. Compare it with other cars in the same class. As a matter of engineering fact no car within $200 of the Jewett price has a motor of equal piston displacement—249 cubic inches. Its six cylinders, 3¼x5 inches, deliver full fifty horsepower. Running at a moderate speed insures longer life at lower upkeep than high-speed motors.



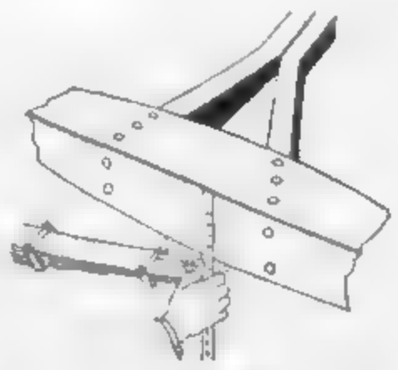

### *Ample Power for Weight Gives Amazing Performance*

Power compared to weight determines car performance. Easily the strong man handles the hundred-pound weight which the weaker man can scarcely lift. Just so the underpowered car must *strain* to do that which the amply powered Jewett does easily. Accelerate, if you can, 5 to 25 miles in 7 seconds with any other car of Jewett's size.




### *High-Pressure Oiling—2 Gallons a Minute*

There's a big difference in oiling systems. Low-pressure oiling to engine main bearings is not to be compared with Jewett high-pressure oiling. The Jewett high-pressure, hollow crankshaft system forces 2 gallons per minute to all main and connecting-rod bearings and sprays the entire internal mechanism. Metal never rubs metal—always a thin film of oil between. Smoothness and silence are particularly noticeable results of this ideal lubrication. The continuous oil flow carries heat away from bearings, there is a remarkable absence of friction, and greater motor life at less upkeep expense is Jewett's advantage over cars equipped with the circulating and splash system at pressures of 3 to 6 pounds.

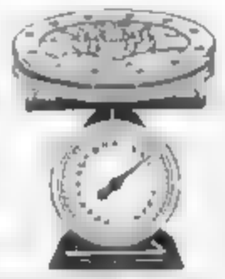


### *Rugged Construction Gives Endurance and Comfort*

Get it clearly in your mind that the Jewett is not a light-weight, lightly-built car. Mere "lightness" in itself is furthest from the Paige standard of sound engineering. Here is a frame full six inches deep, with correspondingly wide top flange. A unit of strength, reinforced by inbuilt corner braces in front and four sturdy cross members, which brace diagonally all points of strain. This staunch construction insures freedom from disalignment of mechanism, unlimited endurance, and substantial riding comfort. Jewett's solidity and steadiness of road motion do much to make the long drive unfatiguing. Women, especially, find their sense of cozy security in a really substantial car (the touring model weighs 2805 pounds), a source of continued satisfaction.

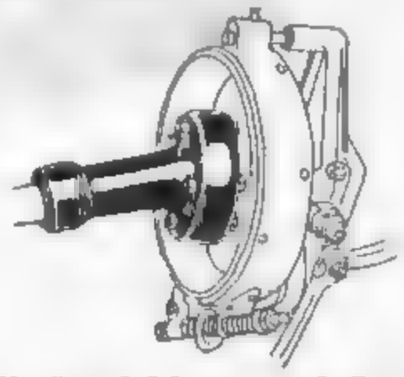
### *Paige-Timken Axles—99.8% Dependable!*

It is important that a car of such power as the Jewett should have a thoroughly sound rear axle. Nothing but Paige-Timkens could possibly handle this power efficiently and enduringly. We checked up on the first 20,000 Jewetts in use and found that only two-tenths of 1% had had any axle trouble at all—even including those due to accidents. Extra tough steel makes possible a reasonably light-weight axle, and this reduced weight below the springs makes for easy riding.



### *New Gear-Shifting Ease from Paige-Type Clutch*

Jewett is the one car you literally do not learn to drive! Shift gears without pausing, or pause as long as you wish—you never "miss," nor is there any clash. With the new Paige-type clutch, however fast you lift your foot you can neither stall the motor nor jerk the car. The reason?—a light-weight driven clutch member weighing only 3½ pounds has one-third the usual weight, and with one-third the momentum quickly adjusts itself to speed changes. Jewett's remarkable gear-shifting ease gives it an irresistible appeal to women. To the frailest it offers no driving difficulties whatever.



### *All-Steel Universal Joints Oiled Once a Year*

You know the trouble and annoyance of trying to grease the universal joint. Usually it isn't done—the mechanism suffers instead. Here is a new type universal joint built of the finest steel—oiled, not greased—with sealed-in lubrication that is good for 15,000 miles. Dust and dirt never enter; oil never escapes. Operates indefinitely without wear and therefore without the usual back-lash. Few features of the Paige-built Jewett are more practically useful to the owner who demands untroubled service.

### *Ball-Bearing Steering Spindles Give Touch Guidance*

Easy steering is one of the most delightful features of Jewett performance. At each end of the Paige-Timken front axle are ball-bearing steering spindles that respond to the slightest touch on the wheel. The old tension and strain of a "stiff wheel" are forgotten, and the frailest woman finds Jewett a pleasure to handle.

* * *

Remember: the only car in its class built by makers of high-grade sixes! It gives you big-six performance, Paige-built quality, at $995!

Touring $995
Roadster $995
Coupe $1445
Sedan $1465

# JEWETT

*A Thrifty Six Built by Paige*

Special Touring $1150
Special Coupe $1595
Special Sedan $1665
*Prices f. o. b. Factory*
*Tax Extra*

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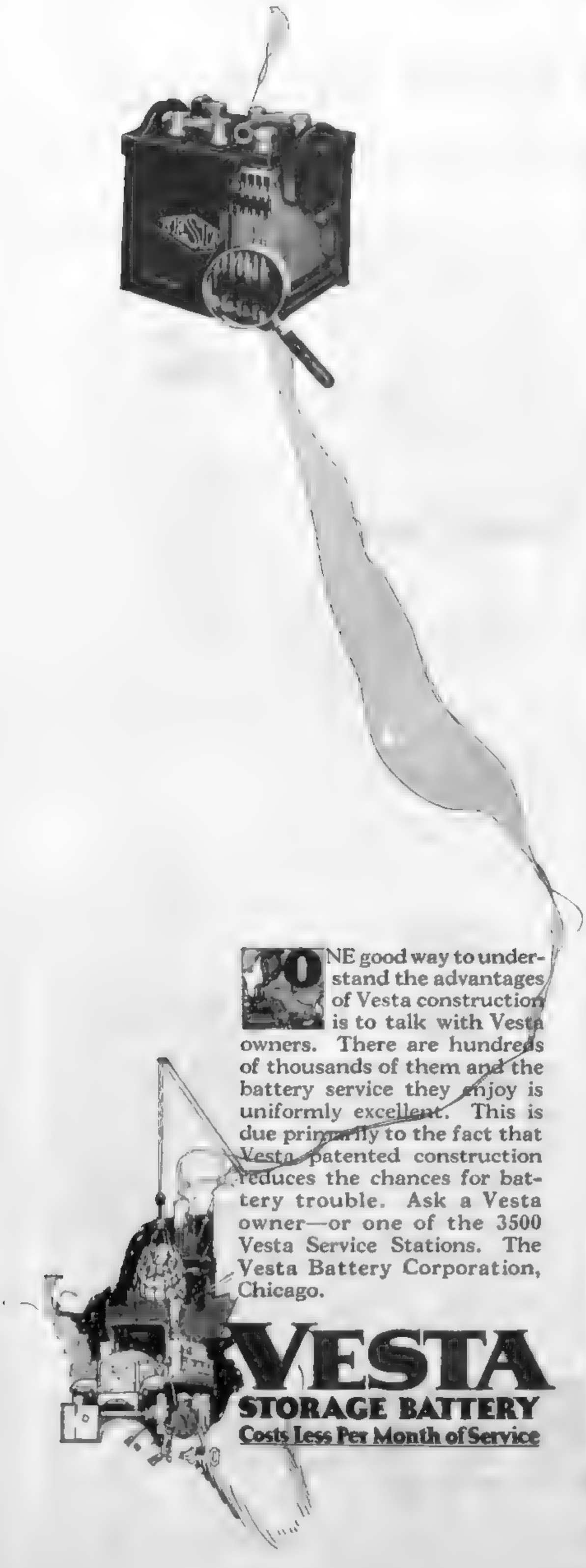


ONE good way to understand the advantages of Vesta construction is to talk with Vesta owners. There are hundreds of thousands of them and the battery service they enjoy is uniformly excellent. This is due primarily to the fact that Vesta patented construction reduces the chances for battery trouble. Ask a Vesta owner—or one of the 3500 Vesta Service Stations. The Vesta Battery Corporation, Chicago.

VESTA
STORAGE BATTERY
Costs Less Per Month of Service

(Continued from Page 52)

burning just over us, and around the corner and down the hall we could hear somebody breathing like they was being mighty careful about something too. We leaned forward and stretched our necks until I could hear 'em crack. I think we saw around at the same time, for Steve grabbed me and I grabbed him. We had caught the crook red-handed all right. He was standing on a ladder before the door of 779's place monkeying with the transom. Steve's fingers dug my arm till I thought I'd have to scream, but I just bit my lip and squeezed hard back.

The fellow on the ladder was a husky-looking bird from the back. He had an overcoat on that was turned up around the neck, and a hard-boiled hat. Down on the floor of the ladder was a big white sheet spread out. While we was looking he took something that looked like a cup made out o' rubber from his pocket and pressed it, upside down, hard against the glass of the transom near the top. Then he just took and pulled on it, careful and yet easy-like—it was like the rubber had stuck to the glass—and the whole glass of the transom come out in his hands. "Pretty neat," I says to myself, "but does that bird think he can squeeze through between two of them wired slats?"

Just then Steve pushes me back so hard I almost falls down the stairs, and I could hear the crook coming down the ladder. It was like Steve and me had no control of our feet. We just stood staring at the wall in front of us and waiting for the big bird to come down along the hall and catch us there. Well, maybe it was only a minute, but it seemed like the Fourth of July had come and gone when we heard him climbing up the ladder again. They was the same creak-creak and rattle-rattle we had heard when we come up the stairs. Pretty soon we both stretches out our necks again and leans over like we was going to take a slow dive. O' course the crook had had to get rid o' the transom glass. It was laying along the wall and he was back up the ladder. But this time he had a long pole in his hand. The other end reached clear down the hall as far as we could see.

"Fishing!" I says to myself, like I had been under water and just come up. "So that's how!"

He was fastening what looked like a large-sized hook, maybe a foot long, on the end of the pole, and then he began to feed it through between the slats of the transom. We just watched that length of pole paying in like it was going after whale, and never moved.

"Pretty swell," I says to myself, "if you know where the stuff is, but if you don't you might as well be fishing for trout in a duck pond—you have to be a born fisherman to enjoy it," I says.

Then I pinches Steve and motions that we beat it. The pole was making kind of a racket now, like it was hitting things inside, so we sprints down the stairs as fast as we can and makes no noise to speak of.

When we gets to the hall below I says to Steve, still whispering, "You stay here and I'll go over to the office for a coupla guards. They can take him red-handed."

"Righto," says Steve. "But make it snappy; I'm not in the heavyweight class."

"And, Steve," I says, "while I think of it, what's that date you had for tonight? You know."

"Date?" says Steve. "Oh," he says. "It was my mother; she's sick. But it's all right; I phoned her."

"Oh!" I says, but it was like something had broke up inside.

Believe me, I went down them stairs faster'n we come up. When I got out on the street I beat it like they was red Indians on my trail. I had a clear road, 'cause the street was empty, there being nobody out at that hour but crooks, maybe, and a few cops. When I got to our place I was that winded it didn't seem to me I could climb the stairs, and after all I didn't have to, 'cause just as I got there they was a coupla inspectors coming out and a window opened up above and Mr. Jones stuck his head out to call to them, 'cause they had got the wrong address.

"Hey, Mr. Jones!" I says, hollering as loud as I could. "Send a coupla guards over to 779. The crook is on the job."

"What!" says he. "Is that Miss Malone?"

"That's me," I says. "Make it snappy so as we'll catch him with the goods."

"Hey!" hollers Mr. Jones, drawing in his head like it was jerked on a string. "Two good men for a real job!"

Well, the inspectors walks off down the street looking sore 'cause they ain't guards and are going to mend a wire 'stead of earning a hundred bucks' bonus for catching a thief, and pretty soon the two guards comes helitylarrup down the stairs, and the boss with 'em!

"Rules is rules," he says, "and I hadn't ought to leave the office, but darn the rules at a time like this." And he jumps into our tin lizzie waiting at the curb and hauls me in with him and off we go.

Say, that Salem Burglary Alarm bus never made a faster run! We was back where I started from before I had took a real long breath. The door was still unlocked and we beat it up the stairs as quiet as we could. I had told 'em a little but not much, and when we got to the top, there was Steve still watching like the reel wasn't half over. He motioned us to come easy and have a good look before the sport was spoiled.

Well, the men and me and Jones sneaks up and looks around the corner, and I thought they would all melt down in a heap, they was that struck dumb. Piled up on the sheet at the foot of the ladder was a heap of silk dresses, and the guy on the ladder was just bringing another haul through the transom.

He was puffing and blowing like he was landin' a flock o' whales. When he gets 'em through, Jones nudges the guards and they steps out casual-like and points their guns.

"Hands up!" they says.

Well, the pole falls down and hooks onto the ladder and the dresses drips all over the place. The crook has raised his hands that quick you'd o' thought he'd been practicing it.

"Turn around and come down," says the guards, cold and businesslike.

Well, the bird turns around, his feet all mixed up in the dresses, so he does it slow and painful, and starts to come down.

"Holy Jumping Joseph!" says Steve.

"I'm a son of a gun!" says Mr. Jones.

"Cuckoo is right," I says.

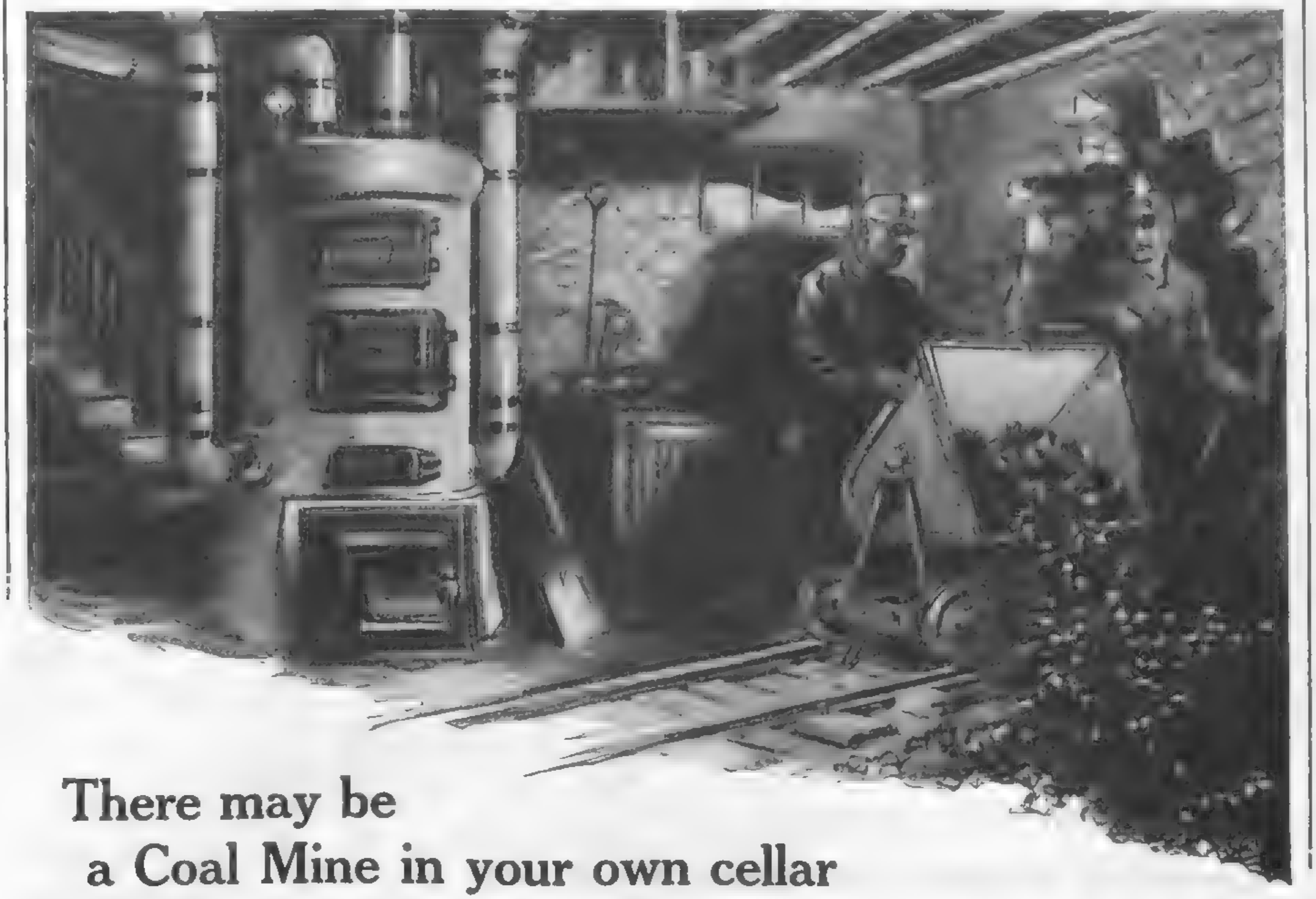
It was the sub himself—old 779! He looks at us kinda foolish coming down the ladder, but he never says a word.

"You're cuckoo but cute," says Mr. Jones, "I'll say that for you."

"He wants to eat his pie and have it too," I says, thinking of the insurance coming to him.

"Well, I guess this particular piece will give him in-di-ges-tion this time," says Mr. Jones.

Well, the guards took him off to find out from the police what happens to a man that cuckoo he robs himself, and Jones told me and Steve he was going to see that the heads of the firm heard of our faithful service and bravery and all that. I thought just so they heard o' that and not o' Joe, it'd be all right. And they didn't, I guess, 'cause we're both still working for the company.



# There may be a Coal Mine in your own cellar

THE only kind of mining most of us do is when we dig down in our pockets for the price. We are so concerned about conditions at the mines, a thousand miles away, that we overlook the coal mine in our own cellars.

Follow this simple suggestion about your heating system and you'll be "finding" coal —a regular mine of it in your own cellar.

***A covered heating system is a rich vein***

Cover the heater and pipes, and you "uncover" tons of coal. You save most of the waste caused by bare heated surfaces. Is it worth saving? Just consider this fact: every square foot of uncovered heating pipe radiates as much heat as a square foot of radiator surface. Most of this heat is wasted because it is not radiated or set free where you need heat—upstairs.

That is why it pays so quickly when you cover bare pipes—or re-cover ragged ones—with an efficient insulation.

Improved Asbestocel prevents heat from getting out at the wrong place. It helps to keep your upstairs rooms comfortable. It makes coal go further—which means you'll use less coal to do the same job. All this it does so successfully because of its construction feature, the crisscross corrugations. They prevent moving air from carrying off heat.

Here is how you can make sure of getting Improved Asbestocel. Look for the Red Band on the inside end of each length.

There is plenty of cold weather ahead this season. Have your plumbing and heating contractor apply Improved Asbestocel right away. Develop the coal mine in your cellar. The booklet "Bare Pipes Waste Fuel" tells of other means for working that coal mine of yours besides covering pipes. Don't delay getting it. You will be the gainer for it. Mail the coupon today.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc.
Madison Avenue at 41st Street, New York City
*Branches in 56 Large Cities*
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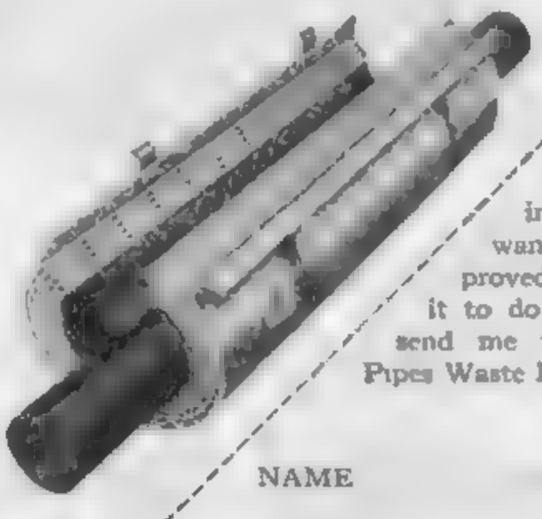
## *Where to buy Asbestocel*

The same people who repair your furnace and piping will install Improved Asbestocel for you. Plumbers, steamfitters, sheet metal workers and ventilating concerns all over the country apply it.

## *—and how*

**Mail the coupon below to your heating man, or to us**



Please have my heating plant inspected. I want to know how Improved Asbestocel can help it to do a better job. Also send me the booklet, "Bare Pipes Waste Fuel."

NAME

ADDRESS

# JOHNS-MANVILLE *Improved* Asbestocel

# The Allen A Hint toward Comfort in Summer Underwear

WHICH do you like best—knitted or muslin underwear?

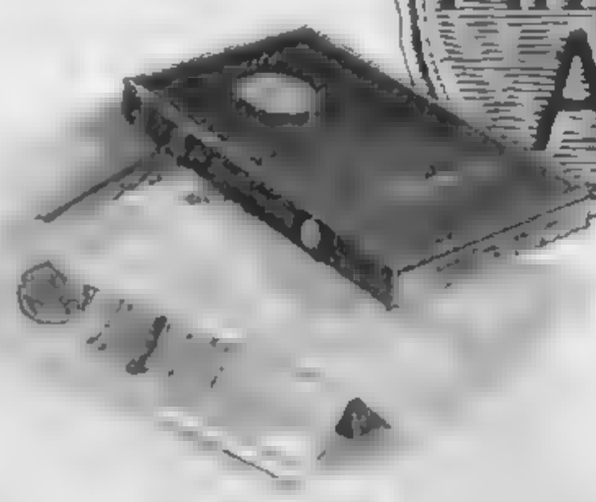
It may surprise you to know that one kind is just as comfortable as the other—*if it is made right.*

Buy a suit or two of Allen A in the style you have been wearing.

You'll like it—*the way it is made by Allen A.*

**The reputation of Allen A is for *style that wears.***

Every Suit of Allen A Knit Underwear is *spring needle* knit. That is what gives it the stretch that comes back.




## The Allen A Company
Kenosha, Wisconsin

*Makers of Allen A Hosiery for All the Family*

# BY THE BOARD

(Continued from Page 7

When Mr. Jones appeared through a small side door I perceived him with a distinct sensation of pleasure, for I felt that he gave me an opportunity for self-assertion. Mr. Jones also was old. Though his hair was untouched by time, it was thin and lusterless. His figure was slight, and his face, which was pale, had a vague, peering look. He must have been under the ban of the old gentleman's displeasure, for he had a cigarette drooping from the corner of his mouth, the sight of which gave me an avid interest. Mr. Jones could talk without removing that cigarette. Its burning end would only move fitfully to the play of his lips, and gave his words an added emphasis. Nor was this all that I admired in Mr. Jones. In spite of his age, he was careful of his appearance.

His shoes, of a faultless polish, peeped out from pearl gray spats. The crease of his trousers was a perfect, even line. He wore a waistcoat with a pattern on it, and a tie with spots. He was an arresting and competent sight as he entered the customers' room with his noiseless, ambling tread and paused to stare dreamily at the numbers and the letters.

"Up two on Ontario," said the watcher by the ticker.

"Hurry it up, boy," said Mr. Jones.

Alive to my social obligations, I moved toward Mr. Jones, fixing my features with just the proper smile of condescension.

"Hi, Mr. Jones," I said.

"Hi," said Mr. Jones with a marked lack of enthusiasm.

Though it was not becoming of him to address me in such a manner, I strove to overlook it; and summoning what knowledge I had gained from our popular periodicals on the habits of the street, I went further with my remarks.

"How is the list reacting?" I inquired.

With cigarette hanging motionless and downward, Mr. Jones regarded me for a little time in his dim, vague way before replying.

"I don't know how you feel about it," said Mr. Jones, "but I should say they were moving."

I looked at the board with cold, judicial experience, and moved my cigarette toward the corner of my mouth.

"Yes," I said, "there certainly is a trend."

Mr. Jones contented himself with looking at me dimly again, and then up at the ceiling.

"Mr. Jones," I said, "I have a feeling that I should like to buy something. I—I shouldn't wonder if a little excitement would do me good."

Mr. Jones winked rapidly as though the smoke from his cigarette troubled his eyes, and started as though aroused from slumber.

"Do I understand you came here for that?" he inquired.

"Just thinking of it," I amended. "I happen to have some funds on hand."

"Look here," said Mr. Jones, seemingly stirred by some new thought, "does your father know you're in here?"

Had he said it gently, I should only have felt hurt; but Mr. Jones' voice broke the lull in a disconcerting way. Several old gentlemen turned languidly in their leather seats and regarded me with the same curiosity the Roman senators might have displayed toward the invading barbarians who once broke their meditation. I was disconcerted. I was even blushing, not from any gaucheness, but rather from sheer surprise. But I remembered to keep my poise, and even to administer deserved rebuke in a stately fashion. I removed my cigarette and expanded my chest.

"Mr. Jones," I inquired, "do you generally ask your clients if their fathers know they're here?"

I rather fancied my reply, as I fancied the way I said it; not blusteringly, but simply in cool, cynical amusement, as became a gentleman. Mr. Jones also removed his cigarette.

"I suppose he wants you to invest the family funds," he said in a colorless voice.

"Mr. Jones——" I began more sternly. Then I was forced to stop, for Mr. Jones had laid a hand on my shoulder.

"Come, come, my boy," said Mr. Jones. "I'm perfectly glad to have you here; but I'm busy—don't you see? And the board room isn't a place for a boy. If you stay around here long enough, and keep thinking about it, you may actually go and do something you'd hate yourself for afterwards. You might buy something on margin. You might get your head all full of fool ideas. Don't think I'm unpleasant. I only know your father wouldn't like it."

It was hard to do what my conscience dictated then; very hard to take a man's part, and to speak with suitable dignity while Mr. Jones patted me on the shoulder.

"You're wrong there, Mr. Jones," I answered. "It's just exactly what he would like."

Mr. Jones put his cigarette back in his mouth and blew a thin ribbon of smoke through his nostrils, and made a statement that I had heard before.

"I don't know what it is," he remarked dubiously; "but something's wrong with every one of 'em; some curious twist in civilization. They not only don't understand about anything but they don't want to understand it."

I heard a grunt at my elbow. Several more old gentlemen had ceased to look at the board, and were staring at me in its stead. One of them, particularly fat, with gold-rimmed spectacles and cigar ashes over his coat lapels, gave a short wheezy cough.

"What's the use in worrying," he said, "when everything's going to hell?"

"Look here, Mr. Jones," I began in a firmer manner; but Mr. Jones disregarded my interruption.

"Here you are," he said plaintively, "with a fresh complexion and a good digestion, with everything to make life pleasant; and yet you start right out to do something you'll be sorry for. Don't think I'm trying to stop you. I'm not trying to stop you for a minute. It merely puzzles me. What makes you want to gamble?"

"I'm not gambling," I said patiently. "I simply want to invest my money for a profit."

Mr. Jones sighed, and a slight contortion disturbed his pale, impassive countenance; but it quickly passed.

"Of course, you know best," he admitted more pleasantly. "I'm only here to execute all clients' orders. You said you wanted to invest?"

I replied in the only way compatible with honor and dignity.

"Yes," I said.

"Remember, I warned you not to," said Mr. Jones.

I nodded gravely, as I had sometimes seen the old gentleman. Now that I had taken my undaunted stand, I felt a sense of power, a feeling of full and poetic justification. I pulled my gray felt hat a trifle farther over my eyes. Mr. Jones produced a little pad of paper.

"Don't let my poor advice bother you any longer," he said. "What do you want to buy?"

Even while I sought a little desperately for an apt and fitting response, my answer came like a message from the clouds.

"A quarter more on Refining," came the voice from the ticker. "Pete up a quarter—up a half——"

"I—I guess I'll buy Pete," I said.

"Very well," said Mr. Jones. "How much?"

Despite my efforts to the contrary, my fingers were trembling as I adjusted my cigarette. Now that I was committed, I could feel the stupendousness of the thing I was about to do. Yet I never wavered.

"As much as I can," I answered bravely.

Mr. Jones' cigarette moved hastily.

"How much money have you got?" he inquired.

Though the romantic side of business was dominating my thoughts, I remembered the amenities of my position and strove to suppress a yawn.

"About five hundred dollars to begin with," I said; not loudly, but sufficiently clearly for everyone to hear. Mr. Jones puffed gently on his cigarette.

"Don't forget," he said, "I warned you."

"Mr. Jones," I remonstrated politely but firmly, "before I do anything, I think about it first."

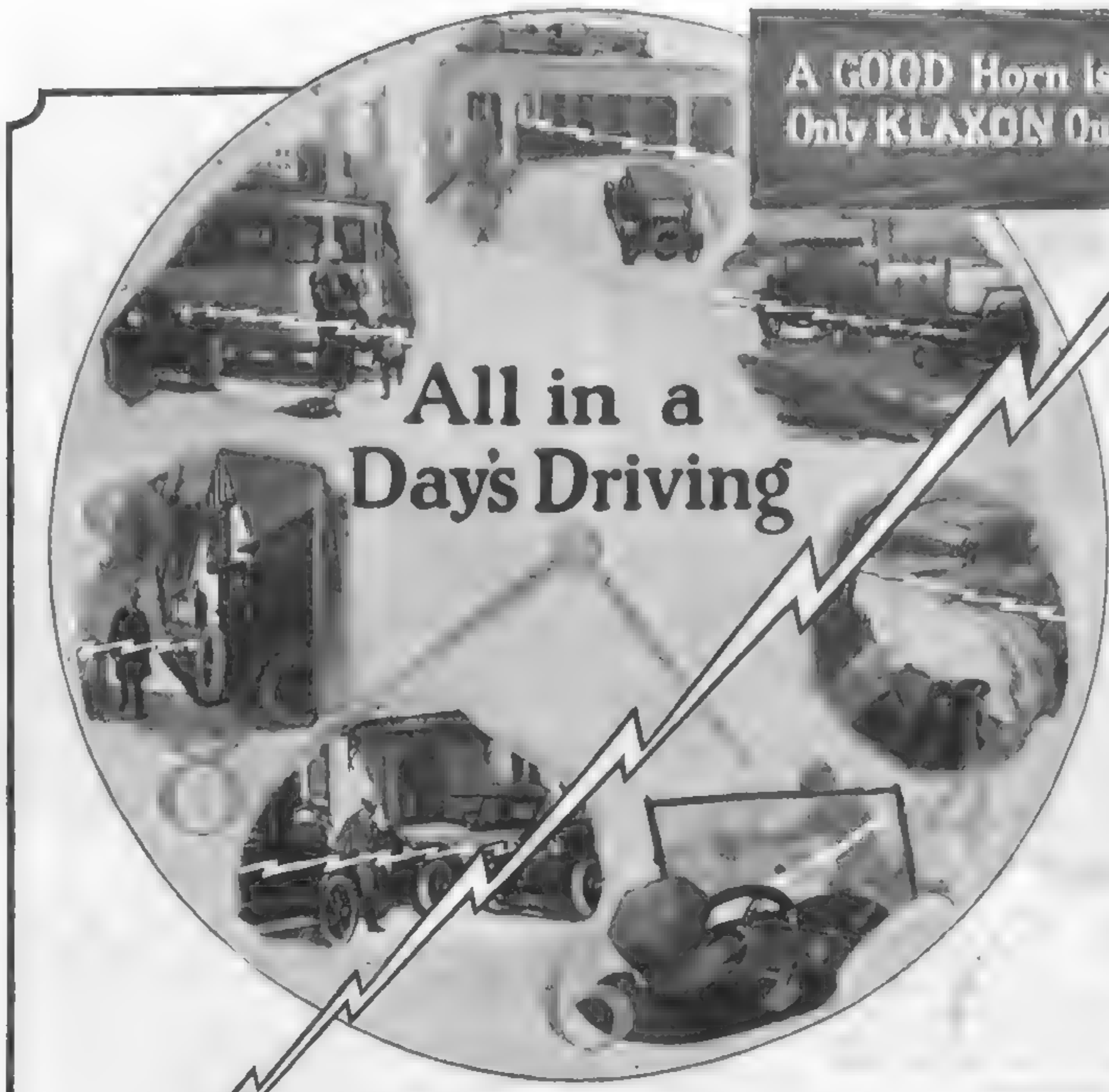
I could readily see that my remark showed me in a new light that visibly interested Mr. Jones.

"Now that's a useful thing to do," he said.

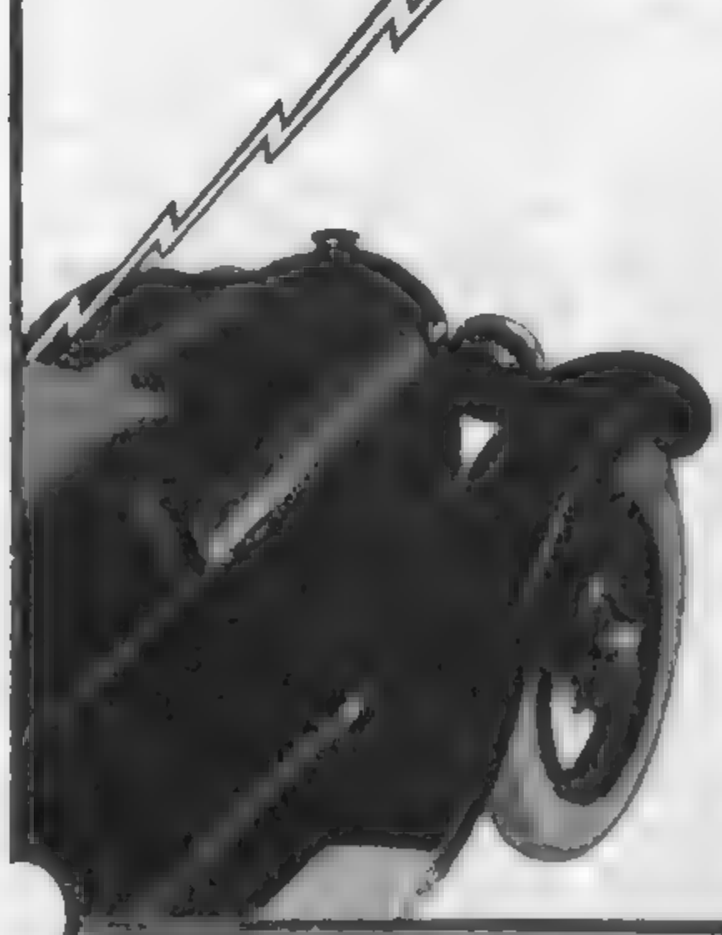
I disregarded his last observation with the cool good breeding which only can be assumed by youth and gentility.

(Continued on Page 58)

# A GOOD Horn is Safety Insurance
# Only KLAXON Quality is Good Enough



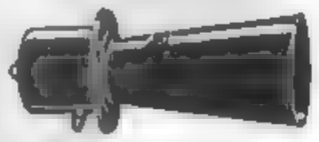
# All in a Day's Driving



Congested traffic—blind corners—thoughtless children—preoccupied pedestrians—all these multiply the dangers that confront every motorist every day.

From the time you leave home until you return, Klaxon is your most faithful guardian. Its powerful penetrating and unmistakable note of warning prevents accident and changes chance to safety.

When danger threatens, Klaxon always responds. Its complete dependability—and its unexcelled efficiency—are the direct result of superior quality. Only the best materials, the best workmanship and the most rigid tests can satisfy Klaxon standards.



**K 12 A**
**$10**

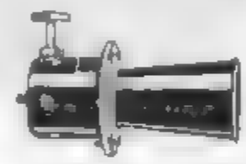
The 12-A Klaxon has a deep, powerful, unmistakable note. Klaxon quality is scrupulously maintained in this high-grade ball bearing model.

**K-8**
**$7.50**

A new ball bearing model, built on the same principles as the Klaxon 12-A. Sturdy, dependable, powerful—a quality horn.

**K-5**
**$5.50**

A small but powerful Klaxon, especially designed for Ford, Chevrolet, Maxwell, and other moderately priced cars. Although low in price, K 5 is a genuine Klaxon in tone and dependability.



**K 3 V**
**$5.00**

A hand Klaxon with a vertical push rod, as carefully made as electrical Klaxons. It has a genuine, powerful Klaxon note. Furnished with horizontal rod also.

***Other models***
***$4.75 to $30.00***

### *For Your Protection*

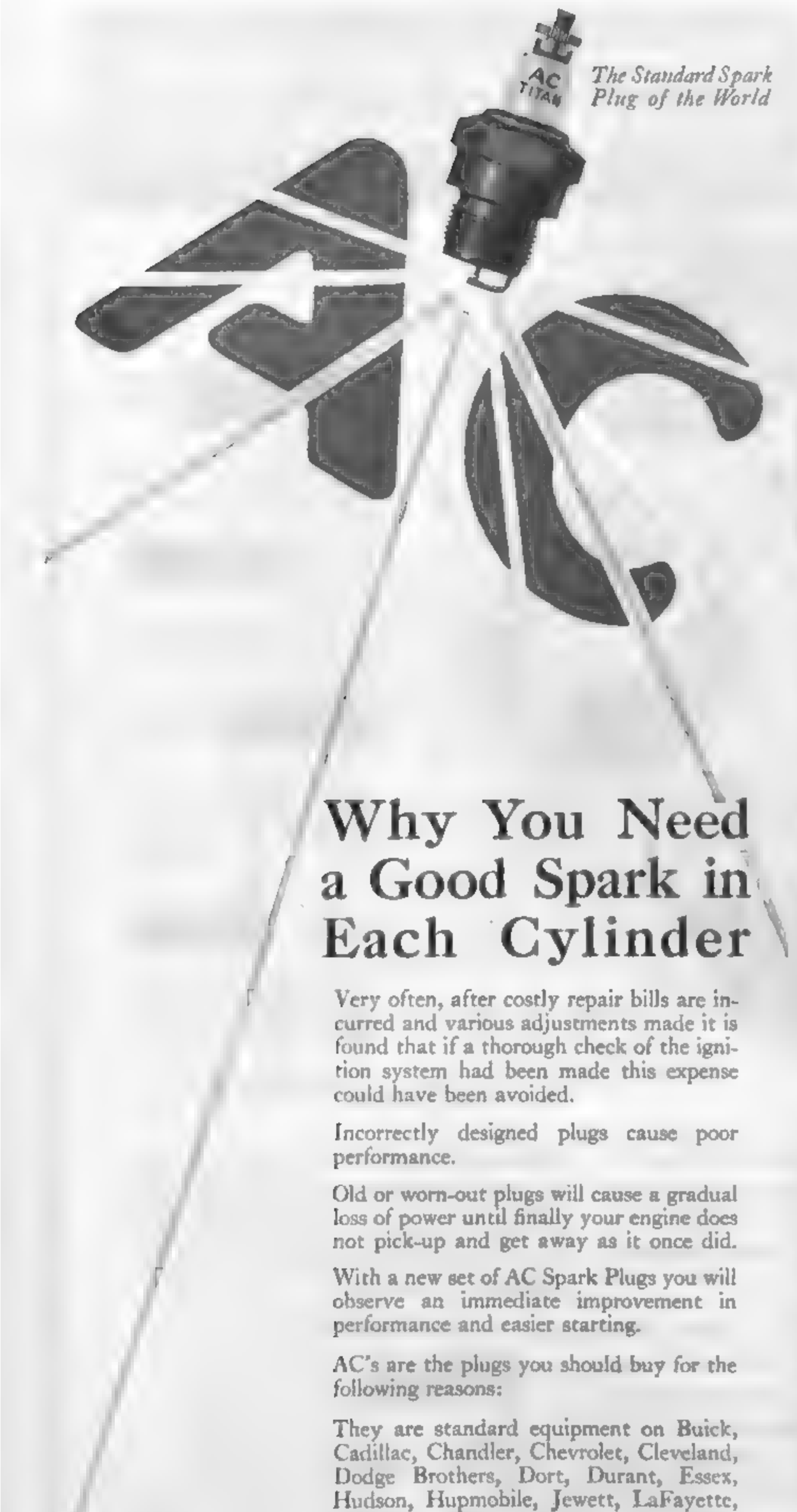
There is only one genuine Klaxon. You can identify it by the name plate shown above. To be sure you get the effective, individual Klaxon tone and Klaxon endurance insist on the Klaxon name plate.

Make your car *safe* today! Have your nearest dealer install a Klaxon horn at once! There is a type to fit your car—and the price is low.

*Genuine KLAXON Horns made only by*

# KLAXON

*Company Newark N.J.*




*The Standard Spark Plug of the World*

# Why You Need a Good Spark in Each Cylinder

Very often, after costly repair bills are incurred and various adjustments made it is found that if a thorough check of the ignition system had been made this expense could have been avoided.

Incorrectly designed plugs cause poor performance.

Old or worn-out plugs will cause a gradual loss of power until finally your engine does not pick-up and get away as it once did.

With a new set of AC Spark Plugs you will observe an immediate improvement in performance and easier starting.

AC's are the plugs you should buy for the following reasons:

They are standard equipment on Buick, Cadillac, Chandler, Chevrolet, Cleveland, Dodge Brothers, Dort, Durant, Essex, Hudson, Hupmobile, Jewett, LaFayette, Maxwell, Nash, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Overland, Paige, R & V Knight, Willys-Knight and more than three hundred others.

The racing drivers, speed-boat pilots and aviators also use AC's—the 1922 500-mile Indianapolis Race, the Gold Cup speed-boat event, the Pulitzer Trophy in aviation and most other contests were AC-equipped victories.

These experts use AC's because they have found them the best—for the same reason *you* will find AC's the safest plugs to use.

Ask your dealer for a set of AC's today—accept no other kind.

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915, U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending


*(Continued from Page 56)*

"How much of this—this thing that you call Pete can I buy? Please tell me quickly, Mr. Jones," I said.

"Margin?" Mr. Jones raised a pencil above his little pad, and only then did I give way to just indignation.

"Mr. Jones," I replied, "I can't be bothered by these details."

"Very well," said Mr. Jones. "Make out your check on the firm and I'll buy you fifty shares—only you'd better not."

My pocket check book made a crisp, clean noise as I opened it. The scrolls, the letters and the very color of the paper made a surpassing appeal to the sense. The clean scratching of my fountain pen over the smooth surface had the exhilaration of some martial music. A thought had struck me which was so magnificent that my voice grew husky.

"Fifty shares," I said. "Why, every time this—this thing goes up one dollar I make fifty dollars."

Mr. Jones was moving toward the window with the gold grating, expressionless and enigmatic. A head appeared behind the bars, and Mr. Jones pushed my check towards the head with a careless accuracy.

"You're right as far as you go," said Mr. Jones; "but why not go further?"

Nearly all the old gentlemen had turned around by now. I felt myself enmeshed in their dull, cold glances. My ardor cooled as it always did when confronted by listless age.

"Let us do another mathematical problem," suggested Mr. Jones. "You temporarily own fifty shares of this security; what will happen every time its value decreases one dollar?"

"But," I objected, "it can't do that, can it?"

"There's always the possibility," said Mr. Jones.

By some freak of aberration it had never occurred to me that matters might go in such a manner. The carpet felt less secure beneath my feet, but I knew full well it was too late to draw back.

"In that case," I replied, "I hope I can lose like a gentleman."

I hope my voice did not sound thin as I said it, for now in the moment of afterthought my hair became moist over my forehead and I strove to repress a slight tremor in my knees. Among other things I had not considered was what the old gentleman might say, and then my musings on the subject were not wholly pleasant.

I walked as carelessly as I might toward one of the leather armchairs. In front of me the board, with its curious devices, had become by some magic a living stage more full of suspense than a mystery melodrama. It made no difference that I did not know what it was all about. Now, at length, I could understand the main thing. The figures on the board not only went up but they also went down. On either side of me that row of ancient men sat immersed in smoke. It was natural that their capacity for emotion was dulled, yet still I envied their self-control. The man at the ticker still spoke in his clear, monotonous voice, and all the while the numbers were changing. My eyes were glued on a special device which Mr. Jones had shown me—PET COM 106. Suppose it should go to 105 or 104. I puffed so rapidly on my cigarette that the smoke became painfully hot. I heard a passionless voice beside me. Mr. Jones was standing at my elbow.

"Well," he said, "how do you like it?"

"Splendid!" I answered as firmly as I might.

"Well, well," said Mr. Jones. "Now you're going to have a still better time. Here comes a quotation."

But I scarcely heard him. That skillful attendant was moving to where my gaze was riveted. He was pulling at something in his belt. I could feel my heart beating high in my throat. His hand was moving toward PET COM. In spite of my best resolutions, I hitched forward hastily.

"Ah," said Mr. Jones, "how the money rolls in!"

The number on the board had changed—PET COM 106½. I became conscious of a smell of burning cloth and brushed hastily at my vest, where a portion of my cigarette had fallen. I was trembling in a most unexpected fashion, but nevertheless I was happy. Triumph, vindication! For the first time I was tasting their joys. Yet I knew enough to be magnanimous in my victories, and not to give way to my enthusiasms. I contented myself with looking up at Mr. Jones and smoothing my coat.

"Ah," said Mr. Jones, "here's another!"

For a second time I found myself leaning forward. I felt a bead of perspiration coursing toward my eye. When I strove to brush it away I discovered that both my hands were clasped tight together.

"Another half," said Mr. Jones.

And sure enough the number had changed PET COM 107.

As I had always fancied my judgment, now that my courage and acumen were bearing such ready fruit, I could hardly feel surprised. My instinct of fairness and dignity made me refrain from making obvious and pointed remarks to Mr. Jones. Instead I passed my handkerchief lightly over my forehead, which was unnaturally moist. Though a desire for further gain was exerting a venal influence, I overcame my inclinations, and modestly consulted the gold watch which my mother had given me that morning.

"Well," I said, "my sitting here won't make any difference, will it?"

"No," replied Mr. Jones; "none whatever."

"Then you can do without me while I get some lunch," I suggested.

"Yes," said Mr. Jones with sudden enthusiasm, "I certainly can."

### IV

I WAS frank to admit mistakes and to change my point of view. Until then I had felt that making money was a treadmill affair of monotonous routine, and now I was glad to admit my error. I was now able to sympathize with the life about me. Out in the street, girded by its wall of masonry and frowned on by barred windows, I could feel the urge of new hopes and aspirations. I filled my lungs with the cool air and strode forward with an elastic tread. I, too, was making money. Perhaps that very instant I was making more. I was independent. I was dealing with visions which were no longer vague. By the end of the day perhaps I might buy an automobile, a small automobile. How pleased and delighted everyone would be! In the meantime I stopped at a haberdasher's shop and bought a light, pliable cane with a place in its head for cigarettes and matches. Much as I had wished one I had never been able to buy a cane like that; and now, after half an hour's work, I could have purchased an even half dozen.

Once outside, while I was swinging my cane back and forth, the odor of food arrested me and reminded me that I still had my duties. The odor came from a cellar entrance with brass rails about the steps, and remembering that men of business always ate in cellars, I descended, not hastily but with the dignity of a man of property.

"Don't bother with the bill of fare," I said. "Just get me something quickly. I must hurry back to the office."

It was pleasing to be taken at my word. A moment later I was eating something which came from a brown dish. It was covered with a thick gravy, and I remembered it had carrots and other vegetables in it of an even taste. But it made no difference what I ate. Indeed, I scarcely noticed, for my mind was wandering far away to a personal Elysium of a hundred vistas. A vast, kindly spirit of charity made all things very pleasant, for I resolved not to be close with my money. I was not going to make only myself but all about me happy. I paid my bill and leaned back from my little table. I should do little things for everyone; thoughtful little things.

Even as I was thinking so, I saw my opportunity to begin, for right at the table in front of me I perceived the gentleman with the black mustache from whom my father had purchased the confectionery. His suitcase was close beside his chair and he was picking his teeth. Even this signal breach of breeding did not dampen my ardor then. Righteous resolve had given me a new strength which enabled me to rise above convention. I left my table promptly and nodded to him with genial patronage.

"Ha!" I said. It was evident that he did not place me, for he did not return my salutation. "Perhaps you don't remember me," I went on modestly.

Looking at me with the perennial dullness of aged men, he cleared his throat.

"Say, Jack," he responded in a voice that was still hoarse, "do I look like I was running the Boy Scouts?"

It was a blow that was hard to take calmly. My best resolves were almost

*(Continued on Page 60)*

# If the White House had been painted black

To the world at large the White House has always been a symbol of American thought and ideals; an expression of national character..... What then would have been the effect upon American life and international opinion had the White House been painted black?

BLACK is negative..... the shroud of mystery, deception and intrigue. White reflects purity, cleanliness and spirituality.

White enamel puts in the home those rare qualities vital to its wholesomeness and charm. Besides creating an atmosphere of order and refinement, it raises the degree of colors used in combination with it and increases their warmth and beauty.

Luxeberry White Enamel is the most striking achievement in the modern history of enamel-making. It is the purest white that has ever been developed and produces a mellow, hand-rubbed effect that endures indefinitely without discoloring, cracking or chipping.

*Luxeberry Painter*

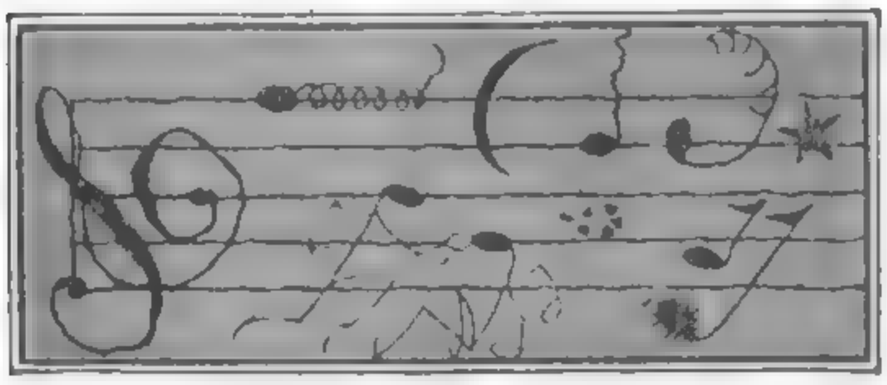
"Luxeberry Enamel is made in white and six mellow tones. It is the product of the makers of Liquid Granite Floor Varnish and Luxeberry Wood Finish, the original hard-oil varnish."

"Save the surface and you save all" - Anon

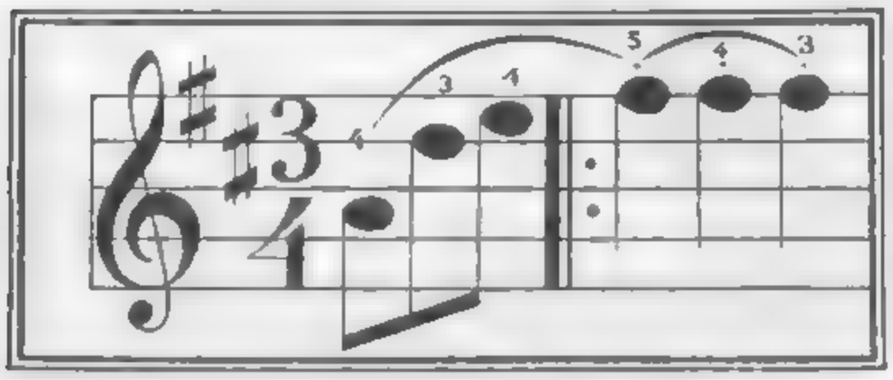
BERRY BROTHERS LTD.
Varnishes Enamels Stains
Detroit, Mich. Walkerville, Ont.

# Which are YOU Getting—

*this*—



*or this?*



If instead of clear musical tones, you're getting a blur of harsh noises from your radio, look to your B batteries.

For battery noises are the source of a great part of the interference commonly blamed on static.

Your B batteries, remember, are right in your phone circuit, and any disturbing internal battery action or external electrical leakage is instantly translated into noise.

Willard B Radio Batteries, being storage batteries, are not subject to such internal action as causes noise, and they are leak-proof.

These batteries—especially designed for radio—not only eliminate battery noises, but they also:

Increase volume of sound, bringing in stations that would not be heard with weaker batteries;

Work at full efficiency day after day with only occasional recharging;

Permit quick and easy adjustment to any desired voltage;

Make the inside of every cell visible at all times, glass tubes being used instead of rubber jars;

Provide rugged, burned-on connections between cells, with every connection in sight.

They give you all these and other advantages, too, at an actual saving of money, for their first cost is low; and once you own them, you're through buying batteries for a long time.

## You'll Want This Free Book!

The whole story of how to get greater satisfaction out of your set through improved battery performance is told in a book, "Better Results from Radio", which your Willard Service Station will be glad to give you, without charge—or you can get it direct from the Willard Storage Battery Company, 240 East 131st Street, Cleveland.

A

The Willard All Rubber Radio "A" Battery (6 volt) contains no wood Has rubber case, Threaded Rubber Insulation, extra heavy plates Lasts for years and holds its voltage eliminating frequent retuning Made in five sizes, 20 to 125 a h

B

The Willard Radio "B" Storage Battery (24 or 48 volt units) is made in two sizes, with capacities of 2,500 and 4,500 m a h respectively Designed by Willard for noise free operation, long life and economy Has Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation.

Ask your Willard dealer also to tell you about the complete line of Willard A and B Radio Storage Batteries, at a wide range of prices.

# Willard Storage Batteries for Radio


(Continued from Page 58)

shattered, but I restrained the full height of my indignation.

"Look here!" I demanded in a louder tone. "Is that the way you generally speak to a customer?"

My uncompromising front made a favorable impression, for he hastily set down his toothpick.

"Customer!" he exclaimed. "Say, kid, I don't sell soothing sirup."

"I know it," I answered. "I remember faces. Weren't you the man who came to my father's office to sell him some confectionery?"

He raised his hand in quick remonstrance, but he spoke in a more respectful fashion.

"Don't shout, friend," he said. "I can hear you perfectly now. Confectionery's the word."

I was glad I was not mistaken.

"Well," I said in the crisp tones of a man of business, "I should like to buy some."

The salesman uttered a low, emphatic expletive, emphatic but very respectful.

"Cripes!" he said. "Now what do you know! Kiddo, I gotta hand it to you. You sure are old for your age."

Pleased though I was at this artless compliment, I thought fit to let it pass. I merely nodded gravely and pulled down the front of my coat.

"What would you be wanting, now?" he continued politely. "Chocolate bonbons or peppermints? Say, wait a minute! I just got some taffy in today. How about a little taffy?"

"I think," I answered, "that I should like a little of each sent home."

"Why, sure!" he said genially. "I'll send a boy off with 'em now. About a quart of each, what?"

"About a quart?" I echoed wonderingly.

"I c'n let you have a case if you'd rather," he said, picking up his toothpick.

"A quart of each will be enough," I said. "Here, let me write you the address."

I was glad at last to meet the approval that was my due. He had risen from the table and had grasped me by the hand, and I returned the friendly pressure.

"Buddy," he said solemnly, "I certainly take off my hat to you. You and your family are the sort of folks it's a pleasure to deal with; the sort that makes business worth while."

I nodded to the waiter and pointed to my hat and cane.

"Come up to the office in half an hour," I said. "I'll pay you then. I—I haven't got much money left just now."

As I said it, I remember being faintly amused at the lack of small change in my pockets. I did not bother to ask the price, for money was a small affair just then. As I climbed up the steps to the sidewalk I was mentally making further expenditures, reveling in the boundlessness of possibility. Only a few hours ago I was dependent on my father's bounty, and now I was a man of affairs. I could not help visualizing how pleased he would be when I told him I was willing to give up my other ambitions. How comforting it would be for him to know definitely that I would finally come to help him, now that I took a vital interest in his work!

I could picture both of us in the morning after we had read the paper. We would walk together out the front door and into the limousine, unless I chose to go down in my own sedan. We would each light a mild cigar and chat pleasantly on national affairs as we bowled along the channels of commerce. I would leave him at the office door and retire to my private room, where I would touch the ivory button on my desk.

"Miss Niely," I would say, "if anyone comes to call, tell them I'm in conference. I have a busy morning."

Then, in the afternoon, having partaken of a quiet but appetizing lunch, better than the one I had just eaten, I would step out, probably to a motion picture, for I would not let work interfere with natural enjoyment.

In the midst of such pleasant thoughts as these I walked happily along, oblivious almost of my surroundings. It is a sad thing, but very true, that we are seldom happier than when we forget where we are, and wander engrossed in some thought. There is no need for the magic charms that flourished in medieval tales at a time like that; the way is pleasant beneath the feet, for the roughness of actuality is quite gone. I was very happy then under imagination's fair anæsthetic.

I was happy when I went up in the elevator. I was whistling as I entered the customers' room. Before bothering to look at the board I twirled my cane and gazed casually about. There was the same luxurious, restful atmosphere. I felt a growing desire to look at the board, but I knew the beauty of deferred pleasure. Mentally I began to calculate the possible amount of my gains. I found myself searching for Mr. Jones; but he had gone, probably into that little office of his with the narrow door. Not seeing him, my glance next came to rest on the rows of old gentlemen. Apparently they had not moved since my departure. Indeed, almost the only evidence of their activity was a greater distribution of cigar ash on the floor and on their coats. There was the same noise of the tickers, emphasized now and then by the same even voice. I was relieved that nothing had changed. Perhaps, as I look back upon it, a fear had been assailing me all the while.

I selected a vacant chair and leaned contentedly back. Then, as a gourmand should, I slowly and very deliberately raised my eyes to the board.

It is hard to grasp most calamities at first blush. In their enormity the staggered intellect cannot encompass their true proportion, and time alone can make us descry the dark outlines. I looked at the board, and the first impression I had was that my luncheon was sitting heavily on my stomach. The sight that met my eyes was too fantastic to be real. Dumb and speechless, I leaned forward in my seat. Everything around me, all sound and sight, was shut out but just one thing. I seemed to be alone in a deserted place, confronted by a single device, which seemed to grow larger as I looked—PET COM 102.

Even my voice seemed far away. I cleared my throat and tried to speak, but at first no words came.

"Mr. Jones!" I called at length. "Mr. Jones!" And even as I spoke a horrible thing happened. As though in answer to my call, I heard the cold voice by the ticker.

"Off another half," it said.

Again a hand, stern as fate, was moving upward towards the numbers. As I looked I found my voice again, and forgot etiquette and decorum. Before my very eyes the number had changed—PET COM 101½.

"Mr. Jones!" I called, and somehow my voice had lost its manly timbre. It broke and became a feeble, childish thing. "Mr. Jones!"

It seems strange that Ponce de Leon sought through all the resorts of Florida for the elixir of youth, when he had the nostrum close at hand. For I know full well now that there is nothing like catastrophe to remove the weight of years. In the first rush of panic I felt the cloak of manhood slip from my shoulders. My experience and poise all were gone. I had hardly the fortitude to rail at misfortune when Mr. Jones arrived.

"Mr. Jones," I said, "there must be something wrong. It—it can't be going down like that."

Mr. Jones was more deeply moved than I had ever seen him. He did not speak for a moment, but only shook his head.

"I thought I knew a little about these things; but I guess you never can tell," he said sadly. "I hope you don't think I let you in on purpose. I meant to sell when it dropped a point and just let you burn your fingers, but ——"

He tossed his cigarette nervously on the floor.

"Look here!" he added. "We all of us have to get kicked, and I guess this time it's your turn on the receiving end. I knew it was jumping around, but I never believed it would act this way. Just as soon as it went down a point I put in an order to sell at the market; but it didn't get executed till it went down five points. You're out two hundred and fifty dollars and commission; but we'll let the commission go, because it was my fault for letting you do it."

My mouth was dry. In the pit of my stomach was the feeling one has when standing in a descending elevator.

"You don't hold it up against me?" asked Mr. Jones. "Honestly, I never thought it would come as heavy as this."

I shook my head, for my voice was choked.

"And it might have been worse," continued Mr. Jones. "Look at it now, and let it be a lesson to you! Bet on the races if you want to, but let the stock market alone."

I felt a heavy hand on my knee. I began to hear the noises in the room more clearly.

(Continued on Page 62)

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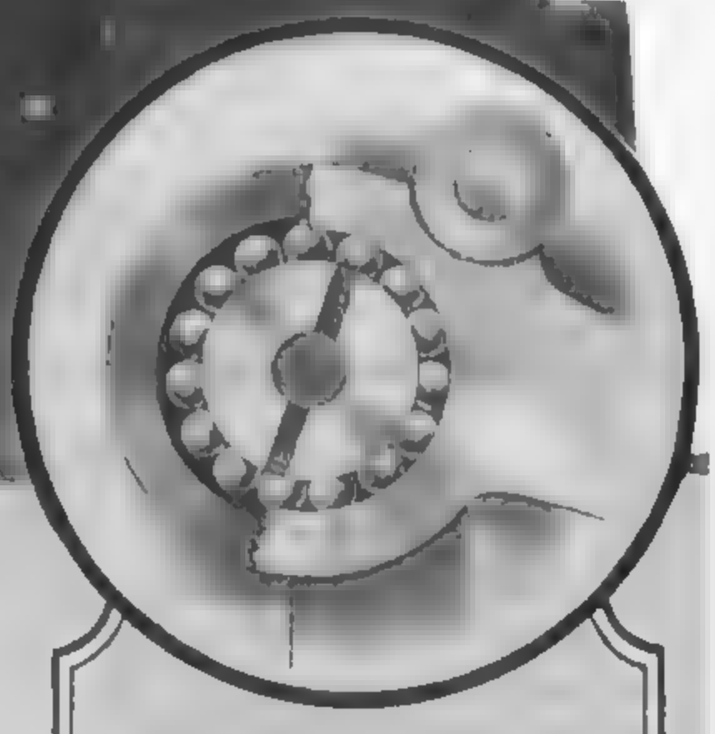

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# Diamond TIRES


*(Continued from Page 60)*

the tapping of the tickers, the monotonous recording voice. I looked up to perceive that the corpulent old gentleman with the gold-rimmed spectacles, more covered with cigar ash than before, had hitched his chair towards mine.

"Boy," he said, "just remember one thing more: No matter what you do, it's always wrong. No matter what you do, everything's going to hell."

I nodded again, struck by the sad wisdom of his speech.

"If you don't believe it," he said, "just read Ecclesiastes."

I tugged at my handkerchief and hastily blew my nose. Then I stood up and straightened my hat.

"I guess," I said to Mr. Jones, "that maybe I'd better be going."

"Some day," said Mr. Jones, and he said it without a trace of boredom or condescension, "you're going to be a man. Here, have a cigarette."

V

FOR a last time I looked about the room. The room itself seemed to have grown weary with the exigencies of the day. Bits of torn-up paper were strewn about the rug. Here and there cigar stumps lay among them, like the débris of a battlefield. The smoke was thicker. The air was quite close and hot. In some way it reminded me of a table at home, with its cards and ash trays, after the old gentleman had finished an evening of poker. Mr. Jones, returning from the little gold-grated window, handed me a check and I prepared to take my leave.

I had even turned toward the door of that dread place when I stopped. In the doorway, tall and gaunt, his felt hat tipped to the back of his head and his overcoat over his arm, was the old gentleman. My heart gave a violent leap. The old gentleman was striding towards me, fixing me with an unwinking gaze.

"Hubert," he said in a clear, ringing voice, "what the devil are you doing here?"

At another time I might have faced the storm unflinchingly, and even with a debonair coolness; but the weight of my misfortune was heavy on me then; I had no desire to reason with blind bigotry.

"Father," I said, "don't you see I'm trying to lose like a gentleman?"

The old gentleman threw his coat upon a vacant chair and took a step nearer.

"Do you mean to tell me," he roared, "you've been gambling already?"

Though I knew that remonstrance was of no avail, nevertheless I spoke.

"I—I didn't know," I said; "I didn't know they'd go down. I thought they always went up, like the ones I read about."

The old gentleman pounded his fist upon a near-by table and looked at the smoke cloud near the ceiling.

"What good does it do to talk?" he said. "What's the use of setting an example? I might have known before I started that I'd waste a busy morning. I might have known you'd be like the rest of them and not give a damn for advice. I never made a fool of myself like that. It's what I've said before. There's something wrong with the whole generation."

I stood listlessly, dangling my cane, which had dropped in my estimation from a badge of distinction to an unnecessary appendage. The old gentleman still impaled me with his unwinking gaze, and I knew that anything might happen then. I was beyond resistance. I hardly started when he made a gesture of righteous wrath.

"And right here in the office," he continued. "Couldn't you at least go away? How can I keep up discipline when my own son sets the example of being a fool? . . . Jones!"

Mr. Jones, who had dropped discreetly into the background, approached slowly, while his cigarette drooped at a mournful angle.

"Look here, Jones!" demanded the old gentleman. "I didn't expect this of you! What the devil did you let him do it for?"

Mr. Jones seemed inured to times of stress. He only looked dimly at the old gentleman and sadly shook his head.

"I warned him," he remonstrated.

"And what the devil good does it do to warn anyone? See here, Jones ——"

Mr. Jones sighed.

"It didn't do any good," he interjected sadly. "I think ——" He paused as though immersed in melancholy.

"Go on!" snapped the old gentleman. "I suppose you think it is funny to see my money waste away. What do you think?"

"I think it runs in the family," sighed Mr. Jones. "He had the same light of unreason in his eyes. I know that warning doesn't do any good. You couldn't have stopped him with a hand grenade."

My collar was a limp and wetted thing, as sagging as my spirits. As always when the fire of my enthusiasm died down, I was left in the position of being misunderstood. In my mind again came the vision of the cigarette hurtling to extinction in the brazen mouth of antiquity.

"Sir," I began with what dignity I could muster, "would you mind listening if I said a few words?"

"That's it!" groaned the old gentleman. "They always want to talk! They always know everything! Hasn't anyone any common sense?"

"But I only did what you advised me," I persisted. "And how did I know the price of things went down? Nothing else I ever bought did."

"Advised you!" snorted the old gentleman, and paused. "By Bacchus!" he added more plaintively. "Why is it, whenever I talk to you I feel we both are crazy?"

"But you wanted me to work," I persisted. Self-pity momentarily choked my voice. "Haven't I been working?" I ended.

The old gentleman thrust his jaw farther forward.

"If you say another word," he remarked icily, "I shan't be responsible. That's what comes of boarding schools and all these expensive doodads. Would you call it working if I came in here and gambled? Would you call it working if I had so little self-control that I risked my money on the twist of a ticker? Is that what you think I do here? Do you think I have so little sense of responsibility? Have I ever told you that I did anything like that? But I give it up. What good is it to set you an example? Now be quiet! . . . Jones!"

From previous experience I knew his stubborn capacity at a time like this. As I watched him I forgot my public disgrace in my wonder at his rising anger.

"How much did he lose, Jones?" he asked with a terrible repression.

"Two hundred and fifty or thereabouts," said Mr. Jones. "I tried to stop it, but I couldn't."

"Two hundred and fifty dollars!" The old gentleman's voice had changed from wrath to wonder. "In two hours? What's been happening? How did he do it?"

Silently Mr. Jones pointed at the board. The old gentleman turned to follow his explanation. Until then I had not realized the extent of my misfortune; but now his icy politeness told me of an unpleasant and fateful time to come. Cold and miserable, without support or even sympathy, I quailed. In those seconds of panic I even began to perceive that I had not acted wisely.

"Father ——" I began; but the old gentleman did not heed me. He was fumbling in his waistcoat pocket. He was drawing forth a pair of spectacles.

"Damn it!" he exclaimed. "The boy's put up the number wrong!"

He was pointing towards the same fateful device—PET COM 101½.

Mr. Jones puffed mournfully on his cigarette.

"It's right," he said; "right as rain."

Age appeared to have impaired the old gentleman's faculties of comprehension. Slowly he raised one of his hands, clapped it on the back of his head and stood so for a second, rigid and motionless.

"You mean it dropped like that and you didn't tell me?" he inquired.

"You were in conference," said Mr. Jones. "I tried five times to get word to you and Miss Niely wouldn't let me."

The old gentleman turned from the board. He seemed somehow changed. The outward thrust was gone from his jaw. The wrinkles about his eyes were deeper, and he said something which, under the circumstances, seemed strange and contradictory.

"I knew it!" he said. "That's what comes of all this confounded efficiency!"

With an agility that belied his years, he had sprung to the little grated window and was speaking to the head that appeared there, in a low and rapid voice. He seemed to have forgotten me when he returned, and the thread of his discourse had escaped his mind. Instead he was whistling a tune through his teeth.

"It might have been worse," said Mr. Jones. "You might have lost ——"

*(Continued on Page 65)*

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STREETLINE SHIRTS

(Continued from Page 62)

"Jones," said the old gentleman, "it's all my fault, I suppose, though I hate to say it; and I guess ——"

He paused and looked at me; and from stern displeasure, his expression had become weary and quite gentle.

"I guess there's no fool like an old fool," he concluded. "This ought to be another lesson for you. I hope so. It cost enough."

"But, father," I said, "I'm afraid I don't understand. I I guess I don't know as much as I thought I did."

But he was in one of those baffling, enigmatic moods that sometimes attack the old.

"In that case," he said more cheerfully, "it's all the better. . . . What is it, Miss Niely?"

Calm and austere, Miss Niely was standing before us.

"It's the same gentleman," said Miss Niely. "He wants thirty-six dollars for candy."

"Tell him to go to the devil," said my father curtly. "I've paid him already; and tell him the taffy was rotten."

"It's the young gentleman who bought it," said Miss Niely.

My father gave a slight nervous jump, as though a door had slammed behind him. I thought he was going to make some remark on my extravagance, but he did not. Instead he pulled a cigar from his vest pocket and bit off the end. Somehow, in those last few seconds the gap of years that separated us formerly had become subtly narrowed. We were no longer speaking set parts, but words that both of us meant. If I had wished I could have reached across the abyss and touched him then. There seemed to be something fresh, naïve and ingratiating, which, after long years of submergence, had once more come to light. It even seemed to me as he lighted his cigar that his great age did not rest upon him as heavily as it had, and that he had risen for a time above senility and decrepitude.

"Where have you got it, Hubert?" he asked at length.

Glad to note the softening of his mood, from whatever inexplicable cause it came, I hastily explained.

"I didn't know it would be so much," I said; "but I thought mother and the girls might like it."

"My God!" murmured the old gentleman.

"So I had it sent along home. It's on the way now," I concluded.

"You mean you thought it was candy?" asked the old gentleman.

"He said it was!" I cried, astonished.

Somehow—I could never understand why—the gap between us had widened again. The dull stamp of age was back upon his features. It had only been a fitful flicker, after all—that faint display of kindly humanity. Once more he had fallen back among the dull and the misguided. For some reason a wave of regret was surging over me. The old gentleman, his face lined with inscrutable dullness, was reaching for his coat.

"Hubert," he was saying, "I think we had better be going."

"You're not going now?" I asked, still puzzled.

The old gentleman fixed Mr. Jones with a level, expressionless gaze.

"Yes," he said, "I've had a hard day, Hubert; a day of work and strain. If anyone wants me, Miss Niely, tell them I'm out of town. Come, Hubert."

"But, father," I asked, "where are you going?"

As I spoke I followed him toward the door, whither he was going with an unusually sprightly step.

"Home," said the old gentleman. "I think ——"

He paused in a baffling way, coughed slightly and rubbed his chin. "—— I think we'd better get there before the candy comes. And, Hubert ——"

Again I was speaking in set and dutiful lines.

"Yes, sir," I said brightly.

"—— I hope you'll remember everything I told you," concluded the old gentleman. "Look here! What's the matter?"

For it was only then that I understood the enormity of my blunder. We were standing in front of the messengers' bench. The lady at the switchboard was looking at me, but even with such incentives as these I could not restrain the blush of shame which mounted upward from my neck. It was not so much my temporary lapse from universal knowledge which distressed me, as my knowledge that he thought I could be capable of such abysmal ignorance.

"Father," I began falteringly, "I—I'm awfully sorry."

"That's quite all right, Hubert." The kindly patronage of his voice gave my cheek a still redder hue. "Thank heaven you're still very young."

"I ought to have thought," I continued feebly. "I don't know what was the matter with me not to see he was a bootlegger!"

Though my apology seemed magnanimous, the old gentleman did not take it as graciously as good manners dictated. For a second he had the furtive look of one who has forgotten something that he wanted most, and he made a helpless clutching gesture at the air.

"What's the use?" he murmured vaguely. "What's the use?"

"It would have been better if you'd only been frank with me, father," I said mildly, for I had not the heart to be severe with him then. "How was I to know that anyone as old as you knew about things like that?"

But the old gentleman did not appear to hear, for, with the single-mindedness of age, he was engrossed in the tardiness of the service of the building, and was pressing the mother-of-pearl button for the elevator with a savage and concentrated vigor.

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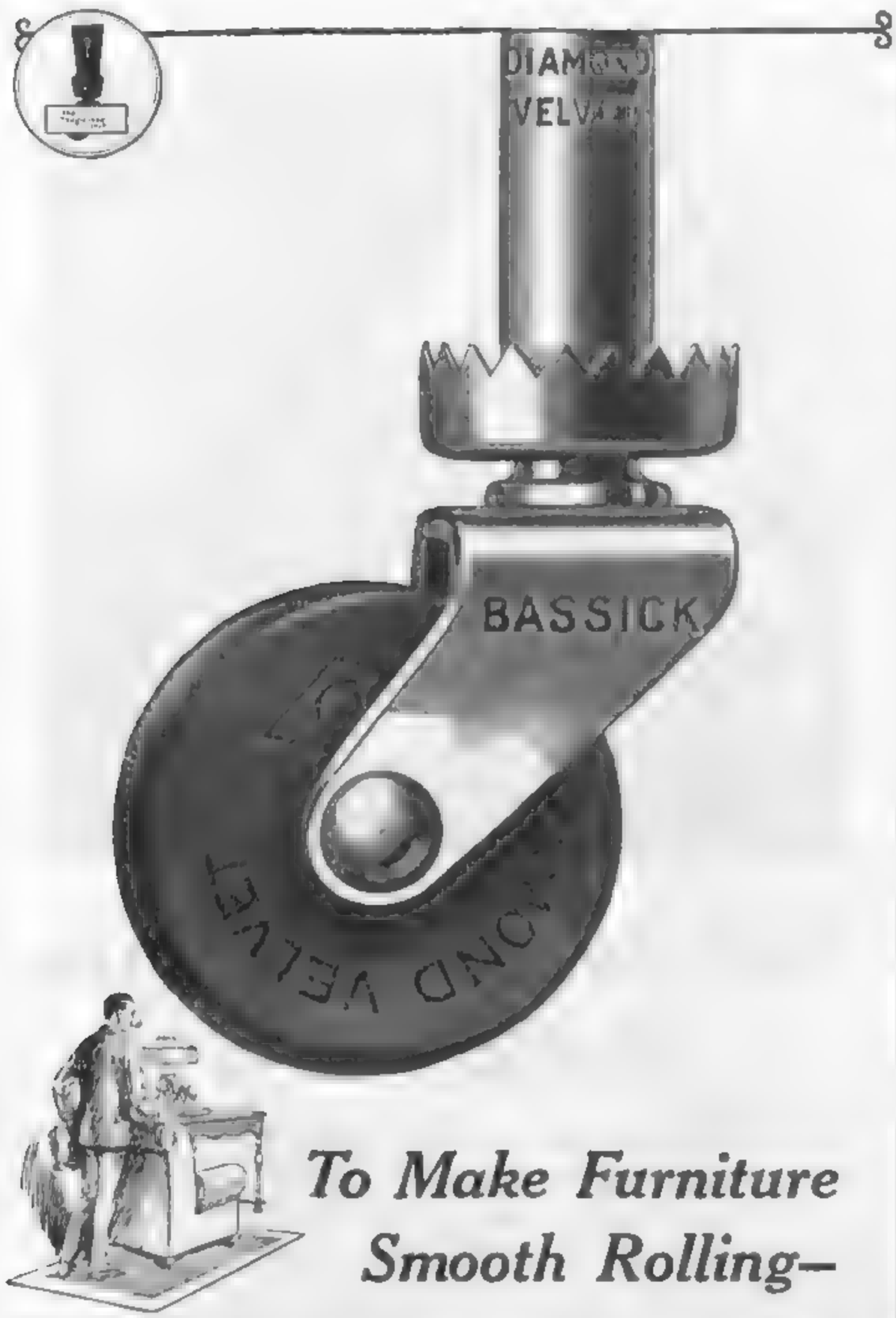


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# Where Have the Miners Gone?—By Albert W. Atwood

ONE of the worst features of the Western mining camps, even the most settled and established, is the mania for stock speculation that seizes them from time to time. Residents of these places, like other people, usually find distant pastures the greenest. Although intensely interested in copper shares during periods of high prices and active speculation, the miners and other residents do not as a rule buy stocks of the big companies for which they work, and which have real worth, but dabble in a lot of cheap stuff which they know little about.

It is true that the two richest companies in the Southwest are pretty much closed affairs. The Phelps-Dodge Corporation has half a dozen of the largest properties in New Mexico, Mexico and Arizona, and is the largest producer of that region. Its stock has long been listed on the New York Stock Exchange, but has usually been high-priced, inactive and with a large part owned by a few wealthy New York families, such as the Dodges, Jameses and Osbornes. It is somehow too respectable, too sedate, to appeal to speculators. The other rich company, the United Verde, is owned by ex-Senator William A. Clark.

Other big and profitable companies whose shares are listed are the Calumet and Arizona, Inspiration, Miami, Ray and Chino, and most of these have a very large number of owners, with frequent periods of great activity in the markets. But only relatively few of the shareholders live in the Southwest. What the resident of a mining district or region wants is not something which has already made good; he wants to get in on the ground floor, and usually, of course, he gets stung.

"People out here lost just as often in mining shares as the Eastern suckers," said a bank officer near a mining district. "Our folks will buy anything in the way of a new mine. Yet everyone knows there are only about half a dozen big groups that really amount to anything in the way of producing metal, or which have any large resources or knowledge. Of course, these people in the mining districts think they know all about mining stocks; but they lose exactly the same as if they lived thousands of miles away."

The United Verde Extension, the newest of the rich mines, seems to be the one conspicuous case of pretty nearly everybody winning. This mine, which adjoins ex-Senator Clark's United Verde, was taken up in the war boom of 1916–17 by James S. Douglas, a son of Dr. James Douglas, for many years president of the Phelps-Dodge Corporation, and whose other son, Walter Douglas, is now president of the same company. James S., or Jimmy, as everybody in the Southwest calls him, has not, however, been identified with the Phelps-Dodge interests. He went West as a very young man or boy, and tried his hand at a great many different occupations.

### Where Everybody Won

Although he inherited a fortune from his father, and married into another family of wealth, he engaged in all manner of hard manual work, and numbers among his friends a perfect host of old prospectors, stage drivers, cow-punchers and other Western men. Within a very few years after his purchase of the United Verde Extension mine it proved to be a bonanza, with an extraordinary and extravagant richness of ore, although perhaps not so large a mine as the other big ones. With inherited wealth, wealth through marriage and another fortune through his lucky strike, he became the richest man probably in the Southwest; that is, the richest who actually lives there, his distinction being that he did not straightway move to New York when he struck ore, as most of them do.

Report has it that Douglas did not know he had a good mine at first, when its stock was valued around twenty-five and fifty cents a share; but as it gradually moved up to two and three dollars, then to six and seven dollars, and then to twenty dollars, he was thoroughly aware that he had struck it rich. But the interesting part of the story—and this is fact, not mere rumor—is that as the stock moved up and Douglas and his immediate associates realized what a fortune they had more or less stumbled into, Douglas induced all his Western friends, the penniless multitude whom he had met in his wanderings, to buy the stock.

Meeting some down-and-out, perhaps disreputable character, Douglas would quietly nudge him in the elbow and casually remark, "I think we've got a pretty good mine. You ought to buy some stock."

It is said that in many instances where these acquaintances of Douglas did not have the means to buy even a few shares, he would tell them their credit was good at a certain bank, naming one in which he was financially interested.

In any case, thousands of people got aboard Extension for a ride anywhere from a dollar or two up to twenty dollars, and naturally were glad when it went to fifty dollars. They have been glad also at its fecund dividend record in the somewhat lean years that followed. Apparently there seem to be numbers of well-authenticated cases of people in very humble circumstances in life making fortunes of from $50,000 to $100,000 in this stock. There is no doubt also that large sums were made in a somewhat similar way in the early days of the New Cornelia Copper Company, which is now part of the Calumet and Arizona.

### The Miners' Investments

A careful local observer said he could not decide whether the people of the Southwest had been more helped during the depression by the good mining securities they owned or hurt by the losses sustained on poor ones. Very large sums were taken out of New Mexico and Arizona by the oil boom in Texas, the losses apparently far exceeding the winnings. On the day the Victory Loan was to be put over the local manager for the campaign in one mining town was dismayed to see at seven o'clock in the morning a line of people forming in front of a brokerage office waiting for it to open to buy oil stocks.

Although I visited the mining camps toward the end of the worst depression in their history, brokerage offices were in plain evidence in all the larger places. In one such place it was said that a single brokerage office was carrying $15,000 of margins for Slavonian miners alone. I met the members of a miners' committee, some seven or eight men, of distinctly superior type, yet all actually manual workers on day wages, except perhaps one, and learned afterwards that at least three of them had stock-market commitments.

"I ascribe much of the restlessness among miners," said one company manager, "to the poor investments they make. The thrifty fellows save a few hundred dollars and then put it into wildcat stock. They lose, of course, and blame Wall Street and the capitalist interests, although the crooks who sold the stock have no more connection with Wall Street and the capitalists than have the miners themselves."

Comparatively little has been done by the big copper companies themselves to interest the rank-and-file workers in the shares of their own companies. It must not be supposed, however, that all miners are thriftless or poor investors, although as a class their reputation as savers is not high.

A banker in a mining camp said his savings deposits, which had been up to $2,000,000 during the boom and were at $1,000,000 in October or November of last year, contained 900 separate accounts, three-quarters of which were those of working people. He estimated the total number of savings deposits in the district, which contains 16,000 people, at about 2500.

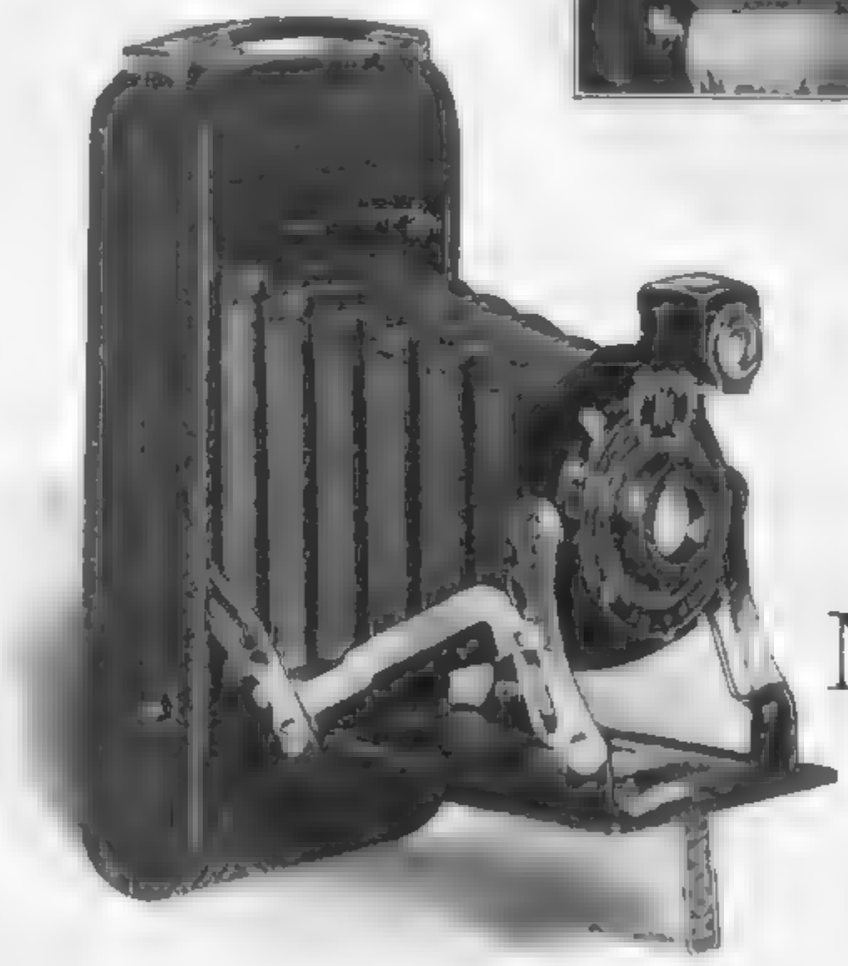
It was refreshing to notice in this mining camp the vigor and directness of the bank advertising. One bank had this brief notice in large type in the leading local paper: "Do not count on your children or your relatives taking care of you when you become old. Good hard cash in the bank will prove your best friend in time of need, so far as material things go."

"We cannot go too strong on bank advertising in this part of the country," said one of the officers. "We have had plenty of proof that a few hundred dollars means

(Continued on Page 69)

*The sharp-cutting qualities of the Kodak Anastigmat lens result in negatives that yield splendid enlargements.*

Enlarged from negative made with No. 1 Pocket Kodak, Series II, equipped with Kodak Anastigmat lens *f*.7.7.



Made with No. 1 Pocket Kodak, Series II, Kodak' Anastigmat lens *f*. 7.7. Actual size.

# No. 1 Pocket KODAK, Series II

**with Kodak Anastigmat lens *f*.7.7**

LARGE pictures from a small camera are easily possible when the equipment used for the original exposure produces clean-cut negatives.

No. 1 Pocket Kodak, Series II, focusing model, with its Kodak Anastigmat lens *f*.7.7, gives negatives that "enlarge up" beautifully.

This camera is the latest Kodak model and has several interesting features besides its famous lens. The self-erecting front throws the lens in position as the bed is dropped, and the focus is secured by merely turning the lens flange. The No. 1 Pocket is autographic, of course, with the new, counter-sunk slot, and has shutter speed controls of 1/25, 1/50 and 1/100 of a second as well as time and bulb actions.

*Pictures 2¼x3¼. Price $20.*

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

# Auto-Lite

*Starting, Lighting & Ignition*

DISCRIMINATING buyers inquire carefully into the starting, lighting and ignition equipment of cars they consider for purchase. They know that upon this feature depend, in appreciable measure, ease of upkeep and the pleasure of driving.

They are satisfied with Auto-Lite electrical equipment. This is evidenced by the fact that those makes of automobiles which showed the largest percentage of sales increase during 1922, were equipped with Auto-Lite systems. Auto-Lite is established in public favor.

## The Electric Auto-Lite Company

Offices and Works: Toledo, Ohio
Detroit Sales Office: 1309 Kresge Bldg.

(Continued from Page 66)

everything. We have a number of miners who run their savings up to four, five and even six or seven thousand dollars. The most notable example is that of a local miner who had wonderful health and strength up to sixty. In fact he was known to the entire community because he went all winter with an open shirt front, and his nickname indicated his remarkable vitality.

"When he was about sixty years old he had an awful boil on his neck which laid him up for a month in the hospital. Then he developed kidney trouble and had to go away to a sanatorium, where he was obliged to stay much longer than he had expected. He used up his savings deposits and had to telegraph us to sell some of his Liberty Bonds. But he had more than enough to see him through, and with the best of medical treatment he finally improved. Now he is pensioned off by the company and is fairly well again. After following that case I don't need any more arguments for thrift."

One manifest feature of mining in the Southwest, and presumably it is equally true of other parts of the Far West, is the opportunity to get ahead in the world which the worker, in the past at least, has enjoyed; although this perhaps is less distinctly characteristic of mining than of the West itself. Most of us think of coal mining as an occupation from which there is no relief, as if the men in it were destined to hard, dangerous work all their lives. But whether this is true of coal mining or not, it certainly has not been the case with copper mining in a region where rapid development was going on.

In one of the mining camps a prosperous business man invited me home to the evening meal. His residence was very pleasant and comfortable, and his wife and children most agreeable. In the course of the evening a fine-looking, polished gentleman dropped in and proved to be a leading attorney in those parts. Previously my host had mentioned in the most casual way that his first work as a young man had been mucking in a copper mine. When the caller learned of my interest in the local industry he told his own story somewhat as follows:

"I was born on a Nebraska farm and came West as a boy in 1895. I landed in a town in the territory with only $1.25, but soon saw a sign saying that in a near-by mining camp a man was wanted to run a miners' boarding house. I applied for the job, and when asked what experience I had had, replied that my father had run a hotel in Nebraska. This was a lie, but I got the job. Everything went well until the waitresses struck and I had to wait on table. One morning the mine superintendent said he didn't like his eggs.

"'I didn't cook 'em,' I said.

"'Take 'em back, anyway. I don't care who cooked 'em,' he shouted.

"Instead I slammed the eggs on the superintendent's bald head and walked out. I walked for several days, and then managed to steal a ride on a freight. The brakeman threw me off and I broke my leg. But some Mexicans took me to the nearest town and after a while I went to work in one of the big mines. All went well until one night I was ordered to clean out a shoot. It was a one-man job, and I was alone. At one end of the shoot a man had fallen down and been killed the day before, and at the other end a few days earlier a miner had sat on a keg of dynamite and all they could find of him was one ear."

### *From Ghost to Ghost—and Back*

"I had to push the waste from one end to the other in a hand car, and instead of walking I ran, because I saw a ghost at each end; and each trip I ran from the arms of one ghost to those of the other. One of the ghosts was my imagination and the other proved a little later to be an upright timber with a white deposit on it. But I finished eight hours' work in two hours, and the foreman couldn't understand it. The next day I quit the district for another mining camp, where I had two ribs loosened in an explosion. By that time, however, I had saved up enough money to go to high school and the university, and I became a lawyer."

A few days later the writer, in speaking to a group of business men in one of the larger Southwestern cities, repeated this incident and remarked that any part of the world should be envious of the West as long as such opportunities for promotion existed. I noticed a man in the front row who appeared to be listening intently, and upon later inquiry discovered he was the general manager of one of the most important mines in the country and had himself started as a mucker.

As in other industries, there appears to be no other road to the higher positions in the mining companies. Men rise from the ranks of manual labor, from the staff of college-trained engineers and through clerkships in the office. Many engineers do not feel that the mining companies have treated the members of their great profession fairly; but into this highly controversial and delicate subject I do not propose to enter, except to say that mere technical engineering training in this country today is decidedly cheap. It is perfectly obvious that an engineer cannot get ahead in managerial or administrative work unless he has business instincts and ability to handle men, no matter how well he stood in college in higher-plane curves or differential equations.

### *The Rough Stuff is Passing*

All the managers and superintendents to whom I talked emphasized the difficulty of finding men capable of becoming shift bosses, foremen and general foremen. All insisted that nowhere is there greater opportunity for ultimate promotion than in the mines themselves for the ambitious young fellow who has at least a high-school training, but is willing to sacrifice for a few years the dignity of a white-collar job and perform very strenuous and dirty manual work.

I heard a great deal about copper miners being rough, tough fellows, and preferring equally violent bosses. In all business and industrial relations straightforward, direct treatment, strict discipline and a minimum of hot air are desirable; but that the miner is so much rougher and tougher than other manual workers, or that his foremen, superintendents and managers need to be brutes is in the main pure bunk.

With many mining districts evolving from rude frontier camps to modern cities containing all the comforts and conveniences of life, and with the industry itself passing from the hands of the prospecting adventurer to that of the great capitalistic corporation, it is difficult to see how hard-boiled, rawhide methods can continue. Indeed, one of the best-known managers, a fine chap who manages a very large and rich mine, made this statement:

"We realize that we have been unpopular in the past. We have had strikes, wobblies and all kinds of trouble. We refuse to kid ourselves into believing that all our policies were right. We believe the first thing is to get bosses to treat men right, and the second thing is to find a simple method of settling grievances. We have just as many meetings as we can of all our bosses, and insist upon their knowing their men. The only way of getting along with men is to go around and talk to them, to know their names.

"We try to get the bosses to treat men the way they would like us to treat them. They must never be easy, for that means the men will take advantage of them. But the day of bulldozing has passed. Men must be treated like human beings.

"Our policy is to find as large ore reserves as possible, to work as economically but at the same time as safely as possible, to make working conditions attractive as well as safe and sanitary, and to treat men justly on all occasions. We believe in using our influence to provide good homes, schools and churches, as well as clean, healthful amusements; in other words, to make the work and life of the miner attractive.

"But we don't kid ourselves on our success. A few agitators might get in here among our foreign workmen and upset it all, despite our efforts to make conditions attractive enough to keep organizers and agitators out."

Another company has put in an employes' representation plan, with house and senate, and thus far the plan has worked well. Very wisely it was not put into operation during the excitement which went with inflation, but was quietly established after the bubble had been pricked. In other words, it was not established while the employers were so frightened at what the men would do next that they were willing in their panic to try anything.

The day I visited this company the committee was discussing methods of improving air-drill work and the mechanism of chairs, whatever that may be. But only a few days before, the committee had denied the appeal of a workman from dismissal by a foreman. I read the testimony in the case and apparently the workman didn't have a leg to stand on. The only criticism an outsider would have made was that he had not been fired soon enough. Judging from their prompt action in the case, the employes' committee felt the same way about it.

"But don't suppose for a moment," said a company official, "that we think this representation plan will prevent mob psychology in the future. Nothing will. We know it takes a long time to persuade the new man that any company is a good one to work for.. The young unmarried worker is always fertile soil for wobblies, anyway, partly because such a man is looking mostly for excitement. Any company has to work hard to build up a reputation with new employes."

Several of the companies are strong believers in the bonus system or piecework method of mining, and feel that if properly applied it will help measurably in making men contented. Certainly, if the increased tonnage is made as the result of improved headwork rather than mere physical overexertion, and if the rates are not reduced just because a few workmen do exceedingly well, it should prove very attractive to a considerable proportion of the more ambitious and energetic men.

In one mine it was said that a derailed car, which took perhaps five minutes to get back on the track before the bonus went into effect, had been replaced in thirty seconds after the men were on bonus. In this same mine I saw the night shift coming on, and was amazed at the rapidity with which a number of the men ran from the train terminus to the stores where they were working. This was said to be due in part at least to the incentive of bonus work.

Labor problems in mining camps have difficulties peculiar to the industry. Many if not most manufacturing enterprises are placed in large centers of population that have a variety of interests, occupations and amusements. But a mine has to be dug where the ore is, and that is usually in mountains, often far from civilization. Naturally, in most cases a mine must start without a town. As one authority has said, a mine starts "without any of the accessory business which goes to make up a well-regulated community such as American people desire to live in."

### *A Mine's Growing Pains*

In a careful and suggestive study of industrial relations in the mining industry Charles F. Willis, former director of the Arizona State Bureau of Mines, and at one time consulting supervisor of industrial relations for the Phelps-Dodge Corporation, has pointed out how the labor problem develops as the camps develop:

"As the development of the mine progresses, ore is struck and production is in sight. This is the time when things usually begin to happen. Men and houses are needed. Everything is needed quickly; instead of houses, shacks are built; instead of streets, one finds alleys and trails; instead of sewers, there are latrines; and instead of decent and civilized recreation, the red-light district and the saloon.

"In some instances community problems are given some consideration and thought, but the operators are at a loss what to do. They cannot know at that time that the camp is to be a permanent and paying one; they know nothing as to the size and extent of the community necessary; they know nothing of the possible life for which the community must be built. As a rule, they do not realize that money spent in the development of the town is in any way related to the success of the mine. It is not until some pressure is brought to bear that the operator begins to understand that he is developing not only a mine but a city as well, and somewhat reluctantly he begins to provide a few of the things necessary to a well-organized community.

"It is usually during this period that labor troubles have their inception. Living conditions as a rule are bad, and working conditions not so good as they might be. The camp is unhealthful. Then, too, the mine is not yet on a paying basis; money is all going out and nothing coming in; wages are low and the management is slow to spend money not directly related to the immediate production of more money. Troubles are consequently frequent, grievances numerous and often real; and from

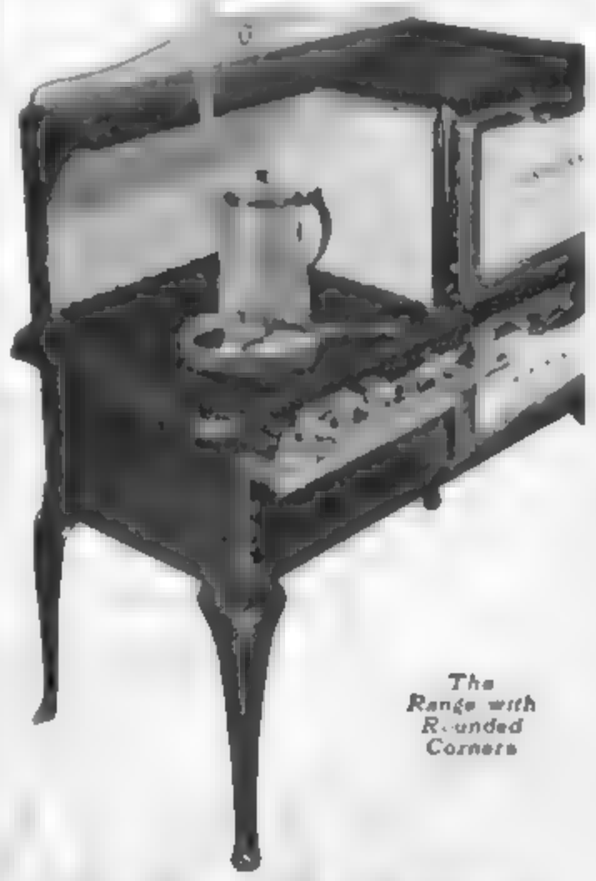
TAPPAN
GAS RANGES

In a Twinkling~
The Hot Breakfast

BACON and eggs sizzling in the skillet, coffee steaming in the pot, bread browned into crisp hot toast in the broiling oven—off the Tappan comes the breakfast, quickly, perfectly prepared without a bit of effort wasted.

These beautiful Tappan ranges are equipped to do cooking in the most efficient way possible. In quick cooking, for instance, the high burners give the fastest, most effective cooking flame known—the short blue flame. This flame is directed right against the bottom of the utensils so that every bit of gas burned gives full cooking value.

New breakfast dishes are suggested in the Tappan cook book. Write for it and for the name of your Tappan dealer.



The Range with Rounded Corners

DEALERS: The Tappan franchise in your community offers some unusual opportunities

THE TAPPAN STOVE CO.
MANSFIELD, OHIO
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TAPPAN

# This Combination Completes any RADIO RECEIVING SET

To own a good receiving set without Magnavox equipment, is like having your house properly *wired* and then using only small, feeble candle-power lamps in the sockets!

Whether placed in the average living room or large dance hall, Magnavox Radio floods the desired area with clear, resonant music or speech—its volume perfectly controlled from the Magnavox Power Amplifier constructed specially for it.

**Combination R-3 Reproducer** and 2 stage Power Amplifier (as illustrated).

**R-3 Magnavox Reproducer** with 14-inch horn: ideal for homes, offices, etc.

**R-2 Magnavox Reproducer** with 18-inch horn: the utmost in amplifying power, for store demonstration, large audiences, dance halls, etc.

**Model C Magnavox Power Amplifier** insures getting the largest possible power input for your Magnavox Reproducer. 2 and 3 stage.

*Magnavox Products can be had of good dealers everywhere*

**The Magnavox Co., Oakland, California**
New York: 370 Seventh Avenue

*Write for booklet illustrating and describing the*

# MAGNAVOX Radio
## The Power Amplifier and Reproducer Supreme

this time on the feeling grows that the camp is operated for the company only. Workmen become disgusted and leave, often do not return, but continue to spread stories of the treatment of labor at this camp; and in this way the community gets a bad reputation in the mining world that is difficult to overcome.

"It matters little whether or not these grievances are later corrected. The reputation remains, and often will remain for a generation. Traditions are hard to live down. Even in the present day one hears occasionally in camps of the West: 'Don't go there, they have typhoid epidemics regularly.' This is in spite of the fact that the conditions causing typhoid have been removed for many years, and that the disease is now almost unknown in the camp. It may be one of the cleanest, healthiest camps in the country, and yet occasionally this feeling against it, which is purely a traditional one, remains.

"The next stage in the life of a mine is that of stable production and consistent profits. Mining operations have now become so systematized that attention may be given to town problems. Many times, the sudden realization of the needs, accompanied by the fact that the mine is now in position to supply them, brings about a bad condition of hastily thought-out and poorly devised remedies, which in some cases are worse than the original conditions. The normal procedure is the slow and laborious development of the community, a process often much more costly than if it had been done simultaneously with the mine development but always behind the needs. Faulty living, social, recreational and civic conditions are changed, one by one, as the operating heads have the time to devise correct methods.

"The feeling of the miner has not changed, however: for in the short time spent in a place he has not seen enough of the corrections to be convinced that the company really does desire to make conditions good and to improve his lot. A miner seldom witnesses the entire development of a camp. As a rule, he works a few years here and a few years there. He hears disagreeable things and often goes to a camp with a prejudice against it, and he is the type with whom the company has to deal."

In every mining camp visited by the writer, no matter how clean and modern it might be, most of the people spoke of themselves as temporary residents. This is the most striking thing about the people in a mining town, and perhaps the most regrettable, for it makes against a wholesome community spirit. It is partly topographical, and is harder on the women than on the men. The miner's wife lives on one hill and her friend on another, each feeling cut off from the other.

Level spaces for playgrounds, baseball fields and buildings are hard to find; and the home spirit, which after all is largely connected with grass, shrubs, lawns, gardens and other greenery, has a hard time in the barren soil.

There are no long trolley trips, lakes or beaches. One ambitious camp tried to build a lake, but all it got was a very large and beautiful swimming pool; which, however, is exceedingly popular.

### With No Place to Go

An official of the largest company in the most stable camp of all admitted that everybody comes in to get enough money to get out, or, in the language of the West, to get a stake. Everyone speaks of making a stake and moving on. Time and again I asked men how they liked it, and their almost invariable reply was, "All right; but I don't want to die here."

Formerly the great stunt was to go East for a vacation and spend all the money one had; but now California is the magnet. One trouble with a mining camp is that when one is all dressed up there is no place to go in the conventional sense of that expression, although nowhere in the world are there such splendid hunting, fishing, camping, tramping and motoring opportunities.

Although practically all men and women go in not expecting to stay, of course, many do remain permanently. As friends are made the attitude changes. I met a young bride of but a month's standing who had gone right after the wedding with her husband into one of the remote Mexican camps, far more isolated and strange than any in Arizona, and thought it was perfectly awful the first few days. But she said she liked it very much now, because she had found a group of young women with whom she played tennis every morning.

Many people who have lived for any length of time in a mining camp say they never want to go back East, because it is really less comfortable as well as too restrained, settled and changeless. Such people say that if they leave the mining districts at all it will be for Southern California. Yet it is a curious, although perhaps natural attitude upon the part of these people that when their children, especially daughters, reach an impressionable age they want to send them away or go away with them to escape the very freedom from restraint and convention which caused them to go West when they themselves were younger.

So much has been said in this article about mining camps in general that very little space has been left to describe them by name and in particular, as they so richly deserve. The northernmost camp visited by the writer was Jerome, and this was referred to in some detail in a previous article as being the most interesting from a topographical and scenic point of view. It will be mentioned again only in connection with a brief trip underground to ex-Senator Clark's United Verde mine, the big hole of the district.

The trip was made about four in the afternoon, just between the day and night shifts. Here, as in all the other mines visited, the change rooms where the miners dress and undress are clean and well equipped. As we passed through the change room several hundred miners of every nationality were quietly waiting to go in. We entered at the 500-foot level after the day shift had left and before the night shift came on, and it was a strange sensation to wander about the mine, seeing no human being except the cage operator and the operator in the engine room.

### Twenty Per Cent Copper

It is said that the United Verde promises to be one of the world's deepest mines, and the construction and equipment, both above and underground, have an air of permanency and solidity. The ore is wonderfully concentrated, accessible and of high content. It has been jokingly described as containing everything but coal. We visited one huge stope where something like fifty men can work together on ore running about 20 per cent copper. Even a layman could see that the ore body was rich and massive to an unusual degree.

Although underground mining continues as usual, interest at the United Verde seems to center in the surface operations. Because of a cave-in in one of the soft sulphide stopes in 1894 fire started and gradually extended until a large portion of the ore body, from the surface to the 700-foot level, is inclosed in the fire area. But now the whole surface is being taken away by steam shovels, and in time the fire area will be removed. There are places, even on the surface and in the crisp, sunny mountain air, where sulphurous fumes are almost too strong to stand. Many of the richest bodies are close to the fire area, and men work within twenty feet of it.

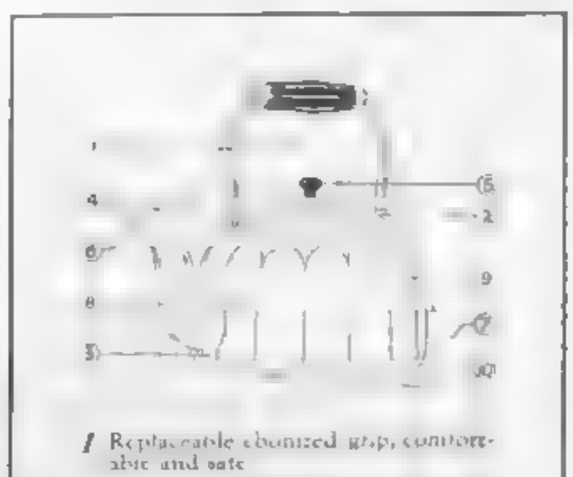
The production of copper varies so that it is difficult to rank any particular district; but there is no doubt that the Globe-Miami district is one of the world's three or four largest. Globe and Miami are towns, or small cities, of almost exactly the same size, somewhere around 6000 or 7000 each at the present time, seven miles apart and connected by railroad and paved road. Globe is an old town for its part of the country, some forty years, and contains one important mine, the Old Dominion, which also is old. Unprofitable for many years, in comparatively recent times it has produced more than $14,000,000 in dividends, and is believed to have a long life ahead.

The Old Dominion is famous for its water, the minimum daily pumping being 3,500,000 gallons and the maximum 15,000,000. The property now belongs to the Phelps-Dodge Corporation.

Globe itself was a rough town in early days, but is now quiet and orderly. It is the county seat of Gila, and the center of much cattle raising, as well as of a growing tourist travel. Globe is the nearest large town to the more important Apache Indian Reservations, and consequently its streets are filled with squaws and their colorful raiment. It is the beginning of the Apache Trail, is surrounded by prehistoric ruins of every description, and is close to the wilds of the Tonto Basin, Zane Grey's bear

(Continued on Page 73)

*The Mirro Colonial Tea-Ball Teapot, a delightful model in every detail and feature*



1 Replaceable ebonized grip, comfortable and safe
2 Projection which keeps lid from falling off when kettle is tilted.
3 Spout welded on, one-piece with the body. No dirt-catching joint
4 Handle ears welded on: designed so handle cannot touch side of kettle
5 Firm, riveteless ebonized knob.
6 Wide-mouthed spout through which kettle can be filled. Easy-pouring lip
7 Unusually wide base. Heats quickly and saves fuel
8 Famous Mirro finish: hard, smooth surface, easy to clean
9 Beautiful Colonial design. Also made in plain round style
10 Mirro trade-mark—a sign of guaranteed excellence throughout

# Your final Tea Kettle

This Mirro Tea Kettle will last for years and years. If you buy it, it will probably be the last tea kettle you will ever buy—but not, we venture, your last piece of Mirro Aluminum

Why not have this finest of tea kettles *now* and begin to enjoy it? There is nothing to save by waiting, and a deal of satisfaction to lose.

You *will* enjoy your Mirro kettle—its fine Colonial design, its silvery lustre, its balance, its sturdy lightness, its practicality in every detail.

You will find in it the perfect combination of those qualities of durability, economy, and beauty which make aluminum ware supreme when fashioned the Mirro way—*this* way:

We take pure, *thick* metal. We toughen it and make it glassy-smooth by rolling and re-rolling it under enormous pressure. Then we can build utensils that will last—utensils that are strong, generously thick, and so hard of surface that they resist denting and scratching and are always easy to clean.

Mirro is not expensive to buy, and it is exceedingly economical to own. Good stores everywhere sell it. Send for Miniature Catalog No. A14 to learn more about Mirro, The Finest Aluminum.

**Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company**
General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.
*Makers of Everything in Aluminum*

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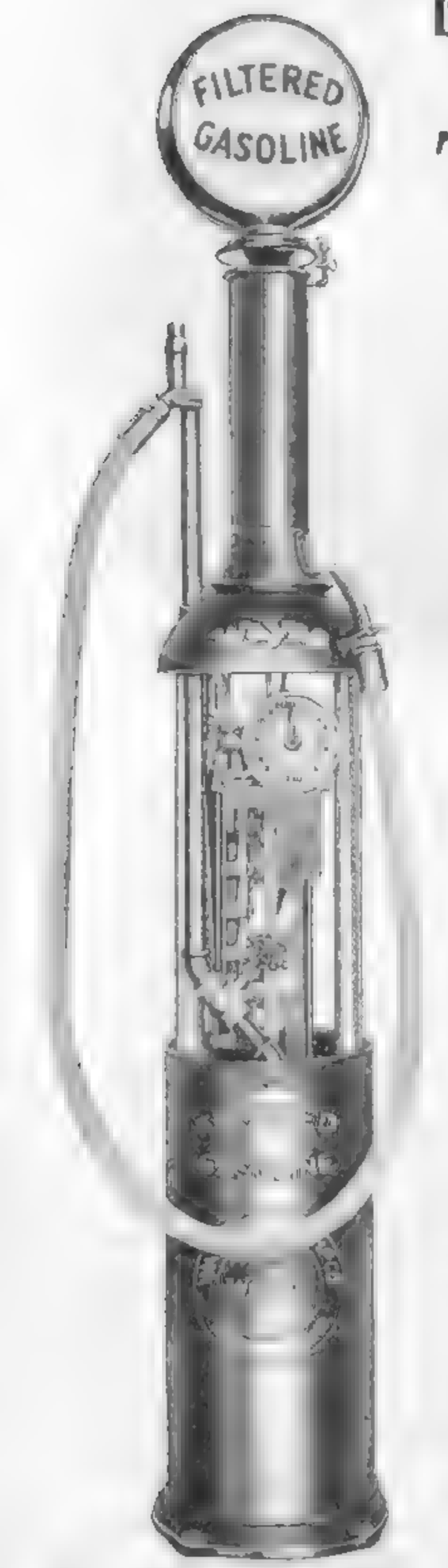
# Wayne

**Measuring Pumps**
**Industrial & Commercial**
**Oil Storage**
**Oil Burning Systems**
**Oil Filtration Systems**
**Air Compressors**
**Household & Industrial**
**Water Softeners**
(Borrowman Patent)

*Engineering Service*—Wayne maintains two separate and distinct engineering staffs,—whose services, from preliminary advice to final plans, may be had without obligation. One body of experts supplies complete architectural and engineering counsel on the planning, designing, and installation of gasoline filling stations, and oil, and paint, storage departments. The other offers a similar service in connection with water softening systems. You are invited, and urged, to profit by either one, or both, of these services.




**Cut 456—Air Driven**

At oil stations everywhere the Wayne Honest Measure Pump is efficiently and economically filling a great commercial need. In both hand operated and compressed air driven models—piston type and visible, the high Wayne quality makes possible the strong Wayne guarantee.

# The Symbol of Satisfaction

The dominance that has come to Wayne has been honestly earned.

For 30 years Wayne engineers have applied their broad knowledge of all industry to the definite task of conserving labor, time and costs in the handling, storing and measuring of oils, paints, varnishes and similar liquid products.

For 30 years Wayne skilled artisans have labored earnestly, so that everything they produce possesses a quality sufficiently high to assure the owner of the utmost satisfaction.

Throughout the entire world today Wayne pumps and tanks, and other equipment, are contributing in a marked way to industrial efficiency and safety. The outstanding position of Wayne is definitely due to the demonstrable superiority of every Wayne product.

There is no dealer in gasoline and oils who is not better served by Wayne—both in efficiency and in profits. Every factory, large or small, finds better service and less operating cost in Wayne equipment for storing and measuring oils and paints. There is not an industrial plant using soft water, or a household appreciating its advantages, that will not find Wayne Softeners more simple, more economical and more satisfactory.

**Wayne Tank & Pump Company, 739 Canal St., Fort Wayne, Indiana**

Canadian Tank & Pump Co. Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada

*Division Offices in:* Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Kansas City, Minneapolis, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco and Los Angeles

*Warehouses in:* Philadelphia and San Francisco

*An International Organization With Sales and Service Offices Everywhere*

### Wayne Industrial Oil Storage Systems

A very marked saving in oils and in time is made by Wayne Industrial Oil Storage Systems installed in both large and small factories, railroads, etc. The absolute safety surrounding the storing and handling of oils is of immense importance in reducing fire risk and physical hazard. This applies to small as well as large plants, the reductions in fire rates running from 25c to 75c per $1000 Wayne Oil Filtration Equipment also contributes greatly to lower manufacturing costs as it makes possible the use of the same oil several times. Wayne equipment for grocery and hardware stores makes oil departments much more profitable and saves space.

### Wayne Oil Burning Equipment

Based on ease of handling, absolute control of temperature, and cost per unit of heat generation, Wayne engineers have conclusively proved that fuel oil burned in Wayne Oil Burning Equipment will actually do more at less cost. This applies particularly to such special processes as metal melting, heat treating, forging and annealing, but it is also true in generating power, except where coal is both abundant and cheap. It is of immense importance to every manufacturer to learn how economically and efficiently Wayne Oil Burning Equipment can be installed in his plant. The line is complete and installations are designed to meet every industrial need, both large and small.

### Wayne Industrial and Household Water Softener

In great industrial plants and in ordinary homes the Wayne Rapid Rate Water Softener (Borrowman patent) is delivering 100 per cent soft water at regular city pressure. Even in those communities which enjoy water with comparative softness, they pay their way in industry with marked savings in boiler and pipe repair and in preparing raw material for manufacture. This is particularly true with paper mills, hospitals, hotels, canning factories, laundries, textile and woolen mills, etc. Clean, clear, soft water is a home convenience in cooking, laundering and bathing that no woman will do without once she has enjoyed it.

(Continued from Page 70)

country, and the great forest preserves of the White Mountains. Indeed, I do not see how any country could be more picturesque than that which surrounds the Globe-Miami district.

On one trip there I passed the ruins of Fort Grant, the scene of one of the great massacres of Apaches by white men and other Indians. Capt. John G. Bourke, of the Third United States Cavalry, in his memoirs, On the Border With Crook, says it was recognized in Indian-fighting days all the way from the waters of the Hudson to those of the Columbia that Camp Grant was the most thoroughly God-forsaken of any military post.

Miami lies in the bottom of a valley, with very high, barren and rugged mountains on one side, and smaller hills, upon the tops of which the two great copper companies sprawl out, on the other. The main business streets contain many handsome buildings, rather astonishing in view of the fact that ten years ago there was no town at all. There is a really magnificent high school, and a handsome company hospital, Y. M. C. A., community church, banks, department stores, chain stores and the most compact, well-equipped department store for its size I have ever seen, the one maintained by the Miami Copper Company.

As one enters the town from Globe the two mining companies appear on the summit of the hills on the right; the Inspiration Consolidated Copper Company three or four miles back, and the Miami Copper Company, the first to enter the district, much closer to the town. These are two of the great low-grade, porphyry producers, the Inspiration handling the largest daily tonnage of any mine in the Southwest. Both companies have very large numbers of shareholders, although the Miami is dominated and controlled by the Lewisohns, of New York, and the Inspiration by the Anaconda Copper Company.

From these mines there extend right down to the main street of Miami vast mountains of tailings, covered with tracks and electric lights, stupendous, glowering, portentous. At night strangers, seeing only the lights, think they are in a fairyland of beauty, to be disillusioned on the following day. As one enters Miami the mines, with their unbelievably huge ramparts of tailings, slag dumps and smelters, look down upon the town like the most horrific of feudal castles.

To complete the picture one must visit the workings. Owing to the low grade of ore the cave-in method is used, empty stopes not being filled up with waste as in richer mines. I have never seen such dreadful excavations, and could think of nothing except the descriptions of shell holes.

The inhabitants live mostly in gulches or near the tops of them, on the opposite side of the valley. To a certain extent you can judge a man's race, nationality and position in life largely by how high or how low he lives in a gulch. The best people, however, often have to take what they can get, although there are a few very nice-looking bungalows. The general effect is one of amazing nudity, jagged bareness and newness. Pathetically large sums are expended on water to produce pathetically small flower gardens.

### A One-Man Town

"The Creator withheld the veneer that would invite agriculture and thus screen from the prospector the mineral deposits that are the natural heritage of this district," said one of the local papers in a special edition. "There is little to invite the growth of garden sass, but with a pay roll of a million dollars a month our people can buy anything they want from the outside."

Many of the residential gulches are filled only with the smallest of shacks, built as cheaply as possible on leased ground. In one of the most picturesque of the cañons, that known as Turkey Shoot, one sees the most expensive makes of automobiles in front of the merest apologies for shacks.

It is crude, yet somehow it is not exactly dreary or sordid, because one feels that indefinable, intangible tang of opportunity and achievement. The newness, the sense of freedom and of change, the sharp, vivid outlines that go with high altitudes, the bustle of the great mining camp emerging from its early pioneer stages—all these are stimulating in a high degree.

In a sense, Miami is still typical of the old-style camp, working three shifts and seven days a week, where single men overwhelmingly predominate, and great numbers are always on the streets and in the eating places. I was struck by the absence of elderly or even middle-aged men, and impressed with the cosmopolitan character of the people.

"No one here cares a rap where you come from or who you are, provided you get out and do things," said one of the local leaders. "The fact that a man is from New York means nothing. In the churches congregations are no larger or in the least impressed when the visiting clergyman comes from San Francisco."

Some years ago a man, now in early middle life, Cleve W. Van Dyke, who had been associated with Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, went to Bisbee, Arizona, where he was connected with the development of the town site of Warren. About the time that mining operations began in Miami he went there and bought most of the land in the valley where the city now stands. He attempted to build a town site for the one company then in the district, the Miami; but this corporation did not welcome these efforts. As a result he started to build up an independent town of his own.

Today Mr. Van Dyke owns most of the land in this town, which in boom times has 10,000 people or more, many of the buildings, the water company, the telephone company, the electric light company, the new gas company, one of the two newspapers, and dominates the local political situation entirely. His brother is mayor; he is said to be on the closest terms with the present Democratic governor and one of the United States senators, and is one of the chief political powers in the state itself.

### A Lusty Ten-Year-Old

Ever since the town started, and right up to the moment of this writing, the residents of Miami have been lined up with either the companies or with Van Dyke. It has been a bitter political warfare. The writer had never dreamed in his wildest moments that language could so drip with adjectives as it does from the newspapers which support the respective sides, especially the Van Dyke cause, when the old quarrel is up for periodical discussion. The split may not be permanent, but it is deep and violent, and pervades the life of the town in varied and manifold forms, even to indicate which would require a whole article by itself.

I spent most of an afternoon with Mr. Van Dyke, and was impressed with the virility, power and aggressiveness of this builder of Western communities. He talked of many labor and industrial problems with vigor and point, and discussed at length a fundamental economic question—absentee ownership and absentee capitalism, any detailed reference to which in these columns must be left to another occasion.

Those opposing Mr. Van Dyke say that the conflict between his interests and those of the companies has brought a large radical element into Miami; that here the forces of discontent come to a head as far as the state is concerned. But whatever the truth of the matter, one cannot but feel that with a few more years this town, which has accomplished so much in ten years, will outgrow these misunderstandings.

Nowhere have I seen a finer high school or larger and more active Y. M. C. A. The latter building is a sort of community center, with more than 1000 people using it in some way each day. Here meet such bodies as the Rotary Club, the Boy Scouts, the Woman's Club and the American Association of Engineers. The building was given and is largely maintained by the Miami Copper Company, which also gave the high-school site and helps to support the churches.

One of the most valuable institutions is the community church, which a few years ago held forth in a small shack, and now occupies a large, handsome building designed for social and charitable purposes. Religion here does not take the emotional or revivalistic form, but is essentially of social and charitable purport. The church has members from fourteen different denominations, including Latter Day Saints and Ethical Culturists. When the pastor, George S. Sloan, took me into his study for a moment, his desk was piled high with letters from people in need, in one form or other. One was from a woman, and read: "Don't forget me in your prayers. I have no job as yet."

The hospital, maintained jointly by the two companies, is a model of its kind, with

Every ScotTissue Towel contains millions of soft Thirsty Fibres, which absorb four times their weight in water. They make ScotTissue the quickest-drying, most satisfactory towels made.

# Thirsty Fibres make ScotTissue Towels eager to dry

Millions of these tiny, thirsty, thread like filaments of fibre are in every ScotTissue Towel. Their combined drying power is sufficient to absorb four times their weight in water. That's what makes ScotTissue Towels the thirstiest, quickest-drying towels you can get.

ScotTissue Towels are always white, clean, soft, luxuriously caressing—efficient and economical for your office.

Prove it yourself. Order a carton of 150 towels from your stationer, druggist or department store. Only 40 cents per carton (50c in Canada) and even less by the case of 3750 towels. Or, we will send, prepaid, the towels or $5 outfit, upon receipt of price.

*Don't confuse ScotTissue Towels with harsh, non-absorbent paper towels. Remember, it isn't Thirsty Fibre unless it bears the name ScotTissue*

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*Own your own Towel Outfit*

Plate-glass mirror
Nickel-plated towel rack
150 ScotTissue Towels

ALL FOR $5
($6.50 in Canada)

See it at your dealer's

for "Clean Hands in Business"

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cataraction

The Right Way to Wash Clothes

WHEN all is said and done, the best method of washing is the method that flushes the *greatest* amount of sudsy water through the tiny meshes in the *least* time, with the *least* wear and tear on the clothes.

Some washers rock up and down. Good!—as far as it goes. Others swing back and forth. Good!—as far as that goes. The 1900 Cataract *combines* these motions, rocking up and down—swinging back and forth—dashing the water through the clothes many times as often and with several times the force of other washers. Double action! Cataraction!

And all this effective cleansing is done inside a perfectly smooth tub, which surely means least wear and strain on the clothes. Cataract washes thoroughly and safely!

Since 1898, more than a million "1900" washers have been saving clothes, time, labor and backaches. We built and tested every type of washer to find the "one best." The result is the Cataract, the only way to get cataraction (the original figure-8 movement). And it costs but 2c an hour to run. Send for the booklet, "Which Washer?", before you buy *any* washer.

1900 WASHER COMPANY, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Beatty Bros., Ltd., Fergus, Ontario, Distributor of the 1900 Washer Co.'s Products in Canada

*Incorporated 1898*

DEALERS—This paragraph is frankly intended for the attention of dealers of the highest type. And we know it will take an exceptional offer to interest the kind of dealer we want. So we have made the terms of our new franchise policy attractive enough to appeal even to the man who thinks he now has the best proposition in out industry. Giving us an opportunity to explain out new plans to you in detail involves no obligation and will prove very worth-while, if for the purpose of comparison only.

1900 CATARACT ELECTRIC WASHER

Cleans by Cataraction

the most modern equipment. As in most of the copper camps, employes are charged a small nominal fee for monthly care, both in case of injuries and treatment for illness, as well as drugs, the companies making up the deficits, which of course are large.

It is, indeed, a radical change from Miami to Bisbee, the other mining district of major importance in the Southwest, and the largest dividend producer of any Far Western mining camp. For though Bisbee is the southernmost copper town in this country, only seven miles from the border, where Villa fought most of his battles, it is far and away the most settled, cultured, quiet and sedate of all copper camps in the West.

Within an incredibly small area Bisbee has managed to squeeze many large, substantial buildings, including the railroad station, hotel, church, company office, library, high school, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., two or three banks, dozens of stores, garages and mine buildings.

Below Bisbee, and adjoining it where the cañon is a little wider, is Lowell, where many of the miners live, and looking rather more like an Eastern industrial town than a Western frontier camp. Still farther down the cañon, where broad spaces are to be had, is the town of Warren, the better-class residential district and far and away the finest in the copper districts.

Bisbee is so different from other mining camps, so much more comfortable, so much nicer, although it was rough enough thirty years ago, that one is extremely puzzled to find an explanation. One obvious reason is because it is the white miner's last stand, and you can't have things either comfortable or nice in this country if we keep making a melting pot out of it.

Possibly the character of the mining has something to do with it. Although the Copper Queen branch of the Phelps-Dodge Corporation is the largest dividend producer in the Southwest, and one of the world's notably rich mines, its individual workings are small. Workmen are scattered about in ones, twos and threes in its hundreds of miles of underground workings, and each miner must be a capable all-around workman. Supervision is extremely difficult, and the alert, intelligent American or Englishman rather than the docile masses of Southern Europeans and Mexicans is very much needed.

At any rate, out of 585 men actually working underground for the Copper Queen on October 1, 1922, 369 were Americans, ninety-seven were English, ten were Canadians, ten were Mexicans, while the remaining 100 were scattered among other nationalities. Of the total number nearly 81 per cent were citizens. The other big company in the district, the Calumet and Arizona, employs a slightly smaller number of men, and of these 66.7 per cent were born in this country, and nearly 89 per cent are American citizens.

### *Benevolent Paternalism*

The Copper Queen's total force, above as well as underground, on that date was slightly over 1000, of which 77 per cent were married. The percentage of married men working for the C. & A. was somewhat lower, but still very high. More than 35 per cent of the Copper Queen's employes had been with the company more than ten years, and 21 per cent had been with the company from five to ten years. The percentage of home owners with both companies is very high indeed for a mining camp, although exact figures were difficult to get.

The Phelps-Dodge Corporation has been described as paternalistic, English and old-fashioned in its attitude. Its leading directors are usually known as the deacons of 99 John Street. As an organization it unquestionably has some of the defects of a very large and spread-out corporation. But at the same time I think it only fair to say, and I say it with no desire to advertise a few multimillionaires who do not care a rap about my advertising them, and much less need it, that the powers that be in this typical absentee-ownership corporation have given more consistent attention and effort to community building and labor problems than some other groups of operators. This does not mean that the local managers have necessarily been or are better than those of other companies, many of whom are splendid and earnest men.

What I mean is that the tradition of Phelps-Dodge has been more or less philanthropic and benevolent, and that is not true by any means of all mining companies. Labor leaders may sneer at such words. All the millions of Cleveland H. Dodge and Arthur Curtiss James, if poured into libraries, churches, Y. M.'s and Y. W.'s, may not make a contented labor force; but I am sure that any disinterested observer must conclude that the general tradition and attitude of the dominant company in Bisbee is one reason at least why the town is different as a mining camp.

The other large company, the C. & A., is an interesting organization. It, too, has done a great deal, under the leadership of its general manager, John C. Greenway, for the community, especially in the way of providing housing and recreational facilities. Few mining companies have paid such enormous dividends in such a short time, or showed such aggressiveness in the development of new properties. Also it was one of the pioneers in accident prevention and safety work.

The C. & A. is peculiar among very large companies in that nearly all its directors are practical miners, mostly former managers and superintendents of copper or iron ore properties in Michigan and Minnesota.

The beginnings of both companies in the Bisbee district were romantic enough. Dr. James Douglas, an impecunious Presbyterian clergyman, and later a professor of chemistry, interested the Phelps-Dodge firm, which were then only metallurgists and not mining operators at all, in early claims at Bisbee. Several times the money gave out, and the last few thousand dollars was nearly gone when ore was struck in what has since proved to be the second richest copper mine in America.

### *The Finest Type of Workmen*

Few mines are more interesting to visit than the Copper Queen. The smallness and scattered character of the workings, and the great amount of development which must be maintained constantly are among its features. It is a place where the visitor is impressed with the variety of occupations underground. All kinds of work are being carried on, and one is struck here, as of course in other mines, with the fact that mining differs radically from manufacturing in that construction and production are not successive but simultaneous steps.

The miners and mechanics whom I met underground were mostly of the finest type of workmen, physically and mentally. As far as a visitor could judge, their relations with members of the supervisory force seemed sufficiently friendly and informal without any time being wasted in conversation. They were polite without the slightest show of kotowing. The majority seemed to be known personally to Mr. Arthur Notman, who was then superintendent, and many of the old-timers called him by his first name.

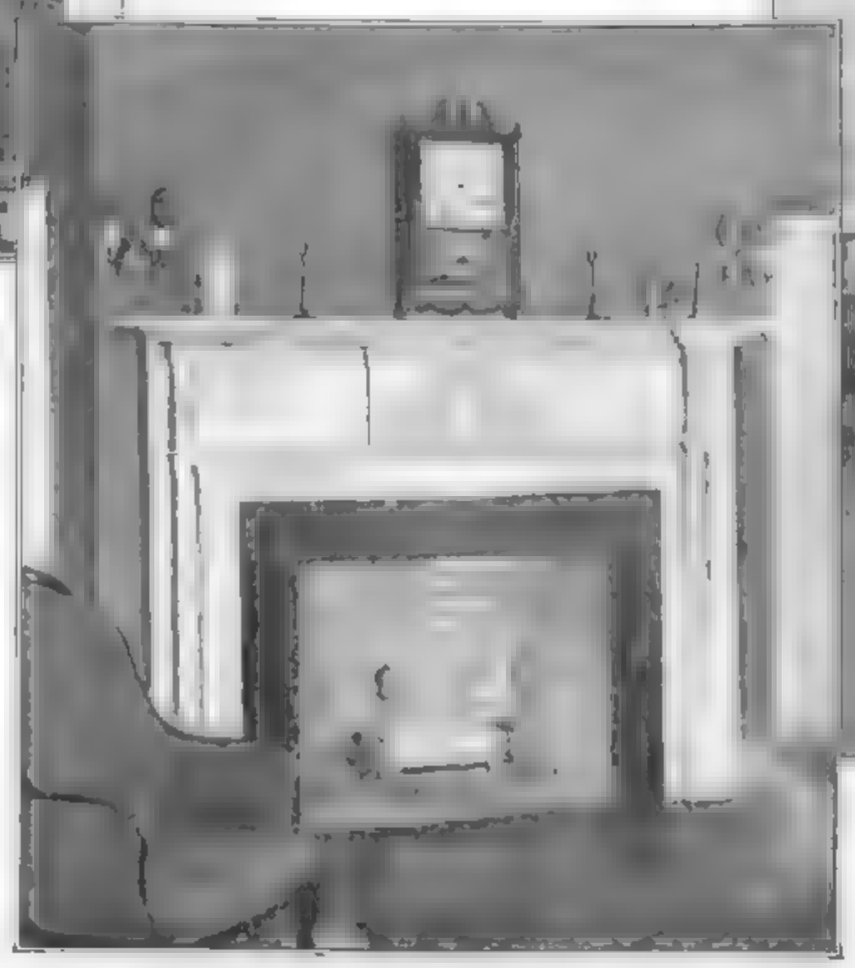
A number of the older men were asked how long they had been with the company, and on that subject they became vocal, showing an intense interest in their long service records. One joyful Cornishman, when asked the question, promptly sat down on a log in front of the superintendent, and after mopping his brow told to the year, month, week, hour and minute when he had arrived, and exactly what words had passed between him and his first foreman.

Many of the miners are ardent readers, even of technical business literature, and one huge, clean-cut, handsome fellow in the late thirties told me of all the magazines he subscribes for. Another interesting miner is the son of a Mormon bishop; and still another, who was handling an entire stope by himself, was a giant Croatian, a prize-bonus worker. He had been in this country eighteen years, expressed an utter distaste for going back to Central Europe, owns his home, has a good savings-bank account, as well as three children; has taken out his second citizenship papers, takes few if any holidays and attends strictly to business.

Such then is this picture of the copper industry in the Southwest, partial and incomplete as all such descriptions must be. What is perhaps the most controversial and delicate aspect of the whole subject, that of absentee ownership, or capitalism, must be left for another article. It is a subject in which the whole of the Far West is vitally interested, and does not concern copper mining alone, but it can be studied as well in connection with that industry as with any other.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr Atwood.

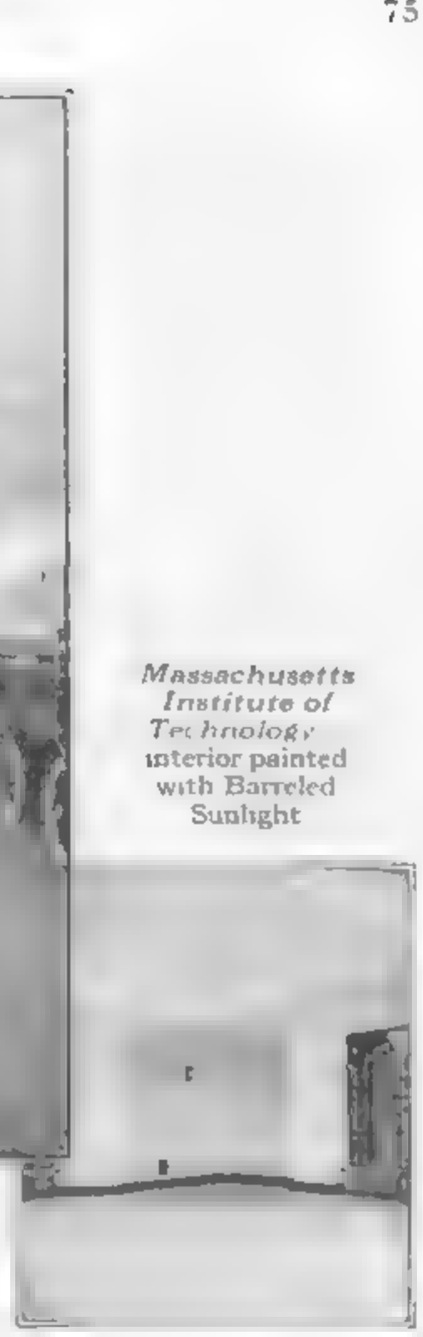
STORE. Note the light interior



HOME. Barreled Sunlight is ideal for woodwork

HOTEL. The Statler, St. Louis, is one of many using Barreled Sunlight

FACTORY. Showing use of Barreled Sunlight in Packard Automobile Plant



*Massachusetts Institute of Technology* interior painted with Barreled Sunlight

# *Now being used* EVERYWHERE

*And this surprising story of Barreled Sunlight is typical of thousands.*

ONE man was the owner of one of the finest industrial plants in the country. For the interior of that plant he wanted a white paint that *would not collect dirt.*

The other had just built a charming Colonial home. He wanted a smooth, lustrous finish for his woodwork—he wanted a coating for bathroom walls that would be *as washable as tile.*

Their needs seemed entirely different, yet—

*Both men bought Barreled Sunlight.*

## What is Barreled Sunlight?

Barreled Sunlight is a unique white paint so smooth that it resists the finest particles of dust and dirt. It can be washed as easily as you would wash white tile.

It produces a lustrous finish without the glare of enamel—yet costs less than enamel and requires fewer coats. (One coat is generally sufficient to cover over a previously painted surface.)

Made by our exclusive Rice Process, Barreled Sunlight contains no varnish and is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

Barreled Sunlight is easy to apply. It flows freely without a brush mark. Where white is not desired it can be readily tinted just the color you want.

Comes ready mixed in cans from half-pint to five-gallon size—barrels and half barrels. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

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*And 100 other distributing points in U. S. A.*

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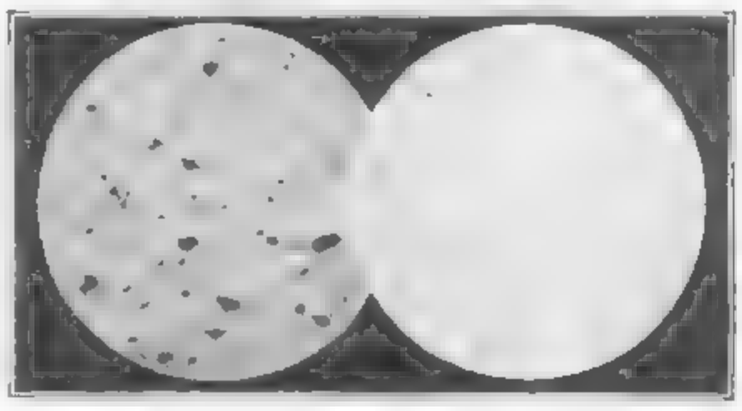
THE RICE PROCESS WHITE



ORDINARY FLAT-FINISH WHITE PAINT — BARRELED SUNLIGHT

These photographs were taken through a powerful microscope. Each was magnified to the same high degree.

They show clearly why the surface of ordinary flat-finish white paint soils so easily. It is actually rough, uneven, porous. The smooth finish of Barreled Sunlight resists dirt and can be washed like tile.

ENAMEL — BARRELED SUNLIGHT

The black board on the left was painted with a single coat of ordinary enamel—the one on the right with a single coat of Barreled Sunlight. Note the remarkable covering power of Barreled Sunlight. A single coat is generally sufficient to cover over *any* painted surface.

## More Milk for School Children. Sealright Makes Them Drink Right

Children are "enthusiastic" over milk served in this delightful new way. Lift up tab on Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Cap and insert straw through opening. "Drinking it through a straw" prevents gulping and aids digestion thereby giving the body *all* the nourishment contained in milk. The child uses the original sterilized container. No glasses to break, no "spilt milk."

Mothers and housewives appreciate the Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Cap. It is "3 times more useful." 1—cap is removed cleanly by pulling tab. 2—tab can be lifted without removing cap and milk poured without spilling. 3—tab can be lifted and straw inserted for drinking milk at home.

Restaurants, lunch rooms and cafeterias insist that milk dealers use Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Caps because they facilitate serving milk with straws thereby saving cost of washing glasses, broken glasses and spilled milk.

*Ask your dealer to deliver milk to you in bottles capped with Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Caps.*

*Send for samples to show your dealer.*

**SEALRIGHT COMPANY, Inc.**
*Dept. 113 PC* *FULTON, N. Y.*

*Operating the largest plant in the world making milk bottle caps. Pouring-Pull Caps—Ordinary flat or "Common Sense" Caps.—Sealright Liquid-Tight Paper Containers.*

**SEALRIGHT**
**Pouring Pull**
**Milk Bottle Caps**


# IN THE 'APPY LONDON 'ALLS

(Continued from Page 15)

Patter Comics' Union, the comic must answer, "Sure, Billy! Being he was from Philadelphia"—laughter—"the guy thought they was Confederate soldiers."

Feeders have taken up the new jest with joyous unanimity, because, for the first time in the history of American vaudeville, the feeder himself gets a laugh. He must mention Philadelphia in his question, and Philadelphia is one of the three words that are sure-fire laughs when used on the stage. Even many a three-act farce, in fact, has lived a whole week on the "damn" laugh in the first act, the "Philadelphia" laugh in the second act and the burst of uncontrollable mirth that explodes in the last act when someone on the stage wittily says "Hell."

Now, here we come to the first basic difference between the fun in an American vaudeville theater and fun in the London 'alls. The American feeder æsthetically is a terrible thing. The London feeder of the 'alls is—once the American auditor has mastered British—always funny; even funnier than his professedly killing partner comic.

The English feeder's success as a laugh maker lies in the fact that he dresses, acts, and especially talks just like any Englishman one meets in Trafalgar Square, in London hotels, clubs, shops, anywhere. Consequently he can't help being funny. The funniest thing in all England is any Englishman. When he speaks British—and they all do—he leaves one weak from laughter.

I tried to argue with Englishmen that the funniest thing anywhere was any Englishman. I had a hard time of it. They all began to pooh-pooh me. When a Londoner begins to pooh-pooh in British I strangle. Above my laughter, however, I gathered that the English, with characteristic modesty, were insisting that the English were no funnier than any other nationals, always excepting Americans. And then, with the national generosity also so characteristic of the English, they heatedly declared that the top-hole, most side-splitting silly ass among the comics of the known world is any American anywhere. They are absurdly blind and bigoted on this subject.

### Learning British

Funny as any Englishman is to the eye, he is at his best when he begins to talk British—and the feeders of the 'alls are always talking. The Englishman in America is not so funny, because, for a foreigner, he quickly picks up the language. To get the full effect one should hear him when, as an untraveled inmate of England, he begins to talk British at home. Particularly does he arouse laughter akin to pain when, out of deference to the American visitors always in London, he bravely attempts the words, intonations and idioms of the English language.

The feeders of the 'alls, like the clerks in hotels and stores, are particularly prone to take a try at our mother tongue. One dies. The names of articles in commonest daily use seemingly are beyond them, on the stage and off. I have heard them call an ordinary, everyday can of kerosene a tin of paraffin. Once, in Kent, a garage man who was lugging a can of gasoline before my very eyes said he didn't know what a can of gasoline was. Never 'eard of it! He didn't know what a fliv was. I heard him say so myself. And at that precise moment he was dumping a can of gasoline into a fliv!

In a country of good dairy products should any word be better understood than the word "cheese"? Nevertheless, even so commonplace a word as "cheese" balls them. One tall blank cartridge working behind the counter as clerk in an Oxford Street dry-goods store, who seemed fairly sane up to a certain point, suddenly went off the handle and began to call the bolt of cheesecloth in his hand butter muslin.

I couldn't resist leading the poor nut on. While waiting for change in the dry-goods store I asked him what first prompted him to work in a store. He answered in some surprise that he never had worked in a store. Working with laborers in stores, he said, was 'ard manual work, unfit for gentlemen.

Then the clerk's mind skidded further. He was not a clerk, he insisted. He was a clock. Just to make it more difficult, he added that he was a draper's—whatever that is—clock, and he sadly continued that he probably would end his days as a draper's clock. Feeling a bit sorry for the patient, I suggested kindly that if he would work hard, save his money and read inspirational magazines he undoubtedly some day would own Swan & Edgar's, Selfridge's or some other big dry-goods store, and finally rise to the height of being interviewed by Ike Marcosson.

In a troubled way he asked me what a dry-goods store was! Believe me or not, he had never heard of Ike Marcosson.

It was when my wife asked him for a spool of white thread that at last what mind he had seemed to ooze altogether. Our attempts at British failing, we made a crude drawing of a spool and shoved it across the counter. The drawing brought a hint of almost human intelligence to his face. But the next instant he went completely blah.

"Aoh!" he cried in British. "You mean a reel of cawton! Haw-haw! 'F cawse!" The blighter now seemed actually patronizing in his attitude. "'A spool of thread'! 'Ow draoll! Medem, you will find the reels of cawton up on the fawst flawh."

Up? Having just stepped in from the street, we were on the first floor.

### The Jests of Yesteryear

"Quoite! Up on the fawst flawh," Filbert the clock was repeating. "The flawh d'rectly above this one is the fawst flawh—at the bawttom, you know, of the second flawh."

I tried to control my laughter sufficiently to ask him whether or not he and the other union clocks ever tried to have their wages raised by striking. My wife, however, who, say what you will, has her gentle moments, whispered a command in our mother tongue to lay off the bird.

But if memory does not trick me, we were talking about the London 'alls.

Londoners will tell you that the old 'alls are gone. They're wrong. The 'alls are still running twelve months in the year, and, once one has learned British, still are temples of joy. It is only the wild drinking and wilder women surroundings of the 'alls of the old days, which extended from the adjoining lounging rooms and corner pubs almost to the stage itself, that have been mopped from sight.

There was a day, and it was far from a lifetime ago, when a late stroll from the 'alls to the Strand, in the Strand itself, meant difficult progress, especially on a Saturday night, through an almost unbroken mass of brawling drunkards. The drunken women vied in numbers and pugilistic powers with the drunken men. The 'alls of those days did much to add to the disorderliness. In the theatrical district, in and about the 'alls themselves, were elaborations of immoralities that went far beyond mere drunkenness.

Then came a compulsory-education act, passed more than a generation ago, which began to sow good seed. As literacy increased excessive alcoholism gradually began to decrease. Governmental reforms in the working and especially in the living conditions of the poor of the slums—and where London isn't parks it is often slums—gave further urge to the growing reform. Finally the outbreak of the Great War was followed immediately by a limiting of the hours for the sale of liquors, and, what was immeasurably more effective, an official diluting of all whiskies, gins and other spirits on sale.

G'blyme me! Why buy the rawton stuff when a cove's drink 'as water in it?

Simultaneously, also, with the bang of the first gun "out there," the captivyting lydies who to the last were sitting expectantly at drinking tables hemming in the very lobbies of the 'alls were scattered and shooed into outer darkness. Now when one and one's wife or sister go to the Coliseum, the Pav, the Alhambra or any of the other big London 'alls in these more godly days one finds the 'alls and their surroundings quite as moral as the vaudeville theaters in our own officially censored, officially purified land.

The institution known as the 'alls could not pass away. You can't kill a British institution. Managers have preserved the hoary old traditions intact. Above all, the 'alls cling to the sweet old tried-and-true jests of yesteryear.

Loyal souls, the English, to their dear dead antiquities. One lovely old custom, for instance, that is still preserved in all its medieval picturesque beauty is the quaint old practice of bursting into uncontrollable mirth when the patter-team comedian begins to joke about his mother-in-law. Some daring comics of the 'alls at times give vent to killing jests about their grandmothers, wives or other relatives; but it is the good old mother-in-law joke that is still relied upon to kick 'em out of their stalls—or whatever the phrase is in British for knocking 'em off their seats.

The pun is also still legal in England. Nightly this was demonstrated to me by the comics who eddie 'nough. The plumber wheeze, however, has not yet reached England. Doubtless it is only waiting until England adopts plumbing. Also

But hush! The curtain is parting. Goody! The fun is about to begin.

The funny English feeder and his partner comic are all set behind the footlights to begin the riotous evening of pastime. English feeders in these days do not, as a rule, follow their American colleague's practice of dressing the way a feeder thinks the Vanderbilt lads dress. The British feeder prefers the snappy uniform of a British army officer. In a land where seemingly everyone fought in France, the war and its memories naturally still lie closer to the heart than here.

By the same token, the feeder's partner comic frequently wears an exaggerated Tommy Atkins outfit. The comic, remember, always has the last word in the æsthetics of patter. The crowd likes to see Tommy Atkins, even if only a stage Tommy, able for once to speak his mind.

"Dyuh, dyuh, dyuh!" begin all feeders in British.

Alone I roar. It's the way the blighter says it. Both feeder and comic, the latter busily polishing drinking glasses in a setting supposed to represent an officers' mess, seem vastly pleased and encouraged by my silvery peal of laughter. A live one is present.

"Me dyuh man," resumes the feeder, "'ave I seen your fyce 'ere before?"

"Must 'ave, sir," replies the comic private, breathing on the glass and polishing. "Must 'ave, because you've just addressed me by me regimental number."

### Popular Classics

"Nothing of the sawt, me man! I simply awsked you 'ad I seen your fyce 'ere before."

"Quoite, sir. That's me number, sir. B-4's me number, sir, and B-4 you ——"

Unfortunately I lose a bit of the wit that immediately follows because of the abandon of hilarity. When sheer exhaustion brings the audience again to a semblance of order I find that the comic private is still trifling with his luck.

"Me fawther was a sergeant in this regiment, sir, B-4 you ever ——"

"Cease, me man! Restryne your tongue, in 'eaven's nyme," which gets another silvery, infectious peal of laughter out of me.

"Yes, sir," persists the comic, undaunted, "when me fawther was sergeant myjor 'ere I was born and christened my nyme right 'ere, sir."

"And wot did they christen you?"

"The regiment nymed me the sergeant's mess"

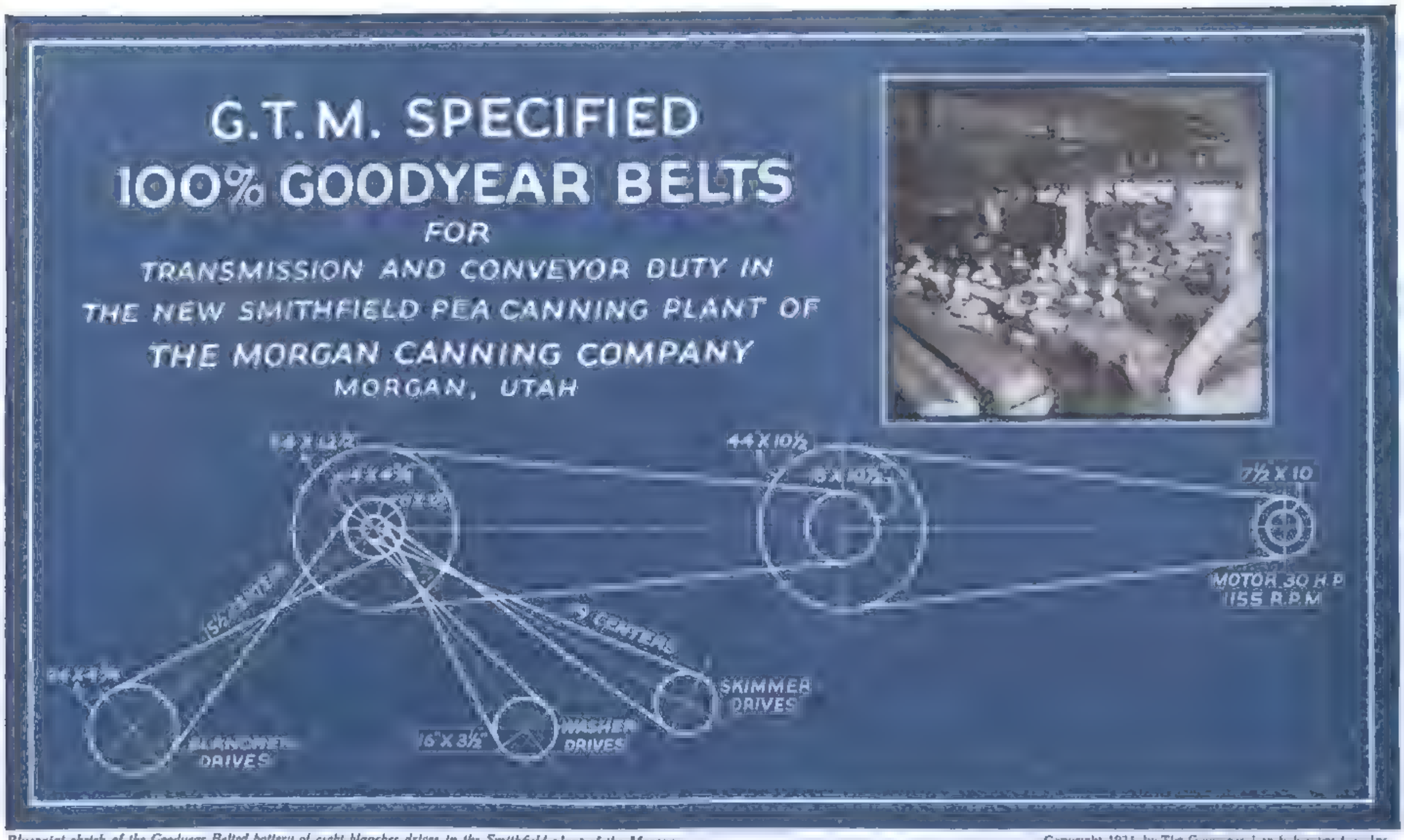
'Ouse Manager Pehcy Crawxtin is now on the stage and shouting above the delirious turmoil that medical attention is needed by a lydy aswoon in stall E-9. From opposite sides of the house two veterinary surgeons back out of their own stalls, canter over to the swooner's stall and patiently await her return to consciousness so that they may be properly introduced. The funny comics in the meantime go right on.

"Daon't you knaow, me man, that it is a rule of the mess 'ere to polish the glawsses with alcohol?"

"I'm doing it, sir. I swallow the alcohol and then breathe most 'eavily on the glawss."

One will get a better notion of the deafening effect of the laughter when I explain that although I was so close to the stage that I was flicking my cigarette ashes into the slits in the bull fiddle, I muffed the following four jests in the ear-splitting hullabaloo. I got the fifth.

(Continued on Page 79)




*Blueprint sketch of the Goodyear Belted battery of eight blancher drives in the Smithfield plant of the Morgan Canning Company, with insert photograph of the Goodyear Belted picking table conveyors in the same plant*

Copyright 1923, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

# The New Canning Plant—and the G. T. M.

***The Morgan Canning Company,*** of Morgan, Utah, is the packer of "Those Good Peas," and the largest individual canner of peas in the United States. Several years ago this Company had the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—analyze different drives and conveyors for belting in the plant at Morgan.

***The splendid performance*** of the Goodyear Belts bought on the basis of those analyses, demonstrated both the quality of Goodyear Belts and the soundness of the G. T. M. method by which every belt is specified scientifically for the duty it is to perform. So when the new Smithfield plant was ready for equipment, the officials called in the G. T. M. to make an expert analysis of every drive and conveyor requirement.

***The G. T. M. did his part*** with painstaking thoroughness. He made an accurate study of every drive and conveyor unit in that varied and intricate assembly of belt duty. He computed loads, pulley dimensions, speeds and distances, with careful relation to different types of belt construction. He studied the action of vegetable acids on belts. He made a complete plant recommendation.

***Now the Company says*** after two years' experience with the Goodyear Belts it bought on the basis of that analysis: "We have had exceptionally good service, and have often made our renewals from your analysis."

"***We believe that your method*** of analysis," Supt. W. R. Eddington goes on to say, "enables us to get the maximum service at lowest ultimate belting cost. A great many of the drives in our Morgan plant are similar to those in our Smithfield plant, and consequently we have been able to purchase belts for both plants from the original analysis. . . . . The Technical report is a ready reference and of valuable assistance."

***No better evidence*** could be asked of the soundness of the Goodyear method and the quality of Goodyear Belts. When you buy belts according to G. T. M. specification, you are surer of getting the right belt. You buy more economically, because you buy more scientifically, and what you buy serves better and lasts longer.

***If you have a drive or a plant*** where an authentic analysis might result in better belt performance, with less trouble and at lower cost, you may profit greatly from a visit by the G. T. M. For further information about the way he works and the value of Goodyear Mechanical Goods—Belts, Hose, Valves and Packing—write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

GOODYEAR

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As the miles pile up on the speedometer dial every car owner asks himself this question: what will my new car be?

Velie quality and Velie performance answer that question for Velie owners. Most of them come back for another Velie.

In fact, sixty per cent of our entire output goes into the hands of men and women who have previously owned one or more Velies.

Don't you feel you could trust a car with such a record?

Whatever you do, see this Velie Sedan before you buy. It is the most choicely appointed car of its field, complete in its equipment, even to such niceties as the vanity case, smoking set and flower vase.

And it is powered with the vibrationless six-cylinder Velie-built motor.

VELIE MOTORS CORP
Moline, Illinois

VELIE

V A L U E

(Continued from Page 76)

"You lack smawtness, me man. Be smawt. Why daon't you get false teeth, f'rinstince?"

"I 'ave false teeth, f'rinstince, but they 'aven't come back from the laundry, sir."

"Rawt! Bally rawt! I can see you 'aven't even washed your neck tody."

"I did, sir, but it dried a funny color."

A large, pulpy lady seated next to me, who had been sinking rapidly, died. Decency compelled me to help carry the remains up the theater aisle—called a gangway in British, by the way. Any American child knows that a gangway is something or other on a ship. Anyway, up the gangway we lugged the late pulpy person, feet first; and the last I heard of that particular patter team the comics were leading up to the music cue. A piano upstage all this time had been champing at its bit. I gathered that Basil, the comic feeder, was about to burst into song, with the comic private being still more comical at the piano.

"Do you ply the piano, me man?" was almost the last I heard.

"I do, sir."

"Good!"

"Nao, sir. Rawton."

"But you'll accompany me?"

"Where?"

### *Dear Old Home Things*

The rest was lost while I tried to help the ushers stack the large lady on top of the growing pile in the temporary morgue just back of the theater pit. And then a fellow American I knew came along. Homesickness, he told me, was speeding him toward a rival 'all near by. My American friend, a Southerner, had just learned, it seems, that an American singer of our own darky songs of the South was about due to make her appearance in the rival 'all. A longing to hear the old home stuff got me, too, and I hurried to the other 'all with him.

Fortunately we got front-row stalls next to the slip horn. We were just in time to hear the American soprano exponent of the good old darky stuff. A mere glance at the lurid cover of the quaint old Southern plantation folk song resting topmost on the music rack of the slip-horn artist brought a homesick mist to my eyes.

"My Sadie of Dear Old Alabam'. Lyric by Billy McGuire and Hughie Gallagher. Music by Moe and Sidney Ginsberg. Copyright, 1922, by the Mrs. M. Ginsberg Co., of New York."

Home, sweet home! And then the very name of the singer printed on the program—Miss Melissa Boggs, America's Greatest Song Bird—filled our homesick souls with memories of almost-forgotten corn on the cob, open plumbing and pumpkin pies.

The plaintive chorus of My Sadie of Dear Old Alabam', as sung by the lady billed as America's greatest Melissa, still haunts me.

*Aoh! Come along, me Sydie!*
*Aoh! 'Ere's me 'and, sweet lydie!*
*Let us 'urry to the land*
*How the pawssum froied with 'am—*
*Daon't be lyte for the tryne*
*Back to dyuh hold Halabam'!*
*Aoh! You've won me 'eart, me bybie!*
*Me own sweet coal-black Sydie!*
*Sao 'urry, 'urry, 'urry—*
*Let us baoth myke 'eyse!*
*To the land where the 'unney*
*'As an 'eavenly tyste.*
*Yes, we'll 'urry on the tryne*
*To the land of sugar cyne,*
*Daown hin dyuh ho-o-o-old—Ha-a-al—*
*habam'!*

Irving Berlin's popular fox-trot song, Sy Hit Weeth Meusic, followed, I remember. Then the American girl went back to the good old darky-song hits of a generation or more ago, some of which are now gradually beginning to reach England—George M. Cohan's old classic, Hi Guess Hi'll 'Ave to Telegrawph Me Bybie, and other American folk songs that included Mymie Raose 'Ave a 'Eart, 'Er Nyme his Jyne Vuhgineeyaw, 'Ug me Close Me 'Unney, Me Hold Kentucky 'Ome, Hin the Cawton Fields hand Sugar Cyne Agyne, and, as a closing number, John Braown's Bawdy Lies Huhmoulding hin 'is Gryve.

It was good to hear the dear old home things again. I wept.

A sudden understanding of the fortitude, almost heroism, displayed nightly by the audiences in the London 'alls came to me in a flash during the intermission that followed shortly after the darky songs. Let the American reader imagine the same set of circumstances as happening in one of our own vaudeville theaters in New York, Chicago or anywhere else here, tonight, and then let the reader ask himself honestly whether or not an American theater crowd would accept the situation so calmly.

Let us first imagine that an American comic in khaki is trying to hold the crowd by remarking that he eddie 'nough B-4 he came to the theater, because he swallowed the alcohol before breathing on the glass and, therefore, his neck had dried a funny color.

Suddenly—we further suppose—a wild-eyed house manager bounds crazily from the wings to the footlights.

"It's true, men, true!" shrieks the American house manager. "Congress repealed it at 8:22 o'clock tonight! Bar's already open in the smoking room downstairs. Prewar prices, friends! Walk, do not run, to the nearest ex——"

He is shouting to rows of empty seats. Nothing alive remains in the theater to listen after the word "repealed" except Mooney's trained seals.

Now remember that this imaginary American situation which I have just described existed—save for the matter of panicky exits—in every 'all I entered. No house manager, it is true, bounded out upon the stage; but in place of him and his announcement was the English audience's consciousness that every chappie present had his choice of sitting and listening to B-4 jokes or of stepping down to the smoking-room bar for a quiet evening of rough drinking.

I admire the English of the 'alls for the heroism—or something—of their choice. The point I make is that any American audience in any theater tonight, suddenly realizing that only a step away the Haig was gurgling to its mate, would display far less fortitude. In America, I fear, the fatalities would be large if word flew through the house that dry Martinis were on sale at a shilling each in the smoking room—even if the Martinis were, as is the case in London, pink in one smoking-room bar, Nile green in another, heliotrope in Piccadilly Circus and roan in Leicester Square, according to the color sense of the barmaid one fancies.

Would the American audience pass up Monopole in order to listen instead to a monologistic mother-in-law wheezer? Let us listen a moment ourselves first and judge.

### *Mother-in-Law Patter*

"A sad old 'en is me mother-in-law, friends." [Roars.] "Only tody I awsked 'er to fry me some sausages and they cyme to me plyte quoite boiled in the old 'en's tears." [Ecstasy.] "She croied so 'ard in the church even when me and the woife was myted we 'ad to be married in our goloshes." [Hysteria.]

"And gin! 'Ow me dyuh old mother-in-law fencies 'er gin!" [Ladies stuffing handkerchiefs into their mouths.] "Give the sad old 'en a pint of gin and she'll croy it into a quart."

Here the comic has to be temporarily shut off while the house physician races down to the Thames to catch more leeches. The stalls are redolent of smelling salts.

"The old 'en croies so over our little bybies," resumes the comic, following the first-aid exercises conducted by the house physic, "that we never 'ave to give the little tackers a bawth." [Hysteria returning.] "A year after the woife and me was myted the woife presents me with triplets. Two weeks lyter we 'ad twins." [A sudden, studious silence.] "I mean to sy, one of the bally triplets doied."

At this point we have the first instance of one of the audience permitting his mind to sink to lower things. He screams for brandy. He merely wants it, however, to restore his wife.

"We 'ave a new bybie in our little flet aout Sinjin's Wood wy naow. 'We've called 'er Raosemahry,' says I to a cove tody. 'Awfter 'oo?' says 'e. 'Awfter she was born,' says I." [Man in front of me falls off his monocle.] "A good woife 'ave I, friends, except she's a bit of a nagger. Dy and noight she nags me for one of these modern low-cut frawks, but I daon't let 'er wear one on account of 'er 'aving a maost shocking mole on 'er 'ip."

While the ambulances are arriving let us pause to consider another phenomenon. All this time the hands of Big Ben are quickly approaching eleven o'clock. At eleven o'clock at night in London, earlier in some wards, the sale of spirits, wines and beers to the public must cease. Prohibition laws in England are obeyed. Yet no one stirs from his seat, always excepting the hysterical, the unconscious and the dead who have to be carried out.

With the closing hour so close on Broadway, you couldn't hold an American audience after ten o'clock, not even with so momentous a closing sketch on the program as, let us say, William Jennings Bryan as Romeo giving the balcony scene to Miss Amy Lowell's Juliet. New York first nights, which now so often run until midnight and later, would have to be held in the afternoon. The wildest dream of a producer or a Broadway press agent would be a play so tremendous that it could later be honestly advertised on the ash-can one-sheets as, "'A play that held them until after the closing hour.'—Brander Matthews in The Clipper."

More astounding still, I have seen London audiences in the cinema houses still calmly preferring to look at English-made movies, an English movie queen in the star rôle, at a time hideously close to eleven o'clock, rather than to seek the air.

### *Weekly News Pictures*

I don't know how familiar the American reader is with the English movie queen. Her charms never gripped me as the movie news bulletins in the London picture theaters did. The English weekly news pictures are as good as our own. Better.

Many of them still stick in my memory, even the wording of the captions, so interesting were they:

"Victoria Station, London: Goods trains being loaded with famous English authors departing on lecture tours in America."

There was a fleeting bit of pictured news that was all too short. Every writer in England was there. Before one had tired of identifying their well-known features, however, the picture had faded into "Llygnllcynnfyynngn, Wales: The Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George on his estate, silently sawing wood."

Then came a real shocker:

"Tumtochtillietochtie, Scotland: The Hon. Rab Cockieleekie, who swallowed valuable gold filling while eating haggis, hurrying into new abdominal surgical ward of Tumtochtillietochtie Hospital for opening exercises."

Then: "Low Hingum, Highhingum, Hingum: The Duke of Cockynickle arriving afoot at estate of John Huggs, Esq., noted marmalade king during war, who has hired duke as valet."

Most thrilling of all, however, was one news picture labeled. "Tunbridge Tootle, Tootleshire. Shocking accident to Lord Swoosham and motor party when a passing American motorist criminally turns to the right."

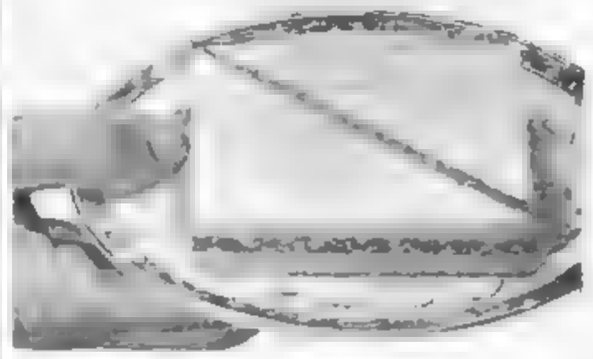
I never saw such a mess. It was a ghastly scene. Swoosham himself, as newspaper readers may recall, came out of the accident badly. He had his kneecap fractured, lost his hat, and, besides, was killed.

I could watch the London movie news pictures until midnight, but I'm not so certain about the appeal of the English movie queens. All I know for certain is that if the lure of Hollywood ever tempts any English movie queen I ever saw on the English screen to run away from home and come over here, the old folks in Slatney, Sloopington-on-Slups, The Slough, Slupshire, need not worry about their little Cicely, far away in California. She will always be safe. Yes, in Hollywood.

But the English applaud them kindly, just as the traditional loyalty of the audiences in the London 'alls to their passé performers causes them to applaud in the heartiest way aged ladies whose stage charms and voices began to sag back in the days of Rose Sydell's London Belles. Here in America our corresponding prima donnas of the late '50's and '60's today find that the only job still open to them is that of carrying a spear in the New York Hippodrome, with no prospects of any work after they grow too old to carry a spear except a job as chorus girl in the Metropolitan Opera Company.

The English are not so heartless, even to their jokes. In fact, the English have their good points, I don't care what anybody says. Above all, they cheer up one's whole day so. And I feel confident that the samples of British humor of the 'alls here submitted give the lie forever to the silly American notion that the English cannot see a joke. Why, in the 'alls they could see more jokes in five minutes than even I could see in the whole evening of pastime!

"TASTE THE TASTE"



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***You've just been through the income tax figure scramble again, so you'll be interested in this story of a merchant who found a way out of it for good.***

***He is Arthur Cohen, Pharmacist, of Johnstown, Pa., and here are his own words:***

"I spent hundreds of dollars on systems and found that at the end of each month I got a trial balance which told me my books were in balance—but did not tell me anything that enabled me to better manage my business. *And at Income Tax time—ye gods! how I fussed and figured.*

"I woke up to the fact that I was waiting until the middle of January, and sometimes longer, to learn what I had made the previous year. I was working for myself without knowing what salary I was getting. I wouldn't work for any man on that kind of a contract, much less myself.

"I conduct a strictly cash business, and there were four things about my business I wanted to know: Daily sales and sales to date, profits daily or monthly, as the notion struck me, value of merchandise on hand and at cost or selling price, cash in bank, money owed by me or which way I was headed.

"Your Mr. Knisely showed me your Simplified Accounting Plan and how to get the answers to my questions daily or weekly as I wanted them. I bought it. The facts it has given me have enabled me to so adjust my methods, cut my expenses, value my sales help, etc., to the point that it has more than paid for itself the first year. It now pays a profit of at least $80.00 a month.

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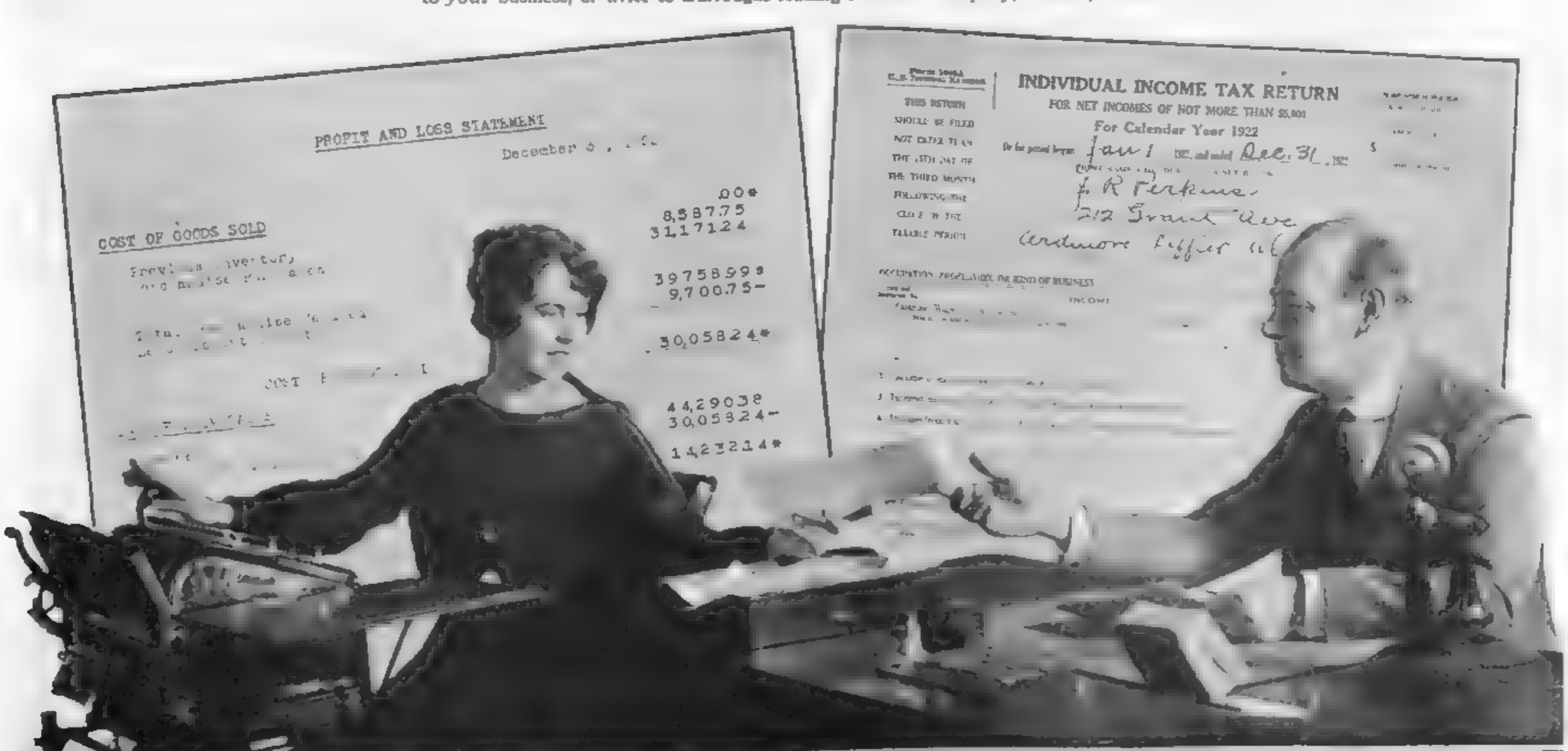
"It *is* a Simplified Accounting Plan and the smaller the business, the more necessary I believe it is. The fact that the machine automatically extends all balances makes it easy to always have our figures up to date. I would not part with the machine and system for five times what it cost if I couldn't get another. I can recommend it highly, having had long enough time to test it."

Very truly yours, Arthur Cohen, P. D.

Ask the nearest Burroughs Office how the Simplified Accounting Plan can be applied to *your* business, or write to Burroughs Adding Machine Company, Detroit, Mich




## BETTER FIGURES *for* BIGGER PROFITS

# Burroughs

ADDING-BOOKKEEPING-BILLING-CALCULATING MACHINES

# THE CINDER BUGGY

(Continued from Page 23)

been arguing technically and stopped to stare a little at Agnes and then at Thane, who fell back and stood leaning against the wall as Agnes and the doctor went on. The doctor opened the door carefully and peered in. Standing aside, he motioned Agnes to enter

Her father lay on his back in a great four-poster, extended to his full length, his feet together and vertical, his head slightly raised on pillows, and their eyes met as she crossed the threshold. He recognized her instantly. She was sure of it, sure he was in his right mind. Yet he gave not the slightest sign of his feelings. She was surprised that he was not more shrunken. His bulk was intact, but he was the color of sand. His aspect was sepulchral. She advanced slowly, holding his gaze, hardly aware of two men standing alert at the head of the bed, just outside the line of vision, ready to seize him.

When she was halfway to him he began to sit up, lifting his whole trunk from the hips without the use of his arms, his feet at the same time rising a little under the lower part of the sheet.

"Go away!" he said hoarsely, and she stopped. "Go away!" he meant to say again, but as his voice rose he became inarticulate and made guttural sounds. He began to repel her with excited gestures. The doctor interfered.

"Come," he whispered.

She turned to go, but faced her father again. In a clear, loud voice she uttered the three words he had once with all his strength demanded and could not make her say: "I am sorry."

Their effect was to excite him all the more. He continued to wave her away in feeble frenzy. When the door had closed behind her he collapsed.

Thane was waiting outside the door. She leaned on him heavily and seemed about to go under. He took her in his arms and bore her downstairs. She revived at once and sharply declined to be made about, even by the doctor, whose smelling salts she put aside. Thane walked with her in the air.

Presently the doctor joined them. The idea of bringing Mr. Thane to Mr. Gib's notice as one who would promise to do the strange thing he desired, he said, had been discussed with the alienist; and it was the alienist's notion first to put the patient under the suggestion that a puddler named Thane had been sent for, the point being that Mr. Gib might remember Mr. Thane as a puddler and forget him as a son-in-law. This seemed to the doctor too subtle altogether; still, as it couldn't do any harm, he had consented. It had in fact been done with such success that Mr. Gib now lay in a fever of hope. Would Mr. Thane, the puddler, please come at once?

Thane had never been in a sick room. He had never seen death transacting. He had known two idiots and had an idea of imbecility; insanity he could not imagine. The doctor's long medical discourse on Enoch's disorder had filled him with a vague sense of resentment; and the doctor's private conviction that Enoch was possessed had made him angry. He did not believe in devils. That flash of superstition threw the professional manner into grotesque relief and he was contemptuous of it. His feelings went over and stood with Enoch against these self-important outsiders who by some law of their own had established themselves above him in his own house, were permitted to restrain him in his own bed, who stood about in his hallway disputing as to when and how and why he should die.

As Thane entered the room the two nurses were leaning over the old man from opposite sides of the bed, and the sight of them deepened his antagonism. They stood back as he approached. Enoch, slowly opening his eyes, gazed at Thane with a look of tense recognition. Otherwise he lay perfectly inert until Thane stood looking down at him. Then his lips began to move as if he were talking. No sound was audible. Thane, bending lower and lower, dropped on his knees and put his ear very close. Enoch was whispering. His words, though faint, were distinct, almost fluent, and dramatically intentional.

What he said was that worse puddlers and lesser men than Thane, men he had known all his life, had refused to do for him that service one cannot perform for oneself and must, therefore, be permitted to ask as a favor. This service was to dispose of his remains agreeably to a certain wish, which was, to be cremated. There was no physical difficulty whatever. It was feasible to be done in a puddling furnace—his own furnace—his own mill!—his own body! Why not?

"I will do it," said Thane, removing his ear and meeting the old man's eyes. Enoch's lips continued to move. Thane returned his ear.

It was to be done in Number One furnace.

Thane met his eyes again, saying: "All right—in Number One. I understand."

Enoch's lips were still moving. Thane listened.

There was one thing more, Enoch said. He had no right to ask it except as a favor for which he would be deeply grateful. Would Thane listen very carefully? In that walnut secretary by the door, in a secret drawer of it that would come open when the molding above the pen rack was pressed downward, he would find the key to a room upstairs, directly above the one they were in. He wished to die in that room upstairs—by himself. He knew better than to ask the nurses or the doctors. They already thought him mad. Anyhow they would ask questions and he couldn't tell them why he wished to die in that room alone. He had been saving his strength against an opportunity to give them the slip, intending to lock himself into it. Once in it he would be safe. But his strength had suddenly departed forever. No one knew this yet. It had just happened. The nurses supposed he was resting. The fact was he could not move foot, hand or finger. So now he was utterly helpless and hopeless except for Thane—and the end was so near!

Would Thane get the key, carry him over all obstacles to that room above, set him in a certain chair, taking care not to move it, then retire and lock the door and keep them all off for an hour? An hour would do it. In one hour he would be out of their reach.

Thane did not pause to reflect. The old man's appeal to be permitted to die as he would in his own house was irresistible. It moved him dynamically. He strode to the walnut secretary, discovered the key, dropped it in his pocket and returned to the bedside.

The nurses were dumfounded and scandalized to see him suddenly take the old man up in his arms, sheet and all, and start off with him toward the door. They followed, exclaiming and chattering, doing nothing overt. They were too amazed to act. At the door occurred a scene of pure confusion. As Thane pulled it open the four doctors, having heard the commotion within, were there in a group on the momentum of entry. At sight of Enoch in Thane's arms they recoiled and stood aghast. The two nurses behind Thane became vocal, trying all in one breath to exculpate themselves and explain an inconceivable thing.

Thane was pushing through.

"He wants to die upstairs," he said.

Instantly on speaking of it he became aware that the situation had an irrational aspect. He wondered how he should clear them out of the room in which Enoch wished to die and keep them out—for of course they would follow. He could not help that. With a resolve if necessary to throw them all downstairs he crossed the threshold. The alienist from Philadelphia and the two Wilkes-Barre consultants fell back. It was not their case. The family doctor barred Thane's way at the foot of the staircase.

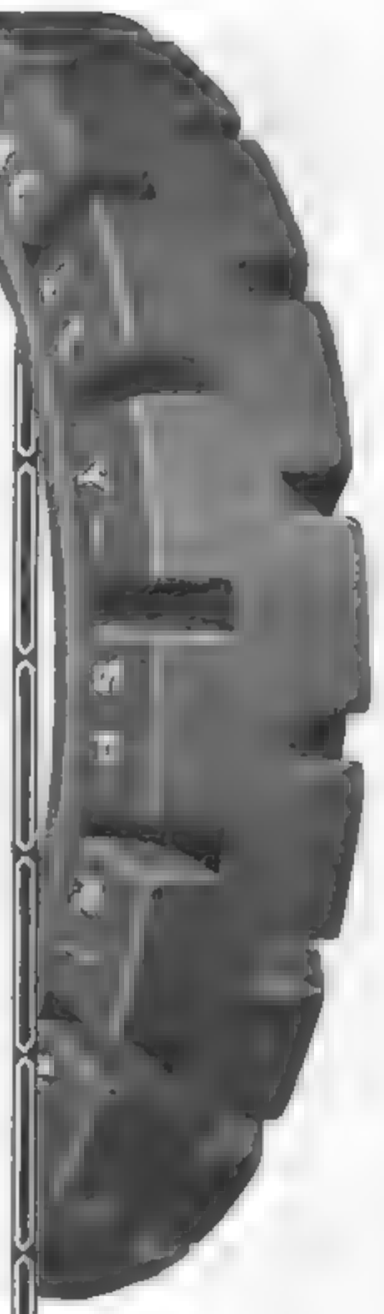
"You must be crazy!" he shouted, waving his arms. "This simply cannot be permitted. As his physician I order you to take him back."

"Stand aside," said Thane.

"You will kill him!" said the doctor. "Do you hear that? This will kill him. I forbid it."

Thane seemed not at all impressed. Probably he would have pursued his purpose in a straight line but that his mind was arrested by a startling change in the heft and feeling of his burden. It became suddenly so much heavier that he almost lost his balance. And as he looked to see what this could mean there rose out of Enoch a groan unlike any sound concerned with life. With that the body underwent a violent muscular commotion and threw


*Caterpillars are made in sizes suitable for trucks of every type and weight*



# After 10,000 miles these *Caterpillar tires show no wear

When the photograph reproduced below was taken, the *Caterpillar tires shown had run over ten thousand miles. In telling of the service they had given, Donnen Bros. of Fort Morgan, Colorado, to whom this truck belongs, say:

"We are engaged in the grain and coal business, also the wholesale oil business and operate a 1½-ton Republic truck.

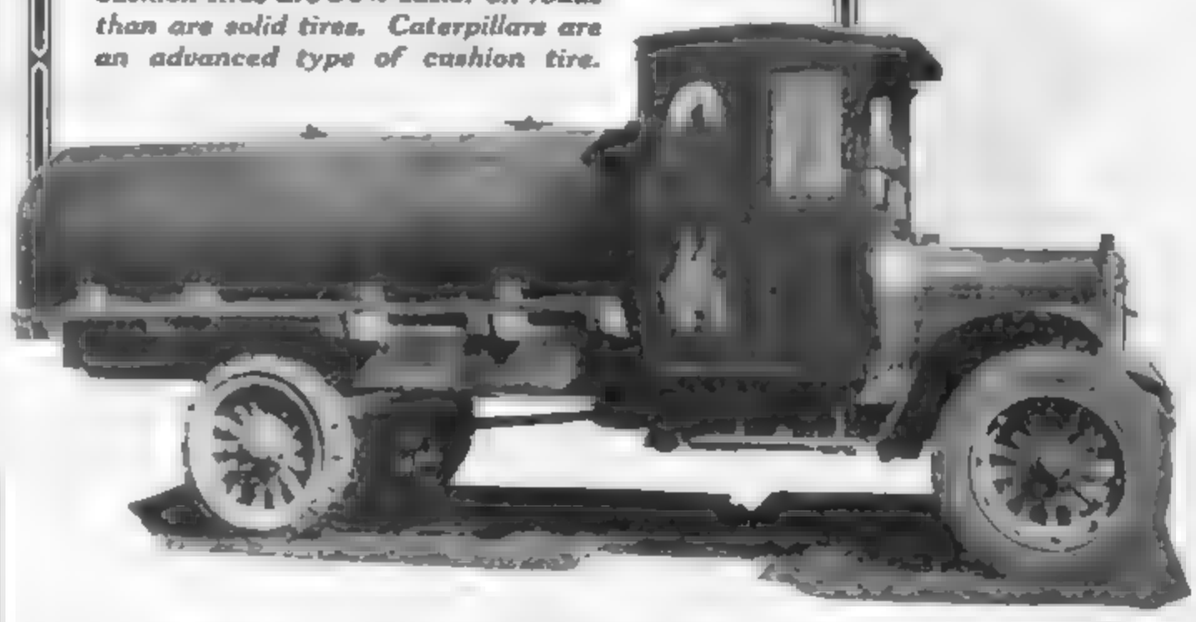
"During May of last year we applied a pair of Caterpillar tires to the rear wheels. Since that time our truck has covered 10,000 miles over various road conditions and we have never found it necessary to use chains. At this date the tires show no noticeable signs of wear and we are very well pleased with the service they have given us.

"We have found the Caterpillars far more economical than pneumatics and they give us practically the same traction and cushion."

Mileage is, and always will be, a desirable feature in a truck tire but more and more are truck owners coming to realize the importance of other features such as traction and resiliency.

The thing that is making *Caterpillars so popular is the fact that they give not only exceptional mileage but exceptional traction and resiliency as well.

*U. S. Government tests show that cushion tires are 50% easier on roads than are solid tires. Caterpillars are an advanced type of cushion tire.



# There is no *Caterpillar Tire but the one that Kelly makes

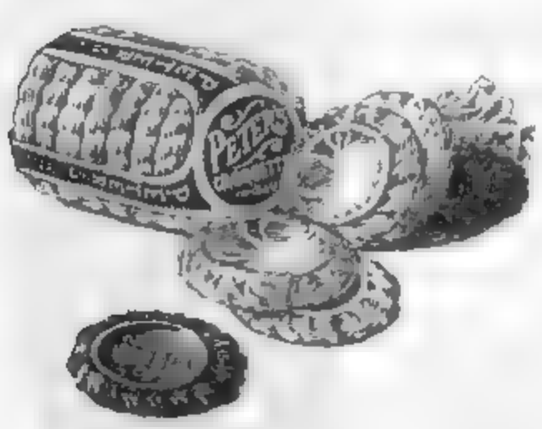
KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY

KELLY KATS

250 WEST 57TH STREET NEW YORK, N.Y.

# From one small pan to a million pieces a day

A half century ago Daniel Peter made only a few pounds of his milk chocolate at a time —the capacity of his little Swiss oven. Today in the *Peter's* American kitchens alone, thousands of pounds are made every hour.



Daniel Peter not only originated *milk chocolate;* he originated the special process by which today in making *Peter's* the milk and sugar are blended with choice chocolate. Much of your fine flavor depends upon this process. It is a *Peter's secret.*

Of the scores of varieties of cocoa beans but six go into *Peter's* and only certain choice grades of these. It is an art—roasting and blending these beans. And the *Peter's* process is still a secret.

*Peter's* is different—distinctive. It's *good.* You'll like the fine, rare flavor of it. Ask for *Peter's* today.

*If unable to obtain Peter's promptly, write to Lamont, Corliss & Company, 131 Hudson Street, New York, sole selling agents.*

*High as the Alps in Quality*

**Peter's**
MILK CHOCOLATE


itself into a state of rigid extension. Thane needed all his strength to hold it. Immediately there was another change. The body began slowly to go limp.

"It's over," said the Philadelphia alienist.

What Thane held in his arms was no longer Enoch, but a distasteful object, fallen in one breath from the first person, I, from the second person, you, to the state of a pronominal third thing which is spoken of—that!

Thane carried it back to the bed

All this had taken place in less than half an hour. Thane found Agnes as he had left her, on an iron bench in the maple shade.

"He is dead," she said, on looking at his face.

He answered by sitting by her side in silence. She asked him nothing about the end, and he was glad, for it had been extremely harrowing. Still he was surprised at her want of curiosity, and had a moment of thinking her callous. He had somehow mysteriously arrived at an understanding of Enoch, was shaken by a sense of loss, even grief, and yearned to share his emotion with Agnes. Having been for some time withdrawn in thought she started slightly.

"Did you promise?" she asked. "Was there time for that?"

"Yes," he said. "You won't have to think about it," he continued gently. "I've got it worked out in my mind. There can be funeral services here like they have sometimes when nobody goes to the grave or when there ain't going to be any burial. Then I can go alone with him to the mill. There's nobody at the mill, you know. It's shut."

She regarded him with a troubled expression.

"Alone!" she said.

"I'd rather," he said, "with everybody being so superstitious about it."

"But I shall go," she said.

"Might take a long time," he said uneasily. "I don't know how long."

She put the objection aside with a gesture.

"All right," he said. "He'll be pleased you feel that way."

xxx

LATE that night Thane was telling John how Enoch died and how the remains were to be disposed of. He had to tell someone. It was a weight on his mind and he was tormented with misgivings about his own conduct. When he came to the key he remembered having it in his pocket still and produced it associatively. John took it out of his hand and continued to regard it thoughtfully long after the narrative was finished.

"Was I right?" Thane asked somewhat anxiously.

"Admirable!" said John, a little off the point as it seemed to Thane. He added: "The fate that amuses itself with our lives knew what it wanted when it tangled you in."

"Seems as there's a lot I don't know," said Thane, a faint edge to his voice.

"It's hard to get at," said John. He continued: "This place, if you know, was founded by General Woolwine, my great-grandfather, whose partner was a younger man named Christopher Gib, this Enoch's father."

So he began, as if opening a book. Some of it was missing; parts of it were illegible; yet the shape of the drama stood vividly forth.

An hour later he came to the end—to where the invisible writing stopped—it was sudden and for a moment bewildering, almost as if they had forgotten who they were and had been unexpectedly let down in the middle of a story. They sat a while musing.

"To be continued by the three of us," said John. "I should like to know what is in that room."

"Let's go see," said Thane.

For he had come to the hotel only to talk to John and was returning to the manaion for the night. John went with him.

Enoch's body lay where it was in the second-floor bed chamber. They passed it without stopping and went on to the third floor. On the landing was a little table with a lighted glass lamp, which John took up.

"That would be it," he said, indicating a certain doorway.

The key fitted the lock, but to their surprise the bolt was already drawn.

John held the light. Thane opened the door and went first. He had but crossed the threshold when he started back, recoiled rather, with a movement so sudden and involuntary that John, immediately behind him, was thrown off his balance and dropped the lamp, which burst and harmlessly petered out. They were then in darkness. There was no other light on that floor.

"Match," said Thane, now standing quietly.

John had matches, which he divided by a sense of touch. Each struck one and held it out.

What had startled Thane was the figure of a woman. As they saw her now in the flickering light of their matches she stood at the other side of the room, her back to the wall, facing them. John recognized her at once as the woman who met him in the front doorway, holding an oil light over her head, the night he came seeking Agnes and encountered Enoch at the gate. She was disheveled. Her thick black hair had fallen on one side and her face was distorted and swollen from weeping. Her eyes were alight with a kind of wild animal defiance. As they approached her she began to move along the wall sideways, her arms a little spread. In one hand she held a coil of small rope.

"Who are you?" Thane asked.

*She Did Not Speak, But Continued Slowly to Edge Along the Wall, Staring at Them Angrily*

She did not speak, but continued slowly to edge along the wall, staring at them angrily. They lit fresh matches from the dying ones and pursued her in this way, asking her who she was and what she did there, and she answered only with that wild look, until with more presence of mind than they were able to summon she had worked herself to a position between them and the open door. Their matches gave out and she disappeared in the dark. They heard her go down the back stairway.

"We'll have to get a light," said John.

They groped their way downstairs, both absurdly unnerved, found some candles and returned to the room. Both had the same thought. From what they had glimpsed of the interior in the light of their matches by a kind of marginal vision it seemed quite empty. And so it was. The only movable object was a key that evidently the woman had dropped. It was a duplicate of the one in Thane's possession. They examined the room with silent curiosity. The walls gave a dead, solid sound to the rap of their knuckles. The windows were double and grated inside with iron bars.

Now they went in search of the woman, knowing nothing about her, not even her name. She was probably the housekeeper. Agnes would know. But they hated to disturb Agnes. She was at the other side of the mansion and it was very late. Besides, they had a feeling that the sequel might be distressing. The woman had vanished. They could find no trace of her, nor could they raise any servants indoors, for the reason afterward disclosed that latterly Enoch's ménage had consisted of three persons—housekeeper, gardener and stableman.

"Let's try the stable," John suggested. "There must be somebody alive."

On their way to the stable they stared curiously at a great unsightly heap of ashes, still smoking and fitfully glowing on the back terrace, as if a miscellaneous lot of things had been gathered together hastily and burned.

"Strange place for a fire," said Thane, with an unspoken intuition that John shared.

The stableman was sitting up, smoking, with the look of a man whose eyes have seen more than mind can grasp. He knew Thane and seemed comforted by the advent of human society.

"Nobody in the house. What's the matter?" Thane asked.

"She's somewhere outdoors, if that's what you mean," said the stableman.

"Where?"

"Wherever that is," he replied. "Don't ask me." His air was that of a man who has stopped meddling with the way of things, for cause.

"What do you know about her?" John asked.

They had only to listen and piece it together. He was full of it. The woman's name was Ann Sibthorp and she came from nobody knew where, most likely from some place where they had ceased to speak well of her.

She had been Enoch's housekeeper for many years and at last his only house servant. She was not a woman you could get acquainted with. You wouldn't if you could, he said. So it wasn't that anybody cared, except that she gave herself airs above her station, became oppressive and drove the help away. She did lots of things Enoch knew nothing about. Yet she had her way with him and nobody dared to cross her. For several days she had been going strange. When the old man died she seemed to lose her mind. She looked without seeing. There was no sense in her eyes.

(Continued on Page 84)

# Which window would make *you* stop?

## How one merchant increased sales and quality patronage by increasing the Light in his windows

STRUMP & COMPANY are women's apparel merchants in Newark, N.J. Six months ago they made a simple test of their show window lighting. Read what F. T. Howard, secretary of the company, says about it:

"Our windows were lighted like those of the average store. We found by actual count that they were stopping 12 out of every 100 persons who passed.

"We doubled the amount of light by using a larger size of Edison MAZDA Lamps in our reflectors. We found that we stopped 17 out of each 100. And an average of 4500 people passed nightly.

"The result has been not only a marked and sustained increase in sales, but we have increased our quality patronage and are doing a bigger business in higher-priced women's wearing apparel.

"But what surprised us most was the cheapness of better lighting as compared with the sales return. While our total current cost for window lighting was increased from eight to seventeen cents an hour, the sales value of our show windows increased 40 per cent."

### Sales increase with Light

FURTHER TESTS conducted in Strump & Company's windows by lighting service engineers of the Edison Lamp Works showed the ratio of light increase to attraction as follows:

| Illumination (in foot-candles) as measured by a foot-candle meter. | Total cost of electricity per hour. | No. of persons stopped out of each hundred. |
|---|---|---|
| 15 | 6 c. | 10 |
| 30 | 9 c. | 12 |
| 50 | 13 c. | 15 |
| 65 | 17 c. | 17 |
| 85 | 19½ c. | 19 |
| 100 | 22 c. | 21 |

Write today to the Edison Lamp Works of General Electric Company, Harrison, N. J., for a booklet on proper window and store lighting. Specify your type and size of store.

### Make this test

You, too, can increase the drawing power of your windows by using more light. Beginning tonight, see how many of each hundred passersby are attracted to your display. Then install larger lamps and see how many more stop.

Ask your lighting company or an Edison MAZDA Lamp Agent to help you conduct the test and to show you the standard window and store lighting equipment for your type and size of store.

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EDISON
MAZDA LAMPS

A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

*The paint that laughs at storms*

TO PAINT with assurance of long life and lasting beauty is to paint with U. S. N. Deck Paint, for in years of service on the decks of ships it has laughed at storms and defied the sea.

What a test for paint that is used in the home where busy feet tread constantly on floors and porches and where walls and woodwork must be washed and scrubbed.

Invariably, home owners get extra years of service from U. S. N. Deck Paint after ordinary paints have been renewed. It is easily applied, spreads generously and dries hard over night.

Beautiful colors for every household need are carried by the U. S. N. Deck Paint Dealer near you. Write for his name and location.

THE BILLINGS-CHAPIN COMPANY
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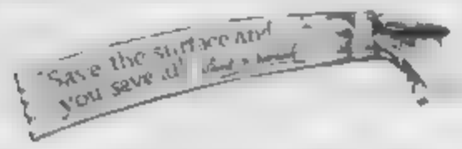



*Continued from Page 82*

A little while before dark she began to carry things out of the house and pile them out there on the terrace. He could not say exactly what they were—some pieces of furniture, a chair, a bed no doubt; yes, and some clothes, a pair of white slippers and little things. When he saw her pouring oil on them he protested. She didn't hear him. She wasn't natural, and he was afraid to do anything except to draw a lot of water in case the property caught on fire. Then she lighted the pile and watched it burn, fairly standing in the flames, poking them with a stick, rubbing her hands in them, taking on like a witch. It made a God-fearing person sick to see her. After that she went in and he didn't see her again until just now when she rushed out of the house and disappeared among the trees.

"She's a-going to do herself a damage, that woman," he predicted calmly. "Found this in the edge of the ashes," he remembered, drawing from his pocket a small square brown case, badly singed at one corner. "Maybe you would know what it is."

It was a daguerreotype in a faded leather case. Thane opened it and held it for John to see in the light of the stable lantern.

"I recognize it," said John. Thane gave it to him.

That was all from the stableman. And that was all that was ever known about Ann Sibthorp. He searched the grounds. She was never seen again, dead or alive.

"You know the picture?" Thane asked, as they were parting at the gate.

"It's a portrait of my mother," John answered.

"Esther that you just told me about?"

"Yes."

*xxxi*

AT DAYBREAK smoke was seen curling out of one of the cold mill stacks. Everybody in New Damascus knew that Enoch's body was to be burned up in a puddling furnace.

"There he goes!" one said. "There goes old Enoch now."

"Not yet," said another. "Take a hotter fire than that. Don't you see it's just started? That's his puddler son-in-law getting it ready for him."

It takes eight or ten hours, starting with it cold, to get the maw of a puddling furnace white-hot. In this case it would take even longer since Thane had it all to do alone and would be unable to stoke the fire steadily. There were other duties. Simple obsequies would take place at the mansion in the afternoon. That was all anybody was permitted to know. Only Thane and Agnes knew at what hour the cremation would begin. The point of keeping it secret was obvious.

All day long people watched the smoke with fascinated horror. Crowds gathered on the mountain side and at points overlooking the mill to witness this weird translation of the symbol that was Enoch, symbol of iron, symbol of indestructibility. There were many who believed he would not burn.

After the funeral services had taken place at the mansion interest in the smoke became intense. Changes in its color or density or in the way it twisted out of the top of the stack evoked exclamations of wonder and cries of "Look! Look! That's the image of him! That's Enoch going up! Don't you see him?"

Then news would come, seemingly by a telepathic impulse, that that was only the son-in-law poking up the fire, for the body was still at the mansion. Again it would be rumored that a previous rumor was positively true. The remains had been got into the mill unobserved. Everybody had been fooled. Enoch had got the last laugh. He had been burning up for more than an hour and had already very largely vanished into the sky. So the whole afternoon and the early evening passed.

Darkness defrauded the eye of morbidity. Enoch's wish was fulfilled in the night. But this somber thing was not all that took place at the puddling furnace. There occurred also a vivid transaction with life. That now is to be related.

First the scene: A puddling furnace is a low brick structure, somewhat resembling a double tomb. One side is the fire pit; the other side is the oven. The flames from the fire pit are sucked by draft across the roof of the oven. As you face the furnace you see two iron doors, one opening on the grate to receive the fuel, and to the right of that on a higher level the small square door of the oven. Through the first door when it is open you see the fire. Through the other you see heat, nothing but heat, blinding incandescence.

Thane led Agnes to a bench facing the furnace, spread his coat upon it and motioned her to sit down.

The fire pit at the last stoking had been gorged to the teeth. A long iron bar was propped against the door to hold it shut. Gases, smoke and cherry flames were belching through the cracks. The oven door to the right was set in a square halo of white light. Agnes had never been in a mill before. The cavernous rumbling of the fire appalled her. She had that sense of nameless peril with which one is shaken on first coming to the edge of a cataract in the dark. A fire is a cataract inverted. For security she fixed her attention upon Thane. He cast off his collar, tie, waistcoat and hat, and seemed to take the furnace by the jaws with his bare hands. First he opened the oven door and stood immersed in scalding light. Shaking his head he slammed it shut. Rolling up his sleeves he seized a great poker, pulled the pit door open, made several passes at the fire, then stopped, banged the door to, stood for a moment in dilemma, disappeared into the gloom and was lost for five minutes. When he reappeared he was in the puddler's rig he had worn earlier that day—naked to the middle, trousers rolled at the waist, cowhide shoes, gloves and skullcap. Now he could pet a fire. As he thrust the javelin into its throat it roared at him. He made it get up, turn over, lie down, turn over again and rear. For moments he was swallowed up in smoke, and Agnes could scarce restrain a shriek of thrill and terror. Each time he miraculously emerged unsinged. Then he cast in more fuel, working swiftly with heroic ease and grace, and banged the door shut just in time, for the monster was on the point of lunging headlong forth. With another look at the inside of the oven he came and sat on the end of the bench. She noticed that his chest rose and fell slowly. All that exertion had not forced his breathing. Ten minutes passed. He roweled the fire again. This time instead of returning to sit on the bench he walked to and fro in front of the furnace.

In Agnes, who for a while had been spellbound with awe, a mysterious excitement was rising. It seemed incongruous with what they were doing; therefore she ceased to be aware of that. The emotion comprehended Thane, centered in him, excluded everything else save the fact of herself in relation to him. As she watched him his figure became splendid, fabulous!

She was in love with him. That fact had long been desperate and apparently hopeless, since he had closed the door. But now, in addition to the potential of her love she felt that sweet, fierce turning toward life, that headlong impulse to perpetuation, which mysteriously occurs in the presence of death. This elemental longing will pierce its way through grief, affliction and terror. Sir John Everett Millais caught its gesture in the most poignant pencil sketch in the world, Marrying and Giving in Marriage at the Deluge.

Thane's emotions were parallel. He loved that woman. And the stark enigma moved him in the same way to answer death with life. Being a man he thought himself abominable. Yet the impulse overthrew him.

Breaking his walk before the furnace he strode to the bench where she sat, lifted her free, pressed her to him and kissed her once hotly on the mouth. Instantly overcome at what he had done, humiliated, chagrined, horribly ashamed of the desire that possessed him, he put her down as suddenly as he had picked her up, roughly, leaving her stunned and limp. She had been too bewildered and too near the point of swooning to react as the opportunity required. For a moment she could scarcely believe it had happened. It might almost as well have been an episode of phantasy.

She rose to run after him. At that instant he opened the furnace door and the glare blinded her. When he closed it and turned they faced each other.

"It is ready," he said. She could not hear, but she knew what he meant. The fire at last was hot enough. . . .

When later they emerged in the air Thane said: "Wait here in the door. I want to wash a bit."

She caught a white gleam of him in the moonlight as he got out of the puddler's rig and heard him splashing under the tap at the water tank. He was not long, and returned carrying his coat on his arm, otherwise dressed as when he came, except that his collar was missing and the front of his shirt lay open. The spring wagon in which they brought the body was in the yard near by. Thane untied the horse and waited. Agnes hesitated.

"I'd like to walk," she said.

A watchman took the horse and they departed on foot.

"Thought you might rather go to the hotel," he said as they passed through the gate. "We've got rooms there."

"I would," she answered, "only I've no sleep in me and I'd like to walk."

She was looking toward the mountain and they walked that way. Thane was stirred by an intuition, which he disbelieved, that if he were passive and let her choose they would come to a certain path. And they did. He had a further intuition, most unbelievable, that of her own accord she would stop at a certain place, turn in a certain way, and stand looking into the valley. And she did.

It was the spot at which they first met, the night of his battle with the Cornishman, a night very like this one. All the way she had been silent. If they touched, walking side by side, he made it clear without words that the contact was accidental. When they came to the path he stood aside and she went ahead. And when at this spot she stopped and turned her face to the valley he went a few paces away, not to disturb her reverie, and stood with his face averted.

The summer night was cool; but the air he breathed was hot, tasteless and suffocating. Memory reconstructed the episode of their original meeting. It went on from there. He saw as in one picture the whole of his life with Agnes, and feelings extremely inconsistent with one another assailed him. There was one, the one he thought he had got control of, that rose higher and higher, for a reason he seemed painfully aware of and yet for a moment could not recall. Then he remembered. It referred to that moment in the mill when he kissed her for the first time in his life, and by force. He had forgotten it as one might momentarily forget having just committed a murder; he loathed himself for having done it, particularly at that time and place. He wondered that she could tolerate him afterward, could walk with him alone, could speak to him with no sign of disgust. He wondered what she was thinking, so still in the moonlight. Probably thinking of that.

He became aware that she moved. She was coming toward him. He did not turn round. He detested himself so much that he could not bear to look at her or to be looked at, and stepped out of the path to let her pass. She did not pass.

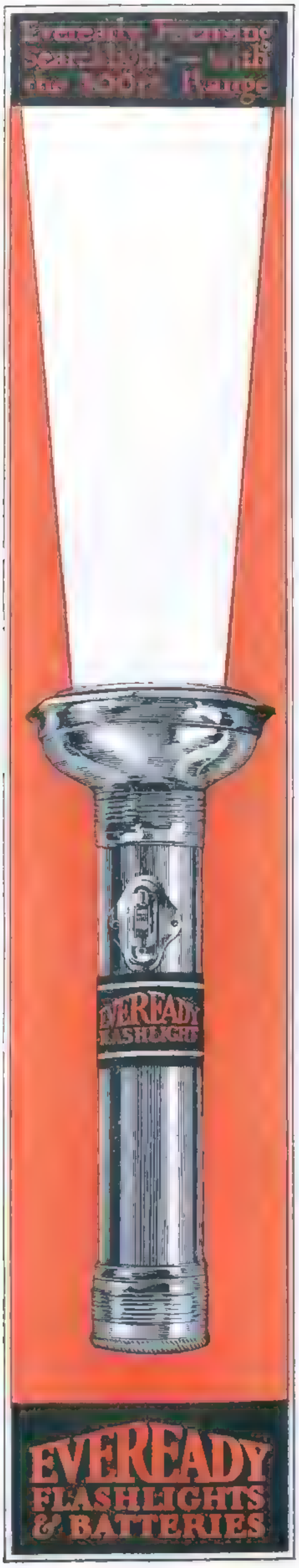
He felt her standing close to him, near enough to have touched him. Still he did not turn. She raised her arms slowly, with a wistfulness he could not have imagined or believed if he had seen. He knew her hands were stealing around his neck and he could not realize it. Then she clasped him fiercely. Turning in her embrace he tried to kiss her. She buried her face in his neck, sobbing deeply, all the time clinging to him frantically, as if she expected him to put her off. Lifting her head she leaned far back against the encircling chain of his arms and lay there looking at him, moonbeams in her eyes. Clasping him again she kissed his face, his mouth, his eyes, stopping only to whisper in his ear the most stupendous three words a woman can say.

For a long time he did not let the ground touch her feet. He carried her to and fro in the path, then up the mountain, higher and higher, and at last to the very top.

*xxxii*

JOHN, meanwhile, unable to sleep, had risen from his bed and gone walking. He let his feet drift, having nothing consciously in view, and presently found himself in the path where on just such a night six years before he had raced up and down in a panic, calling the name of Agnes. It occurred to him to look for the spot at which he had found her things. Unable to make sure of it he idly gave up the effort. The view of the valley impressed him and he sat on a stone at some distance below the path to sense it. He was there when Agnes and Thane arrived. They could not see him; shrubbery above his seat concealed him. He could see them distinctly. His first impulse naturally was to disclose himself. Hesitation arose on the thought that their coming to this place must have been by romantic impulse; and then as the

*(Continued on Page 87)*



". . . A 500 FOOT BEE LINE OF LIGHT . . . AN EVEREADY FOCUSING SEARCHLIGHT IS AN OUTDOOR NECESSITY"

# Another Eveready triumph—the new Eveready Focusing Searchlight with the *500-foot range*—a real *hand searchlight*—tears a hole in fog, smoke, or blackest night!

A more powerful longer range development of the noted Eveready Spotlight. The most intense light concentrated in a Flashlight for popular use —3,000 candle power at the focal point in a broad beam of piercing light. Automobilists, campers, vacationists, firemen, policemen, watchmen, seamen, sportsmen on land and water, let your experience with the Spotlight tell you what this Searchlight can do for you. Try it. We've priced it low —$4.50 complete with batteries, and extra Eveready concentrated filament Mazda lamp in end cap —in either corrugated fibre or nickel-plated case.

# Riddle

DECORATIVE LIGHTING FITMENTS

## Now you can have genuine Riddle Fitments at no greater cost than for ordinary lighting fixtures

This is made possible through the development of the Riddle Feature Fitment—a series of lighting fitments specially designed for apartments and small homes. The full resources of the Riddle organization have been devoted to reducing the cost while retaining the true Riddle characteristics of design and decoration. The Feature Fitment is wrought of metal, and decorated in the regular Riddle Estofado, like the most expensive Riddle pieces, yet the price is no more than for ordinary lighting fixtures. If intending to build, remodel or redecorate, ask your lighting fixture dealer to show you the Riddle Feature Fitment, and note how it excels in beauty, character and real value.

### Send for The Riddle Fitment Booklet

Ten of the Feature Fitment styles are shown on this page. The Riddle Fitment Booklet illustrates these and other Riddle Fitments in the actual colors of the Estofado Decoration, including wall and ceiling pieces, torcheres, floor lamps, table lamps and Vellumesque shades. Copy sent on request.

*Some good dealer territory available*

**The Edward N. Riddle Company**

**433 Riddle Building Toledo, Ohio**

*Makers of lighting fitments since 1892*

(Continued from Page 84)

scene between them developed he could only sit still. They should never know he had witnessed it. Long after they were gone he sat there. And when he departed he went straight down the mountain side to the highway lest they should still be near and see him if he went by the path.

He felt strangely exalted. His love for Agnes was hopeless. It had been hopeless as a matter of honor because she rightfully belonged to Thane. Now it was hopeless in a new and final sense because she had learned to love Thane as Thane loved her. What was inevitable now was fulfilled and what had been renounced in fair conduct was beyond temptation. There was also his feeling for Thane which made them closer than brothers.

He waited for them to seek him. That occurred on the second day. They had come to the hotel and Thane asked him to join them for supper. They required his advice. Much to their surprise Enoch not only had left no estate; he was hopelessly bankrupt. The mill was heavily in debt. They had to decide whether to pay off its debts or let it be sold for the benefit of creditors. They were in no state about it. Agnes, it was true, would never come into that fortune of her own out of which she had meant to pay those "balances owing Alexander Thane—to be accounted for," according to the black book. That no longer made the slightest difference. As for Thane, he cared nothing about being rich. Besides, his income now was large. Nevertheless, was it not an astonishing fact?

"Had you suspected it?" Agnes asked.

John told them of Enoch's obsession against steel and how the wreck was made. He put it entirely on the ground of Enoch's steel phobia and left himself out of it.

"What would be your guess to do with the mill?" Thane asked.

This question they debated at length.

"It's too late to make New Damascus a steel town," John said. "That opportunity has gone around. However, there will always be a want for New Damascus iron. I'll go halves, if you like, to pay off the debts. We'll form a close corporation and save the mill. Rationally worked it will pay its way."

To this both Thane and Agnes agreed. John went back to Pittsburgh. Thane and Agnes remained for several weeks, to settle Enoch's affairs, to dismantle Number One furnace, and to arrange for reopening the mill under a superintendent brought by Thane from the Agnes plant.

And New Damascus unawares was delivered to its fate.

### XXXIII

NOW the steel age was come with its deluge of things. Man's environment was made over twice in one generation. Nothing was built but to be built again on a greater scale. It seemed impossible to make anything big enough. Wonders were of a day's duration. In twenty-five years the country's population doubled. In the same time the production of things unto the use, happiness and discontent of people increased five, ten, twenty fold. Man had now in his hand the universal power of steel. It extended his arms and legs unimaginably, grotesquely.

The production of steel increased more than one hundredfold. Railways were built which if placed end to end and run around the globe would have circled it six times. Those already grown when the steel age came were not yet old when a ton of freight was transported more than twenty-five hundred miles annually for each man, woman and child living on American soil. Food was cheaper and more abundant than ever before in the life of man because the railways, pursuing the sun, had suddenly opened a virgin continent to bonanza farming. So was everything else. Modern cities were made and were no sooner made than torn down and made over again. Chicago grew faster than St. Louis because it had less to tear down. Rivers were moved, mountains were leveled or strung like beads on a steel thread, swamps were lifted up. Nothing was right as God left it.

*Oh, bigger, and deeper, and higher!*
*Oh, faster, and cheaper, and plus!*

And it is still incredible, like the pyramids. Men lived in strife by doing. They labored and brought it forth. There was never a moment to think. There has not come that moment yet. What it was toward nobody knows.

Steel was to make men free. They said this who had to say something. Men are not free. Why should they be? What shall they be free to do? Go to and fro perhaps. What shall they be free to think? Anything wherein is refuge from the riddles they invent.

The men who delivered the steel age were not thinkers. They were magicians who monkeyed with the elements until they had conjured forth from the earth a spirit that said, "Serve me!"

Those who directly served it were of two kinds. One was Thane's kind—men whose minds were in their hands, who were deft and daring in the invention of tools and means and ways, and to whom mechanical impossibilities were intoxicating. The other was John's kind—men of seeing, who worked by inspiration, who had the phantasy of things beyond the feeling of them, and ran ahead. And since men of both kinds were more available here than in Europe the steel age walked across the ocean.

Here were men like Thane whose genius fashioned tools in the guise of sentient creatures—walking tools, thinking tools, cooperating tools, with eyes and ears and nerves and powers of discrimination. Human tools but that they lacked the sense of good and evil; and one could not be sure of that.

Fancy a tool larger than an elephant keeping vigil before a row of furnaces, pacing slowly up and down, apparently brooding, and then at the right moment opening a door and plucking forth a block of incandescent steel weighing many tons, neatly, with not the slightest effort, and nowhere in sight a human being! Fancy another tool to drudge and fag for this one! It comes running up, stands still while the other gently lays upon its back the white-hot slab, then runs and dumps it on a train of rollers.

That two hundredweight of flaming iron you saw swinging through the gloom of Enoch's mill in hand tongs now is a mass of ninety tons or more, handled, carried hither, delivered there, shaped and forged, all by automatic tools. The ladle no larger than a pot into which the fluid iron formerly was decanted is now a car on wheels—no, not one but many in a string, hence called a ladle train—running through the night behind a donkey locomotive, slopping over at the turns, on the way from where the ore is smelted to where the mixers mix it and the converters change it into steel.

The Thanes did that.

And here were men like John to say: "Give us a tariff protection of six-tenths of a cent a pound for ten years and we will not only make all our own steel wire hereafter, but wire for all the world"—who got it and did it. Here were men to say: "We spend half a million good American dollars each year in England for tin cans to throw over the alley fence. Give us a duty on tin plate and we will not only make our own, but in ten years other people will be throwing our cans over the fence"—who got it and proved it. Here were men to say: "There is going to be only one steel concern in the world that's us," and mean it literally.

They were men who knew not how to stop. They dared not stop. The one who did was lost. Every little while they had to throw away everything they had created, cast it out on the junk heap, because new ideas and tools came in so fast. It was nothing to scrap a million dollars' worth of machinery before it had settled in, a greater, faster engine of production having just appeared.

Whereas formerly every new thing came from England, Germany or France, now Europe's ironmongers were continually coming over here to see what the Americans were doing and how and why they had captured the steel age.

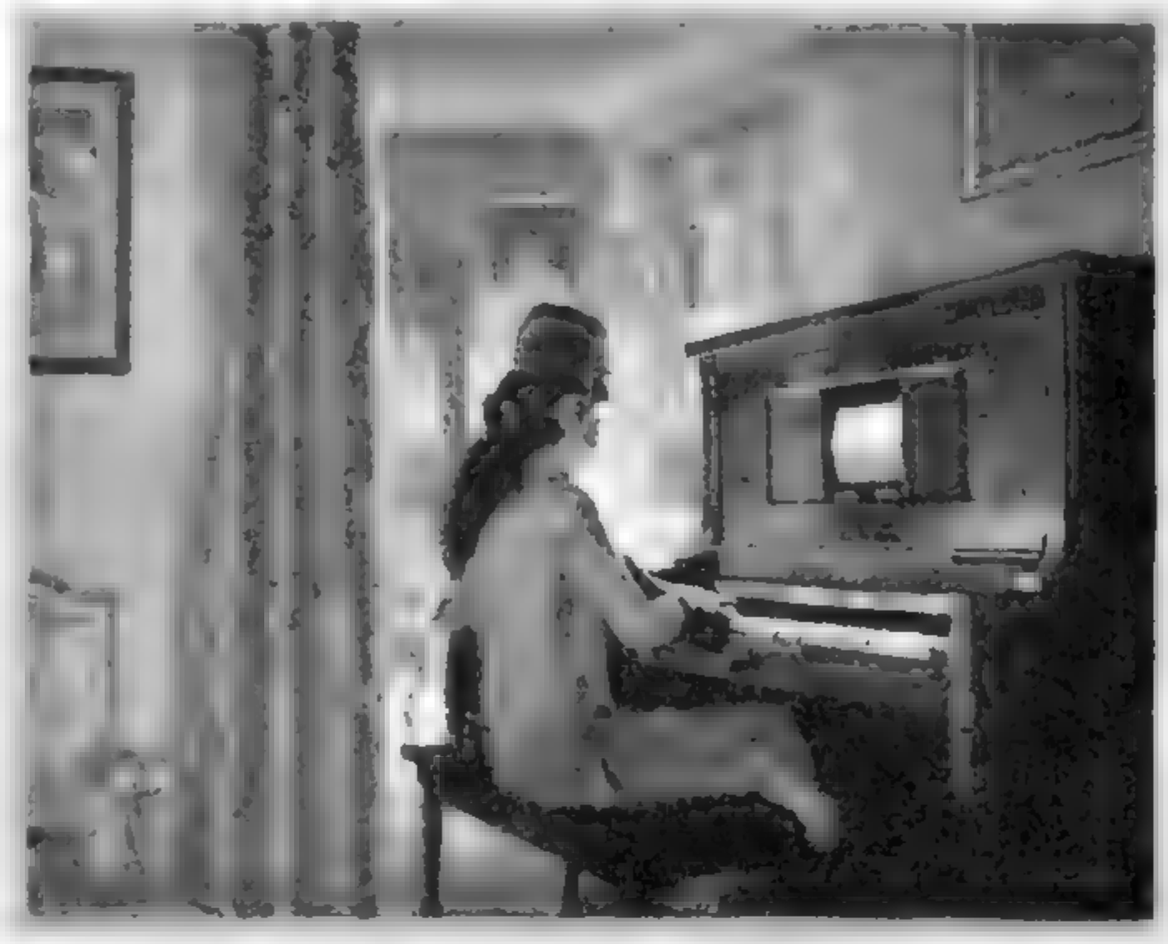
Later when the pace of evolution began somewhat to abate, when original discoveries were fewer and a steel mill would stand a while, when the wild and reckless youth of the steel age was past and Wall Street found it out, then all these dynamic, self-paramount men began to get rich. And as you may suppose, they no more knew how to stop getting rich than they knew how to stop anything else. Of that in its right place.

### XXXIV

THESE two were darlings of the steel age—John and Thane. They were for it, of it, lover and husband to it, remarkably possessing between them the qualities it demanded of men. No part of its mystery

(Continued on Page 88)


# A Virtuolo completes the home



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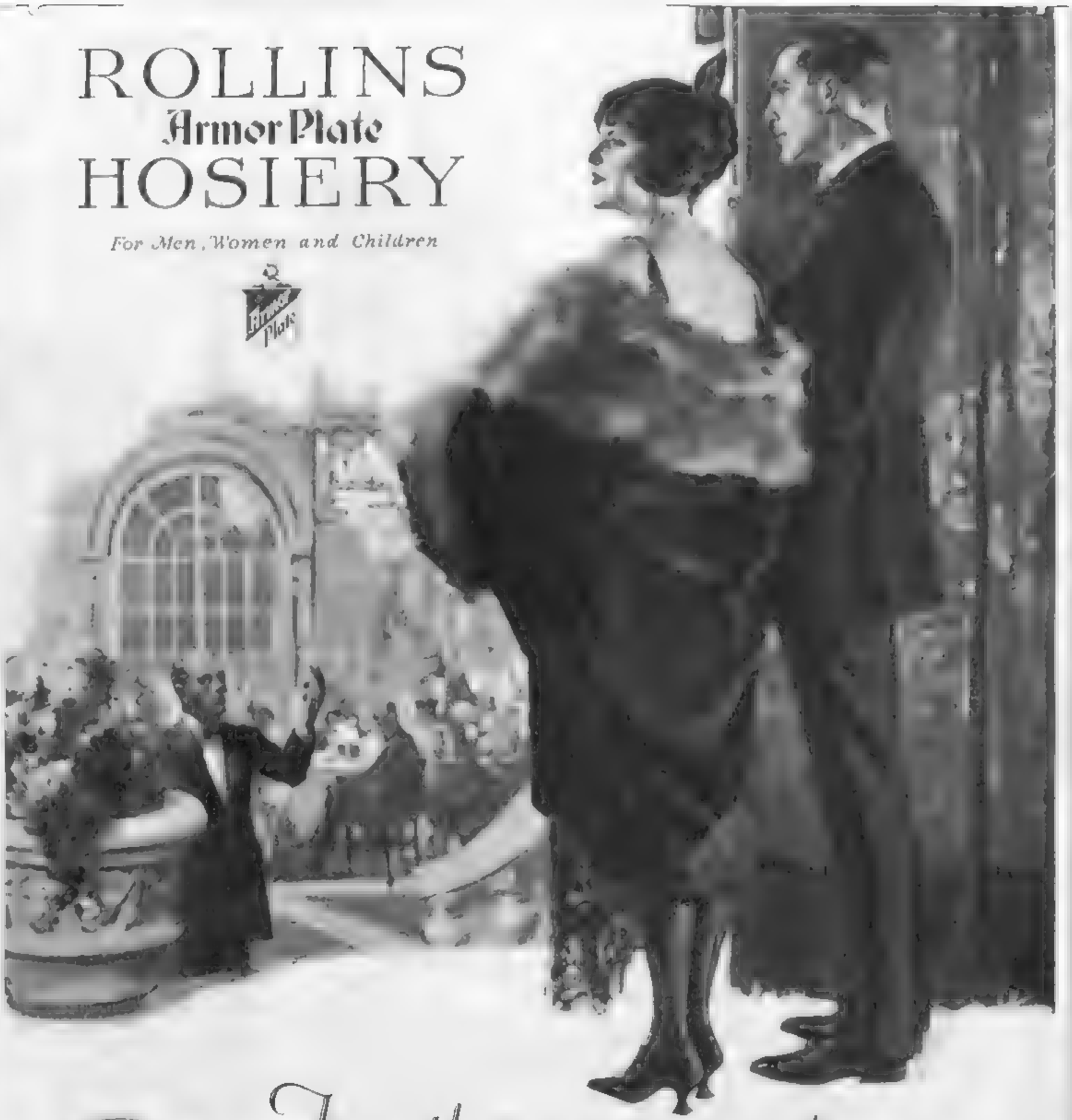

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GOOD LOOKS MADE AN ECONOMY

(Continued from Page 87)

was unknown to them. They became bringers and smelters of ore, miners of coal, burners of coke, drawers of wire, rollers of rails, in a very large way. Their wealth in property increased alarmingly. One thing begat another so fast and new opportunities so unexpectedly appeared that their resources were chronically stretched to the utmost and they were continually in need of more capital. John was always buying something they couldn't pay for—an ore mountain perhaps, a ship to transport the ore down the Great Lakes, a steel plant somebody had blunderingly steered on the rocks. He was like a man on a tight rope juggling more glass balls than he can hold all at once. He has to keep them in the air and you don't see how he can ever stop. John never thought of stopping. It wasn't that he wished to be rich; it wasn't that he had a passion for power; he craved excitement. And there was plenty of that.

The steel industry had frightful growing pains for which there was no diagnosis. The trouble was it grew by violent starts and then had fits of coma. The profits were so great when there was any profit at all that the steel maker would pawn his hope of the everlasting to build more mills; and perhaps before they were finished the profit had vanished and his despair was as wild as his ecstasy. The time to buy steel plants was when the sky was visible at Pittsburgh; the time to sell them was when the smoke was so dense that the sun at midday resembled a pickled beet. But at one time no one had the money to buy anything with and at the other time nobody would sell.

These were conditions perfectly suited to the exercise of John's reckless speculative genius. In the sloughs of despond he bought more property, as he had bought the Agnes plant, with his notes of hand and promises to pay. He seemed never so serene as when treading the edge of a financial precipice in a high wind with a swaying load on his back. People watched him with awe. He would do it once too often, they said, with that kind of envious contempt which is felt for one who persists in foolhardy feats. Certainly he was a dangerous man to walk with. In an industry controlled by fatalists he was unique for daring. Yet back of his apparent passion for bearding chance were saving qualities. He had keen, brooding vision and rare business sagacity.

When he told a committee of United States senators that with a tariff protection of six-tenths of a cent a pound he would make this country independent of the European steel-wire makers—this was at the beginning—when he said that nobody took him seriously. However, they gave him what he wanted. The price of wire was then twelve cents a pound and this country was importing from Europe three-quarters of all it used. A few years later the tables were turned. This country was making more than half the steel wire used in the whole world, selling it heavily even in England, and the price was two cents a pound. So with all things of steel. So with steel rails. When the American steel industry got started at last foreign steel rails were being imported for American railways at $125 a ton. Ultimately American steel rails sold for $18 a ton in this country, in Europe, in Asia and Africa. The United States then had become an exporting nation selling the products of its skill to the four ends of the earth.

Business is warfare in time of peace. Hence its lure for combative men. Its goal is conquest. Let alone it would perhaps wreck itself or enslave the world. No matter. When it is ruthless, knowing no law but its own necessity, then it is magnificent. Attila, king of the Huns, vowing no grass to grow where his horse had trod the enemy's soil, is, whatever else, magnificent. Now that he is far away in history and not pursuing us we can see him in that light.

Business as it was in the last quarter of the nineteenth century also is far away. Nothing like it can ever happen again. It was utterly lawless, free in its own elemental might, lustful and glamorous. The barbaric invasion that overturned Roman civilization, more obvious as a spectacle, was no more extraordinary, no more unexpected, and perhaps as it shall turn out, no more significant than America's economic invasion of the world in the steel age. One stupendous sequel already present is the economic, financial and political supremacy of the isolate American people in the affairs of this earth. What will come of that nobody knows.

The Breakspeares conceived it, imagined it, planned it; the Thanes tooled it. There was of course labor. But labor no more invents the tools that are the means to economic conquest than soldiers invent the weapons of war, and has generally less understanding of ends than soldiers have of strategy.

The men controlling the steel industry came to be grouped in three main divisions: There was the original Pittsburgh group, under the leadership of a roundhead named Carmichael, that had founded itself in iron and then gone into steel. It was steady and powerful and had got some influential support in Wall Street. There was the Western group, always falling down and getting up again, very unstable, yet dangerous as competitors. And thirdly was the Breakspeare group, extremely unpredictable, whose interests lay in every direction.

John naturally attracted men who loved risk and lived easily with danger. Slaymaker learned the attitude, not thoroughly but sufficiently, and walked doggedly along. His goal was wealth for its own sake. Although John's high adventures often threatened to involve all of them in colossal bankruptcy, yet this never quite happened, and each time it didn't happen Slaymaker took a part of his profit and hid it away, never to be risked again. Jubal Awns, the lawyer, became superstitious about John and followed him blindly. Besides these two, who had been in from the start, there were three others who would be called general partners. They not only were very large stockholders and directors in John's companies; they joined their capital with his in new undertakings. One was Isaac Pick, a wordless man who conversed in gestures and disbelieved everything including the fact of his own existence. He had made a fortune in scrap iron and was brought into the group by Slaymaker at a time when new capital was urgently needed. Another was Colonel Wingreene, an exceedingly profane man, one of the railroad officials whom John had induced to take original stock in the American Steel Company when it began to make rails. Wingreene had bought out the other railroad people and now devoted himself entirely to the steel business. A third was Justinian Creed, a Cleveland banker, very obese, who believed in the better way and twice a year was in a groveling panic about his sins, never thinking, however, to divest himself of the fruits thereof. Thane was a partner, too, only his work was in other material. There were many others loosely affiliated, but these five—Slaymaker, Awns, Pick, Wingreene and Creed—were John's own, whom he led, and who came to be known generically as the Breakspeare crowd.

When the game was hot they worked at high pressure, wholly sustained, one would have thought, by strong waters; when it was won they let down with a bang. They were men of strong habits, strong wills, strong feelings and strong humor. One of their odd passions was for putting the laugh on each other, and to their practical jokes they brought the same quality of imagination with which they captured overseas markets, and the same oblique power of deception.

Their code of conduct was intricate. In certain ways they could trust each other implicitly; in no other way could they trust each other at all. They conducted business with others and with themselves as they played poker. In poker there must be no fraud with the cards or chips. Beyond that the game consists in deception, in lying by word, gesture and implication; and it is fair because it is understood. Each fellow must take care of himself. That is what it is all about. If he is deceived he is outplayed. This was their code. John did not invent it. He encountered it. Among men who reproduce the terms of warfare in business it is the accepted code. John played it with such skill and subtlety that his enemies delighted to report an observation supposed to have been made upon him by Justinian Creed. It was this:

"John, he looks where he isn't going and goes where he isn't looking. He's mentally cross-eyed."

Creed may have said it. If he did it reflected intimate self-knowledge. He needed watching within the rules. John did not. He never broke the code. Outside the rules he overplayed them. That was fair. And if he had not been able to do so he could not have been their leader.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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# LEAVE IT TO PSMITH

(Continued from Page 25)

search a frivolous suggestion of being some sort of round game, like hunt the slipper or find the thimble. As a child he had held austerely aloof from these silly pastimes, and he resented being compelled to play them now. Still——

He sat up, tingling. He had heard a noise.

The attitude of the majority of people toward noises in the night is one of cautious noninterference. But Rupert Baxter was made of sterner stuff. The sound had seemed to come from downstairs somewhere; perhaps from that very hall where, according to Miss Simmons, the stolen necklace might even now be lying hid. Whatever it was, it must certainly not be ignored. He reached for the spectacles which lay ever ready to his hand on the table beside him; then climbed out of bed, and having put on a pair of slippers and opened the door crept forth into the darkness. As far as he could ascertain, by holding his breath and straining his ears, all was still from cellar to roof; but nevertheless he was not satisfied. He continued to listen. His room was on the second floor, one of a series that ran along a balcony overlooking the hall; and he stood, leaning over the balcony rail.

The noise which had acted so electrically upon the Efficient Baxter had been a particularly noisy noise, and only the intervening distance and the fact that his door was closed had prevented it sounding to him like an explosion. It had been caused by the crashing downfall of a small table containing a vase, a jar of potpourri, an Indian sandal-wood box of curious workmanship and a cabinet-size photograph of the Earl of Emsworth's eldest son, Lord Bosham; and the table had fallen because Eve, en route across the hall in quest of her precious flowerpot, had collided with it while making for the front door. Of all indoor sports—and Eve, as she stood pallidly among the ruins, would have been the first to indorse this dictum—the one which offers the minimum of pleasure is that of roaming in pitch darkness through the hall of a country house. Easily navigable in the daytime, these places become at night mere traps for the unwary.

"Well, Were You Expecting the Thief to Wear It as a Watch Chain or Hang It From His Teeth?"

Eve paused breathlessly. So terrific had the noise sounded to her guilty ears that every moment she was expecting doors to open all over the castle, belching forth shouting men with pistols. But as nothing happened, courage returned to her, and she resumed her journey. She found the great door, ran her fingers along its surface and drew the chain. The shooting back of the bolts occupied but another instant, and then she was out on the terrace running her hardest toward the row of flowerpots.

Up on his balcony, meanwhile, the Efficient Baxter was stopping, looking and listening. The looking brought no results, for all below was black as pitch; but the listening proved more fruitful. Faintly from down in the well of the hall there floated up to him a peculiar sound like something rustling in the darkness. Had he reached the balcony a moment earlier he would have heard the rattle of the chain and the click of the bolts; but these noises had occurred just before he came out of his room. Now all that was audible was this rustling. He could not analyze the sound; but the fact that there was any sound at all in such a place at such an hour increased his suspicions that dark doings were afoot which would pay for investigation. With stealthy steps he crept to the head of the stairs and descended.

One uses the verb "descend" advisedly, for what it required is some word suggesting instantaneous activity. About Baxter's progress from the second floor to the first there was nothing halting or hesitating. He, so to speak, did it now. Planting his foot firmly on a golf ball which the Hon. Freddie Threepwood, who had been practicing putting in the corridor before retiring to bed, had left in his casual fashion just where the steps began, he took the entire staircase in one majestic, volplaning sweep. There were eleven stairs in all separating his landing from the landing below, and the only ones he hit were the third and the tenth. He came to rest with a squattering thud on the lower landing, and for a moment or two the fever of the chase left him.

The fact that many writers in their time have commented at some length on the mysterious manner in which fate is apt to perform its work must not deter us now from a brief survey of this latest manifestation of its ingenious methods. Had not his interview with Eve that afternoon so stimulated the Honorable Freddie as to revive in him a faint yet definite desire to putt, there would have been no golf ball waiting for Baxter on the stairs. And had he been permitted to negotiate the stairs in a less impetuous manner, Baxter would not at this juncture have switched on the light. It had not been his original intention to illuminate the theater of action, but after that Luciferlike descent from the second floor to the first he was taking no more chances. Safety First was Baxter's slogan. As soon, therefore, as he had shaken off a dazed sensation of mental and moral collapse, akin to that which comes to the man who steps on the teeth of a rake and is smitten on the forehead by the handle, he rose with infinite caution to his feet, and, feeling his way down by the banisters, groped for the switch and pressed it. And so it came about that Eve, heading for home with her precious flowerpot in her arms, was stopped when at the very door by a sudden warning flood of light. Another instant and she would have been across the threshold of disaster.

For a moment paralysis gripped her. The light had affected her like someone shouting loudly and unexpectedly in her ear. Her heart gave one convulsive bound and she stood frozen. Then, filled with a blind desire for flight, she dashed like a hunted rabbit into the friendly shelter of a clump of bushes.

Baxter stood blinking. Gradually his eyes adjusted themselves to the light, and immediately they had done so he was seized by a fresh frenzy of zeal. Now that all things were made visible to him he could see that that sound had been caused by a curtain flapping in the breeze, and that the breeze which made the curtain flap was coming in through the open front door.

Baxter wasted no time in abstract thought. He acted swiftly and with decision. Straightening his spectacles on his nose, he girded up his pajamas and galloped out into the night.

The smooth terrace slept under the stars. To a more poetic man than Baxter it would have seemed to wear that faintly reproachful air which a garden always assumes when invaded at unseemly hours by people who ought to be in bed. Baxter, never fanciful, was blind to this. He was thinking, thinking. That shaking up on the stairs had churned into activity the very depths of his brain, and he was at the fever point of his reasoning powers. A thought had come like a full-blown rose, flushing his brow. Miss Simmons, arguing plausibly, had suggested that the stolen necklace might be concealed in the hall. Baxter, inspired, fancied not. Whoever it was that had been at work in the hall just now had been making for the garden. It was not the desire to escape which had led him—or her—to open the front door, for the opening had been done before he, Baxter, had come out onto the balcony; otherwise he must have heard the shooting of the bolts. No: the enemy's objective had been the garden; in other words, the terrace.

And why? Because somewhere on the terrace was the stolen necklace.

Standing there in the starlight, the Efficient Baxter endeavored to reconstruct the scene, and did so with remarkable accuracy. He saw the jewels flashing down. He saw them picked up. But there he stopped. Try as he might, he could not see them hidden. And yet that they had been hidden, and that within a few feet of where he was now standing, he felt convinced.

He moved from his position near the door and began to roam restlessly. His slippered feet padded over the soft turf.

Eve peered out from her clump of bushes. It was not easy to see any great distance, but fate, her friend, was still with her. There had been a moment that night when Baxter, disrobing for bed, had wavered absently between his brown and his lemon-colored pajamas, little recking of what hung upon the choice. Fate had directed his hand to the lemon-colored, and he had put them on—with the result that he shone now in the dim light like the white plume of Navarre. Eve could follow his movements perfectly, and when he was far enough away from his base to make the enterprise prudent she slipped out and raced for home and safety. Baxter at the moment was leaning on the terrace wall, thinking, thinking, thinking.

(Continued on Page 95)

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*Willys-Overland Ltd., Toronto, Canada*

# $5000—in Prizes for Users of Valspar

Nearly everybody knows about Valspar and millions are using it. This wonderful waterproof varnish has proved its worth and quality under circumstances and conditions that are nothing short of amazing.

Thousands of unsolicited letters have reached us from people wishing to relate unusual Valspar experiences. These letters furnish overwhelming testimony of Valspar's marvelous durability and its astonishing resistance to water, heat, acids, alkalis.

And we are convinced that thousands of other Valspar users have had experiences just as interesting. We want to know of these incidents. Accordingly we are offering several thousand dollars in cash prizes for letters telling of experiences with Valspar.

## For Instance

That you may understand exactly what we have in mind, we give the following actual experiences as examples:

1. C. K. Perry of Marshfield, Oregon, wrote about a Valsparred dining room table which, as the result of a fire last July, was drenched with water mixed with lime and charcoal. The under part of the table (which was not Valsparred) turned white as snow—the Valsparred top, when washed, was found to be in perfect condition
2. Miss Pauline Dixon of Pueblo, Colo., R. F. D. No. 2, tells us about a Valsparred taboret which was washed away in the great Pueblo flood. Three weeks later, when the water receded, a boy found the taboret, almost buried in mud on the river bank six miles from her home. When wiped off, the Valsparred surface was as good as new.
3. Mr. John R. Cotter of Essexville, Mich., tells how a broken radiator-valve flooded his Valsparred floors with live steam and scalding hot water. When the water was mopped up he found the Valspar just as bright and clear as before.
4. During a tropical hurricane in Mobile, Alabama, the chimneys and roof of R. Randolph's home were badly damaged—black sooty water literally flooded the house. Mr. Randolph said although some days elapsed before the house could be dried out, the floors and woodwork, protected with Valspar were just as good as ever.
5. Mr. J. H. Audibert, of Fort Kent, Me., varnished four axe-handles, each with a different Varnish-Stain including Valspar Varnish-Stain. He writes: "The cheapest stain looked all right and dried quicker, but after putting all the handles in a pail of ashes mixed with boiling water, I found the Valspar was the only one that stood the test."
6. One stormy day last November, Mrs. J. B. Kirk of Hackensack, N. J., had to leave her car out in the driving rain and sleet. (Fortunately, her husband had put two coats of Valspar Enamel on it the Spring before.) "After the storm," she writes, "it looked like an iceberg and I thought the finish would be ruined. But the ice and water didn't hurt it at all and today the car looks as fine as when the enamel was first put on. Our garage man marvels at it, because his own car, which he refinished with another make of varnish, looks so shabby and dull."

## Unique Qualities of Valspar

Valspar is made in three forms—Valspar Clear Varnish, Valspar Colored Enamels and Valspar Colored Varnish-Stains. All of these can be freely washed with hot water and soap; they never turn white; they resist the action of acids, alkalis and oils. They are very durable; they don't chip, crack or peel. They dry in any weather—dust-free in two hours and hard in twenty-four.

## About the Uses of Valspar

Clear Valspar is, of course, used for finishing floors, all kinds of indoor and outdoor woodwork, furniture, boats, refrigerators, linoleum, and for the many other uses of varnish.

Valspar Varnish-Stains possess the same qualities as clear Valspar, but you stain and varnish with one stroke of the brush. They come in six permanent colors—Mahogany, Light and Dark Oak, Cherry, Walnut, and Moss Green. Absolutely waterproof and very durable, they are unequalled for finishing floors, front doors, porch furniture, and all other woodwork that requires staining.

Valspar Enamels answer the need for a really waterproof enamel. They are made from the finest pigments carefully ground in clear Valspar, thus combining Valspar durability with exceptional beauty of color. Valspar Enamels are absolutely unsurpassed as an automobile finish and for wood, metal and all other surfaces where enamel is used. They come in 12 standard colors—*Red*—light, deep and vermilion; *Blue*—light, medium and deep; *Green*—medium and deep; *Ivory*, *Bright Yellow*, *Gray*, and *Brown*. Also in *Black*, *White*, *Gold*, *Bronze*, *Aluminum* and *Flat Black*.

## What Can You Tell Us?

If you know an instance where any (or all) of these three forms of Valspar has proved its durability and waterproofness under unusually severe conditions of wear, or under some extraordinary circumstance, we ask you to write us about it. And if you have photographs which add interest to your story we shall be glad to receive them.

If you know of several instances, tell us about them all. It makes no difference which form of Valspar has been used—it makes no difference what kind of a Valsparred surface it is. Just tell us the facts.

## Requirements and Prizes

There are no restrictions, no intricate qualifications. Write your letter in ink and use *only one side of the paper*. These are the only requirements—with the understanding, of course, that the incident told about actually occurred prior to the first announcement of this contest. And that we shall be allowed to use for publicity purposes as we see fit any letters submitted.

$500 will be awarded to the contestant who sends the letter that the judges agree is the most interesting of all. 5 prizes of $100 to those whose letters stand next in interest—ten $50 prizes, one hundred $10 prizes, and two hundred $5 prizes will also be distributed—more than three hundred (300) prizes in all.

The judges of the contest will be Mr. Lawrence F. Abbott, President of The Outlook; Miss Martha E. Dodson, Associate Editor of The Ladies' Home Journal; Miss Gertrude B. Lane, Editor of the Woman's Home Companion.

We suggest that letters do not run more than 250 words in length, but if the incident requires more words, do not let this suggestion limit you. Length of the letters or literary style will have no bearing on the award of prizes. We want just the facts of your experience.

Address your communications to Valentine & Company, Prize Contest Department, 452 Fourth Ave., New York City, N. Y.

All letters must be received by April 30th, 1923.

The list of prize winners will be announced as soon as the judges have had sufficient time to make careful, unprejudiced selections.

## List of Prizes

**Prizes for Valspar Experiences**

1st prize $500.00
5 prizes of $100.00 each
10 prizes of $50.00 each
100 prizes of $10.00 each
200 prizes of $5.00 each

*316 prizes in all—Total value of prizes $3,500.00*

**Prizes for Valspar Dealers**

1st prize $250.00
5 prizes of $100.00 each
5 prizes of $50.00 each
10 prizes of $10.00 each
80 prizes of $5.00 each

*101 prizes in all—Total value of prizes $1,500.00*

Contest Closes April 30th

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

## Write Your Experience Now

Let us hear what you know about Valspar. Don't consider your experience as too trifling or commonplace, write us about it. Not everybody can relate a startling occurrence, and it's more than likely many of the prizes will be won by simple, matter-of-fact stories.

Don't let this chance slip by. A few minutes spent in writing your letter gives you a splendid chance to win a substantial prize. Send us *your* story. Send it today

Prize Contest Department
VALENTINE & COMPANY
452 Fourth Avenue, New York

***Every Live Dealer in the United States Sells Valspar***

## SPECIAL DEALER WINDOW DISPLAY CONTEST

In addition to the contest described above which is open to everyone, including all dealers, there will be a special contest for dealers only.

**$1500 IN PRIZES** for photographs of the best Window Displays of any or all of the following—Valspar, Valspar Varnish-Stain and Valspar Enamel. It will be necessary to send us a photograph, of course (an 8 x 10 glossy print is best). Also write us a brief letter telling us anything of interest about the display. Only those dealers who have Valspar in stock or have ordered same at the time of the first announcement of this contest are eligible.

Prizes will be awarded as follows: First prize $250; 5 prizes of $100 each; 5, $50 prizes; 10, $10 prizes, and 80, $5 prizes—101 prizes in all. All letters and photos must be received by April 30th, 1923.

*Save this page—and work for a Prize*

(Continued from Page 90)

It was possibly the cool air, playing about his bare ankles, that at last chilled the secretary's dashing mood and brought the disquieting thought that he was doing something distinctly dangerous in remaining out here in the open like this. A gang of thieves are ugly customers, likely to stick at little when a valuable necklace is at stake, and it came to the Efficient Baxter that in his light pajamas he must be offering a tempting mark for any marauder lurking -say, in those bushes. And at the thought, the summer night, though pleasantly mild, grew suddenly chilly. With an almost convulsive rapidity he turned to reenter the house. Zeal was well enough, but it was silly to be rash. He covered the last few yards of his journey at a rare burst of speed.

It was at this point that he discovered that the lights in the hall had been switched off and that the front door was closed and bolted.

III

IT IS the opinion of most thoughtful students of life that happiness in this world depends chiefly on the ability to take things as they come. An instance of one who may be said to have perfected this attitude is to be found in the writings of a certain eminent Arabian author, who tells of a traveler who, sinking to sleep one afternoon upon a patch of turf containing an acorn, discovered when he woke that the warmth of his body had caused the acorn to germinate and that he was now some sixty feet above the ground in the upper branches of a massive oak. Unable to descend, he faced the situation equably.

"I cannot," he observed, "adapt circumstances to my will; therefore I shall adapt my will to circumstances. I decide to remain here." Which he did.

Rupert Baxter, as he stood, like the peri at the gates of paradise, before the barred door of Blandings Castle, was very far from imitating this admirable philosopher. To find oneself locked out of a country house at half past two in the morning in lemon-colored pajamas can never be an unmixedly agreeable experience, and Baxter was a man less fitted by nature to endure it with equanimity than most men. His was a fiery and an arrogant soul, and he seethed in furious rebellion against the intolerable position into which fate had maneuvered him. He even went so far as to give the front door a petulant kick. Finding, however, that this hurt his toes and accomplished no useful end, he addressed himself to the task of ascertaining whether there was any way of getting in—short of banging the knocker and rousing the house, a line of action which did not commend itself to him. He made a practice of avoiding as far as possible the ribald type of young men of which the castle was now full, and he had no desire to meet them at this hour in his present costume. He left the front door and proceeded to make a circuit of the castle walls, and his spirits sank even lower.

In the Middle Ages, during that stormy period of England's history when walls were built six feet thick and a window was not so much a window as a handy place for pouring molten lead on the heads of visitors, Blandings had been an impregnable fortress. But in all its career it can seldom have looked more of a fortress to anyone than it did now to the Efficient Baxter.

One of the disadvantages of being a man of action, impervious to the softer emotions, is that in moments of trial the beauties of Nature are powerless to soothe the anguished heart. Had Baxter been of a dreamy and poetic temperament, he might now have been drawing all sorts of balm from the loveliness of his surroundings. The air was full of the scent of growing things; strange shy creatures came and went about him as he walked; down in the woods a nightingale had begun to sing; and there was something grandly majestic in the huge bulk of the castle as it towered against the sky. But Baxter had temporarily lost his sense of smell; he feared and disliked the strange shy creatures; the nightingale left him cold; and the only thought the towering castle inspired in him was that it looked as if a fellow would need half a ton of dynamite to get into it.

Baxter paused. He was back now near the spot from which he had started, having completed two laps without finding any solution of his difficulties. The idea in his mind had been to stand under somebody's window and attract the sleeper's attention with soft, significant whistles. But the first whistle he emitted had sounded to him in the stillness of early morn so like a steam siren that thereafter he had merely uttered timid, mouselike sounds which the breezes had carried away the moment they crept out. He proposed now to halt for a while and rest his lips before making another attempt. He proceeded to the terrace wall and sat down. The clock over the stables struck three.

To the restless type of thinker like Rupert Baxter, the act of sitting down is nearly always the signal for the brain to begin working with even more than its customary energy. The relaxed body seems to invite thought. And Baxter, having suspended for the moment his physical activities—and glad to do so, for his slippers hurt him—gave himself up to tense speculation as to the hiding place of Lady Constance Keeble's necklace. From the spot where he now sat he was probably, he reflected, actually in a position to see that hiding place—if only, when he saw it, he were able to recognize it for what it was. Somewhere out here—in yonder bushes or in some unsuspected hole in yonder tree—the jewels must have been placed. Or ——

Something seemed to go off inside Baxter like a touched spring. One moment he was sitting limply, keenly conscious of a blister on the sole of his left foot; the next, regardless of the blister, he was off the wall and racing madly along the terrace in a flurry of flying slippers. Inspiration had come to him.

Day dawns early in the summer months, and already a sort of unhealthy pallor had begun to manifest itself in the sky. It was still far from light, but objects hitherto hidden in the gloom had begun to take on uncertain shape; and among these there had come into the line of Baxter's vision a row of fifteen flower pots.

There they stood, side by side, round and inviting, each with a geranium in its bed of mold. Fifteen flower pots. There had originally been sixteen, but Baxter knew nothing of that. All he knew was that he was on the trail.

The quest for buried treasure is one which right through the ages has exercised an irresistible spell over humanity. Confronted with a spot where buried treasure may lurk, men do not stand upon the order of their digging; they go at it with both hands. No solicitude for his employer's geraniums came to hamper Rupert Baxter's researches. To grasp the first flowerpot and tilt out its contents was with him the work of a moment. He scrabbled his fingers through the little pile of mold.

Nothing.

A second geranium lay broken on the ground

Nothing.

A third ——

The Efficient Baxter straightened himself painfully. He was unused to stooping, and his back ached. But physical discomfort was forgotten in the agony of hope frustrated. As he stood there, wiping his forehead with an earth-stained hand, fifteen geranium corpses gazed up at him in the growing light, it seemed with reproach. But Baxter felt no remorse. He included all geraniums, all thieves and most of the human race in one comprehensive black hatred.

All that Rupert Baxter wanted in this world now was bed. The clock over the stables had just struck four and he was aware of an overpowering fatigue. Somehow or other, if he had to dig through the walls with his bare hands, he must get into the house. He dragged himself painfully from the scene of carnage and blinked up at the row of silent windows above him. He was past whistling now. He stooped for a pebble and tossed it up at the nearest window.

Nothing happened. Whoever was sleeping up there continued to sleep. The sky had turned pink, birds were twittering in the ivy, other birds had begun to sing in the bushes. All Nature, in short, was waking—except the unseen sluggard up in that room.

He threw another pebble.

It seemed to Rupert Baxter that he had been standing there throwing pebbles through a nightmare eternity. The whole universe had now become concentrated in his efforts to rouse that loglike sleeper; and for a brief instant fatigue left him, driven away by a sort of berserk fury. And there floated into his mind, as if from some previous existence, a memory of somebody once standing near where he was standing now and throwing a flowerpot in at a window at someone. Who it was that had thrown the thing at whom he could not at the moment recall; but the outstanding point on which his mind focused itself was the fact that the man had had the right idea. This was no time for pebbles. Pebbles were feeble and inadequate. With one voice the birds, the breezes, the grasshoppers, the whole chorus of Nature waking to another day seemed to shout to him. "Say it with flowerpots!"

IV

THE ability to sleep soundly and deeply is the prerogative, as has been pointed out earlier in this straightforward narrative of the simple home life of the English upper classes, of those who do not think quickly. The Earl of Emsworth, who had not thought quickly since the occasion in the summer of 1874 when he had heard his father's footsteps approaching the stable loft in which he, a lad of fifteen, sat smoking his first cigar, was an excellent sleeper. He started early and finished late. It was his gentle boast that for more than twenty years he had never missed his full eight hours. Generally he managed to get something nearer ten.

But then, as a rule, people did not fling flowerpots through his window at four in the morning.

Even under this unusual handicap, however, he struggled bravely to preserve his record. The first of Baxter's missiles, falling on a settee, produced no change in his regular breathing. The second, which struck the carpet, caused him to stir. It was the third, colliding sharply with his humped back, that definitely woke him. He sat up in bed and stared at the thing.

In the first moment of his waking relief was, oddly enough, his chief emotion. The blow had roused him from a disquieting dream in which he had been arguing with Angus McAllister about early spring bulbs, and McAllister, worsted verbally, had hit him in the ribs with a spud. Even in his dream Lord Emsworth had been perplexed as to what his next move ought to be, and when he found himself awake and in his bedroom he was at first merely thankful that the necessity for making a decision had been postponed. Angus McAllister might on some future occasion smite him with a spud, but he had not done it yet.

There followed a period of vague bewilderment. He looked at the flowerpot. It held no message for him. He had not put it there. He never took flowerpots to bed. Once, as a child, he had taken a dead pet rabbit, but never a flowerpot. The whole affair was completely inscrutable; and his lordship, unable to solve the mystery, was on the point of taking the statesmanlike course of going to sleep again, when something large and solid whizzed through the open window and crashed against the wall, where it broke, but not into such small fragments that he could not perceive that in its prime it, too, had been a flowerpot. And at this moment his eyes fell on the carpet and then on the settee, and the affair passed still further into the realm of the inexplicable. The Hon. Freddie Threepwood, who had a poor singing voice but was a game trier, had been annoying his father of late by crooning a ballad ending in the words:

*It is not raining rain at all;*
*It's raining vi-o-lets.*

It seemed to Lord Emsworth now that matters had gone a step farther. It was raining flowerpots.

The customary attitude of the Earl of Emsworth towards all mundane affairs was one of vague detachment; but this phenomenon was so remarkable that he found himself stirred to quite a little flutter of excitement and interest. His brain still refused to cope with the problem of why anybody should be throwing flowerpots into his room at this hour—or, indeed, at any hour; but it seemed a good idea to go and ascertain who this peculiar person was.

He put on his glasses and hopped out of bed and trotted to the window. And it was while he was on his way there that memory stirred in him, as some minutes ago it had stirred in the Efficient Baxter. He recalled that odd episode of a few days back, when that delightful girl, Miss What's-Her-Name, had informed him that his secretary had been throwing flowerpots at that poet fellow, McTodd. He had been annoyed, he remembered, that Baxter should so far have forgotten himself. Now, he found himself more frightened than annoyed. Just as every dog is permitted one

(Continued on Page 97)


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And Eversharp can't be copied by other mechanical pencils. The rifled tip that holds the lead firm is an Eversharp patent. Only in Eversharp can you find the automatic lead index that shows how much lead is left. Eversharp is perfectly balanced to fit the hand.

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You can't have a good pencil unless you have good lead. Don't refill your Eversharp with any old kind. Use Eversharp Pencils and Eversharp leads are made to fit each other. You can be sure of the same results with any other combination. A dozen assorted thin red top box 15c. Seven grades, very soft to very hard

(Continued from Page 95)

bite without having its sanity questioned, so, if you consider it in a broadminded way, may every man be allowed to throw one flowerpot. But let the thing become a habit and we look askance. This strange hobby of his appeared to be growing on Baxter like a drug, and Lord Emsworth did not like it at all. He had never before suspected his secretary of an unbalanced mind; but now he mused, as he tiptoed cautiously to the window, that the Baxter sort of man, the energetic, restless type, was just the kind that does go off his head. Just some such calamity as this, his lordship felt, he might have foreseen. Day in, day out Rupert Baxter had been exercising his brain ever since he had come to the castle, and now he had gone and sprained it. Lord Emsworth peeped timidly out from behind a curtain.

His worst fears were realized. It was Baxter, sure enough; and a tousled, wild-eyed Baxter, incredibly clad in lemon-colored pajamas.

Lord Emsworth stepped back from the window. He had seen sufficient. The pajamas had in some curious way set the coping stone on his dismay, and he was now in a condition approximating to panic. That Baxter should be so irresistibly impelled by his strange mania as actually to omit to attire himself decently before going out on one of these flowerpot-hurling expeditions of his seemed to make it all so sad and hopeless.

The dreamy peer was no poltroon, but he was past his first youth, and it came to him very forcibly that the interviewing and pacifying of secretaries who ran amuck was young man's work. He stole across the room and opened the door. It was his purpose to put this matter into the hands of an agent.

Keeping to the corridor in which his bedroom was situated, his lordship had the choice of about a dozen rooms to which to apply for assistance. He stood there hesitating for a moment, wondering on which door to knock; and his selection was finally determined by a brain wave which, as being the only one he had ever had in his life, should be noted and spread upon the records. It was probably due entirely to fear; but there it is; he had it, and should be given the credit.

The corridor in which he stood was dotted at intervals along its length with pairs of boots, placed there by the occupants of the various rooms to be ready for early morning collection by the official cleaner. With superb common sense Lord Emsworth simply made a bee line for the door before which reposed the largest pair. And so it came about that Psmith, who was two inches over six feet in height and wore footgear in proportion, was aroused from slumber by a touch on the arm and sat up to find his host's pale face peering at him in the weird light of early morning.

"My dear fellow," quavered Lord Emsworth.

Psmith, like Baxter, was a light sleeper; and it was only a moment before he was wide awake and exerting himself to do the courtesies.

"Good morning," he said pleasantly. "Will you take a seat?"

"I am extremely sorry to be obliged to wake you, my dear fellow," said his lordship; "but the fact of the matter is, my secretary, Baxter, has gone off his head."

"Much?" inquired Psmith, interested.

"He is out in the garden in his pajamas, throwing flowerpots through my window."

"Flowerpots?"

"Flowerpots!"

"Oh, flowerpots!" said Psmith, frowning thoughtfully, as if he had expected it would be something else. "And what steps are you proposing to take? That is to say," he went on, "unless you wish him to continue throwing flowerpots."

"My dear fellow ——"

"Some people like it," explained Pamith. "But you do not? Quite so, quite so. I understand perfectly. We all have our likes and dislikes. Well, what would you suggest?"

"I was hoping that you might consent to go down—er—having possibly armed yourself with a good stout stick—and induce him to desist and return to bed."

"A sound suggestion in which I can see no flaw," said Psmith approvingly. "If you will make yourself at home in here—pardon me for issuing invitations to you in your own house—I will see what can be done. I have always found Comrade Baxter a reasonable man, ready to welcome suggestions from outside sources, and I have no doubt that we shall easily be able to reach some arrangement."

He got out of bed, and having put on his slippers and his monocle, paused before the mirror to brush his hair with extreme care.

"For," he explained, "one must be natty when entering the presence of a Baxter."

He went to the closet and took from among a number of hats a neat Homburg. Then, having selected from a bowl of flowers on the mantelpiece a simple white rose, he pinned it in the coat of his pajama suit and announced himself ready.

V

THE sudden freshet of vicious energy which had spurred the Efficient Baxter on to his recent exhibition of marksmanship had not lasted. Lethargy was creeping back on him even as he stooped to pick up the flowerpot which had found its billet on Lord Emsworth's spine. And as he stood there after hurling that final missile, he had realized that that was his last shot. If that produced no results he was finished.

And, as far as he could gather, it had produced no results whatever. No head had popped inquiringly out of the window; no sound of anybody stirring had reached his ears. The place was as still as if he had been throwing marshmallows. A weary sigh escaped from Baxter's lips, and a moment later he was reclining on the ground with his head propped against the terrace wall, a beaten man.

His eyes closed. Sleep, which he had been denying to himself for so long, would be denied no more. When Psmith arrived, daintily swinging the Hon. Freddie Threepwood's niblick like a cane, he had just begun to snore.

Psmith was a kindly soul. He did not like Rupert Baxter, but that was no reason why he should allow him to continue lying on turf wet with the morning dew, thus courting lumbago and sciatica. He prodded Baxter in the stomach with the niblick, and the secretary sat up, blinking, and with returning consciousness came a burning sense of grievance.

"Well, you've been long enough," he growled. Then, as he rubbed his red-rimmed eyes and was able to see more clearly, he perceived who it was that had come to his rescue. The spectacle of Psmith of all people beaming benignly down at him was an added offense. "Oh, it's you!" he said morosely.

"I, in person," said Psmith genially. "Awake, beloved! Awake, for morning in the bowl of night has flung the stone that puts the stars to flight; and lo! the hunter of the East has caught the Sultan's turret in a noose of light. The sultan himself," he added, "is lurking behind yonder window, speculating idly on your motives for bunging flowerpots at him. Why, if I may venture the question, did you?"

Baxter was in no confiding mood. Without replying, he rose to his feet and started to trudge wearily along the terrace to the front door. Psmith fell into step beside him.

"If I were you," said Psmith, "and I offer the suggestion in the most cordial spirit of good will, I would use every effort to prevent this passion for flinging flowerpots from growing upon me. I know you will say that you can take it or leave it alone; that just one more pot won't hurt you; but can you stop at one? Isn't it just that first insidious flowerpot that does all the mischief? Be a man, Comrade Baxter!" He laid his hand appealingly on the secretary's shoulder. "The next time the craving comes on you, fight it. Fight it! Are you, the heir of the ages, going to become a slave to a habit? Tush! You know and I know that there is better stuff in you than that. Use your will power, man, use your will power!"

Whatever reply Baxter might have intended to make to this powerful harangue—and his attitude as he turned on his companion suggested that he had much to say—was checked by a voice from above:

"Baxter! My dear fellow!"

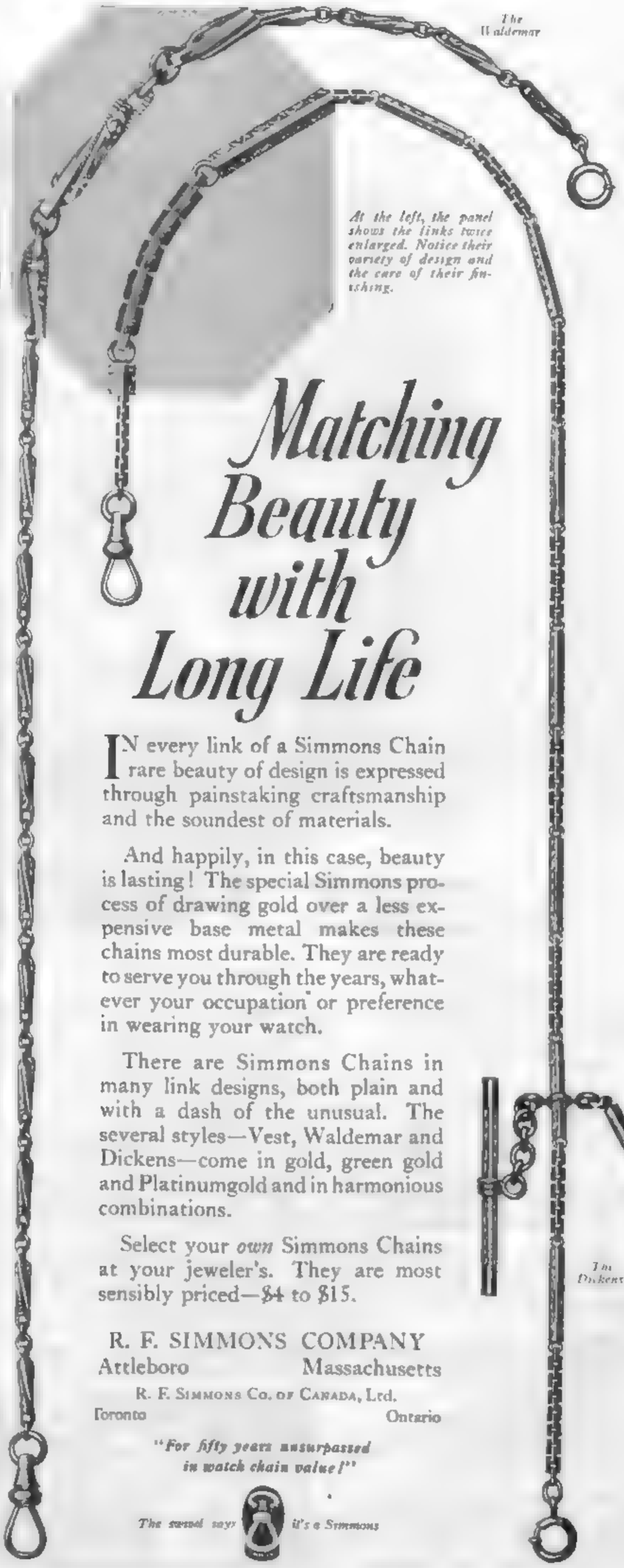
The Earl of Emsworth, having observed the secretary's awakening from the safe observation post of Psmith's bedroom, and having noted that he seemed to be exhibiting no signs of violence, had decided to make his presence known. His panic had passed and he wanted to go into first causes.

Baxter gazed wanly up at the window.

"I can explain everything, Lord Emsworth."

"What?" said his lordship, leaning farther out.


SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS




*At the left, the panel shows the links twice enlarged. Notice their variety of design and the care of their finishing.*

*Matching Beauty with Long Life*

IN every link of a Simmons Chain rare beauty of design is expressed through painstaking craftsmanship and the soundest of materials.

And happily, in this case, beauty is lasting! The special Simmons process of drawing gold over a less expensive base metal makes these chains most durable. They are ready to serve you through the years, whatever your occupation or preference in wearing your watch.

There are Simmons Chains in many link designs, both plain and with a dash of the unusual. The several styles—Vest, Waldemar and Dickens—come in gold, green gold and Platinumgold and in harmonious combinations.

Select your *own* Simmons Chains at your jeweler's. They are most sensibly priced—~~$4~~ to $15.

R. F. SIMMONS COMPANY
Attleboro Massachusetts

R. F. SIMMONS CO. OF CANADA, Ltd.
Toronto Ontario

*"For fifty years unsurpassed in watch chain value!"*

*The watch says*  *it's a Simmons*

"I can explain everything," bellowed Baxter.

"It turns out, after all," said Psmith pleasantly, "to be very simple. He was practicing for the jerking-the-geranium event at the next Olympic games."

Lord Emsworth adjusted his glasses.

"Your face is dirty," he said, peering down at his disheveled secretary. "Baxter, my dear fellow, your face is dirty."

"I was digging," replied Baxter sullenly.

"What?"

"Digging!"

"The terrier complex," explained Psmith. "What," he asked kindly, turning to his companion, "were you digging for? Forgive me if the question seems an impertinent one, but we are naturally curious."

Baxter hesitated.

"What were you digging for?" asked Lord Emsworth.

"You see?" said Psmith. "He wants to know."

Not for the first time since they had become associated, a mad feeling of irritation at his employer's woolly persistence flared up in Rupert Baxter's bosom. The old ass was always pottering about asking questions. Fury and want of sleep combined to dull the secretary's normal prudence. Dimly he realized that he was imparting to Psmith, the scoundrel who he was convinced was the ringleader of last night's outrage, valuable information; but anything was better than to have to stand here shouting up at Lord Emsworth. He wanted to get it over and go to bed.

"I thought Lady Constance's necklace was in one of the flowerpots," he shrilled.

"What?"

The secretary's powers of endurance gave out. This maddening inquisition, coming on top of the dreadful night he had had, was too much for him. With a low moan he made one agonized leap for the front door and passed through it to where beyond these voices there was peace.

Psmith, deprived thus abruptly of his stimulating society, remained for some moments standing near the front door, drinking in with grave approval the fresh scents of the summer morning. It was many years since he had been up and about as early as this, and he had forgotten how delightful the first beginnings of a July day can be. Unlike Baxter, on whose self-centered soul these things had been lost, he reveled in the soft breezes, the singing birds, the growing pinkness of the eastern sky. He awoke at length from his reverie to find that Lord Emsworth had toddled down and was tapping him on the arm.

"What did he say?" inquired his lordship. He was feeling like a man who has been cut off in the midst of an absorbing telephone conversation.

"Say?" said Psmith. "Oh, Comrade Baxter? Now let me think. What did he say?"

"Something about something being in a flowerpot," prompted his lordship.

"Ah, yes! He said he thought that Lady Constance's necklace was in one of the flowerpots."

"What?"

Lord Emsworth, it should be mentioned, was not completely in touch with recent happenings in his home. His habit of going early to bed had caused him to miss the sensational events in the drawing-room; and as he was a sound sleeper, the subsequent screams—or, as Stokes the footman would have said, shrieks—had not disturbed him.

He stared at Psmith, aghast. For a while the apparent placidity of Baxter had lulled his first suspicions, but now they returned with renewed force.

"Baxter thought my sister's necklace was in a flowerpot?" he gasped.

"So I understood him to say."

"But why should my sister keep her necklace in a flowerpot?"

"Ah, there you take me into deep waters."

"The man's mad!" cried Lord Emsworth, his last doubts removed. "Stark, staring mad! I thought so before, and now I'm convinced of it."

His lordship was no novice in the symptoms of insanity. Several of his best friends were residing in those palatial establishments set in pleasant parks and surrounded by high walls with broken bottles on them, to which the wealthy and aristocratic are wont to retire when the strain of modern life becomes too great.

Moreover, one of his uncles by marriage, who believed that he was a loaf of bread, had made his first public statement on the matter in the smoking room of this very castle. What Lord Emsworth did not know about lunatics was not worth knowing.

"I must get rid of him," he said, and at the thought the fair morning seemed to Lord Emsworth to take on a sudden new beauty.

Many a time had he toyed wistfully with the idea of dismissing his efficient but tyrannical secretary, but never before had that sickeningly competent young man given him any reasonable cause to act. Hitherto, moreover, he had feared his sister's wrath should he take the plunge. But now—surely even Connie, pig-headed as she was, could not blame him for dispensing with the services of a secretary who thought she kept her necklaces in flowerpots and went out into the garden in the early dawn to hurl them at his bedroom window.

His demeanor took on a sudden buoyancy. He hummed a gay air.

"Get rid of him," he murmured, rolling the blessed words round his tongue. He patted Psmith genially on the shoulder. "Well, my dear fellow," he said, "I suppose we had better be getting back to bed and seeing if we can't get a little sleep."

Psmith gave a little start. He had been somewhat deeply immersed in thought.

"Do not," he said courteously, "let me keep you from the hay if you wish to retire. To me you know what we poets are—this lovely morning has brought inspiration. I think I will push off to my little nook in the woods and write a poem about something."

He accompanied his host up the silent stairs and they parted with mutual good will at their respective doors. Psmith, having cleared his brain with a hurried cold bath, began to dress.

As a rule, the donning of his clothes was a solemn ceremony over which he dwelt lovingly; but this morning he abandoned his customary leisurely habit. He climbed into his trousers with animation and lingered but a moment over the tying of his tie. He was convinced that there was that before him which would pay for haste.

Nothing in this world is sadder than the frequency with which we suspect our fellows without just cause. In the happenings of the night before Psmith had seen the hand of Edward Cootes. Edward Cootes, he considered, had been indulging in what in another—he would certainly have described as funny business. Like Miss Simmons, Psmith had quickly arrived at the conclusion that the necklace had been thrown out of the drawing-room window by one of those who made up the audience at his reading; and it was his firm belief that it had been picked up and hidden by Mr. Cootes. He had been trying to think ever since where that persevering man could have concealed it, and Baxter had provided the clue. But Psmith saw clearer than Baxter. The secretary, having disemboweled fifteen flowerpots and found nothing, had abandoned his theory. Psmith went further, and suspected the existence of a sixteenth; and he proposed as soon as he was dressed to sally downstairs in search of it.

He put on his shoes and left the room, buttoning his waistcoat as he went.

VI

THE hands of the clock over the stables were pointing to half past five when Eve Halliday, tiptoeing furtively, made another descent of the stairs. Her feelings as she went were very different from those which had caused her to jump at every sound when she had started on this same journey three hours earlier.

Then, she had been a prowler in the darkness, and, as such, a fitting object of suspicion; now, if she happened to run into anybody, she was merely a girl who, unable to sleep, had risen early to take a stroll in the garden. It was a distinction that made all the difference.

Moreover, it covered the facts. She had not been able to sleep, except for an hour when she had dozed off in a chair by her window; and she certainly proposed to take a stroll in the garden. It was her intention to recover the necklace from the place where she had deposited it and bury it somewhere where no one could possibly find it.

There it could lie until she had a chance of meeting and talking to Mr. Keeble and ascertaining what was the next step he wished taken.

Two reasons had led Eve, after making her panic dash back into the house after lurking in the bushes while Baxter patrolled the terrace, to leave her precious flowerpot on the sill of the window beside the front door. She had read in stories of sensation that for purposes of concealment the most open place is the best place; and secondly, the nearer the front door she put the flowerpot the less distance would she have to carry it when the time came for its removal.

In the present excited condition of the household, with every guest an amateur detective, the spectacle of a girl tripping downstairs with a flowerpot in her arms would excite remark.

Eve felt exhilarated. She was not used to getting only one hour's sleep in the course of a night, but excitement and the reflection that she had played a difficult game and won it against odds bore her up so strongly that she was not conscious of fatigue.

So uplifted did Eve feel that as she reached the landing above the hall she abandoned her cautious mode of progress and ran down the remaining stairs. She had the sensation of being in the last few yards of a winning race.

The hall was quite light now. Every object in it was plainly visible. There was the huge dinner gong; there was the long leather settee; there was the table which she had upset in the darkness; and there was the sill of the window by the front door. But the flowerpot which had been on it was gone.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

# THE POETS' CORNER

### Unforgotten

*THE April twilight waned to dark,*
*And every star struck out a spark*
*From high infinity, to light*
*The way you came to me that night.*

*And every lilac laughed and blew*
*A lovely fragrant kiss to you,*
*And all the star flowers in the grass*
*Trembled to hear your quick feet pass.*

*Long, long ago another trail*
*Your feet have found and followed. Pale*
*Those shining stars, and far and wan,*
*Since love and hope with you are gone.*

*And yet when by my darkening pane*
*The lilacs whisper in the rain,*
*My lonely candle's flickering gleam*
*Still lights my unforgotten dream.*

*And sometimes in the village street*
*There sounds an echo hushed and fleet;*
*Since doubt is dead, with passion's pride,*
*I think I hear your feet outside.*

*And when the April gust is spent,*
*And dusk with drowsy darkness blent*
*Where moonbeams spread their silver patch,*
*I hear your fingers on the latch.*

*But when I fling the bolt and stand,*
*Groping to find and touch your hand,*
*Oh, then I know outside my door*
*But night and silence evermore!*

—*Mary Lanier Magruder.*

### The Homeward Bound

*THERE'S the gals at the bar, there's the beer,*
*There's a hat goin' round;*
*There's a packet moored down at the pier,*
*There's a ship homeward bound.*

*The gals is all laughin', an' clink*
*Goes glasses together.*
*"Breast the bar, now, me bullies, an' drink!*
*We'll wish her fair weather!"*

*There's the missioner standin' outside*
*Wi' a prayer an' a hymn;*
*There's a gal flings the swingin' door wide*
*"An' why don't ye come in?"*

*An' the missioner's shakin' his head*
*At the gals an' the boys.*
*'Twas the words of a prayer that he said,*
*But 'twas drowned in our noise!*

II

*There's a packet at sea, runnin' home,*
*An' all dizzy her spars!*
*An' her topsails is drippin' wi' foam,*
*An' she's scrapin' the stars!*

*There's a laugh on the sea, a low wail*
*In the heart o' the blow;*
*There's the ghostly dim shape of her sail,*
*An' there's ice an' there's snow!*

*There's the lads wi' their faces all white,*
*But a laugh on their lips!*
*An' there's God, lookin' down on His night,*
*An' He's watchin' His ships.*

*There's a packet that never came home,*
*There's white birds that fly by,*
*All free feathered an' bright as the foam,*
*As the stars in the sky!*

III

*An' ashore there's the glasses go round,*
*While the mission men pray*
*For the packet they watched, homeward bound,*
*At the breakin' of day.*

—*Bill Adams.*

### Romance Land

*THE romance land of Yesterday*
*Is sometimes seen through tears*
*That make a rainbow, far away,*
*And veil the sorry years*
*In mystic colors, silver sweet*
*With mingled joy and pain;*
*That hide the roads our pilgrim feet*
*May never tread again.*

*The romance land of Yesterday*
*Is gay sometimes with mirth,*
*That lilts like little sprites at play,*
*Across the tired earth.*
*Until the troubles of the hour*
*In happy smiles are dressed,*
*And lonely hearts are all aflower*
*With hopes and joys unguessed.*

*The romance land of Yesterday*
*Is filled with faiths that died,*
*And some of them are dimly gray,*
*And some are starry eyed!*
*And some of them will live once more,*
*In word, in tender look*
*And some of them are verses for*
*Life's great, immortal book.*

*The romance land of Yesterday—*
*It sometimes almost seems*
*As if our outstretched fingers may*
*Half touch its vanished dreams!*
*A broken song, a scrap of lace,*
*A faded rose, a sigh,*
*May bring us swiftly face to face*
*With all that has passed by!*

*Margaret E. Sangster.*

# Cooks as fast as gas

*Just to look down into the heart* of the patented RED STAR Burner—to feel the sting of the heat as it rises from the two rings of clean, blue gas fire—is a never ending joy to the woman who owns a RED STAR Oil Stove.

To her it is deeply significant—a symbol of modern progress—a step nearer the city home with its many conveniences. More each day she appreciates the unquestioned supremacy of the wonderful RED STAR Burner—free of wicks or wick substitutes—which uses plain kerosene oil—or gasoline or distillate if she desires—yet gives her fast, clean gas heat to cook with and a hot gas oven to bake in.

Are you entirely satisfied with your cooking? The RED STAR merchant in your town is showing the new RED STAR models. Prices are within the reach of the most modest home.

THE DETROIT VAPOR STOVE COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan

RED ★ STAR
Detroit Vapor
OIL STOVE

# COLGATE'S

## "WASH YOUR TEETH"

More Dentists recommend Colgate's than any other dentifrice. Recent investigation just completed by an independent national research institute shows their preference for Colgate's. This preference is even more marked today than six years ago when a similar impartial investigation* revealed Colgate's to be

*"The DENTISTS' DENTIFRICE"*

For "Good Teeth—Good Health" use Colgate's after *each* meal and see your Dentist regularly at least every six months.

*Papers on both investigations are deposited for safekeeping in the Title Guarantee & Trust Co. of New York City. Permission to see the papers may be obtained by accredited committees by writing to Dental Dept. P, Colgate & Co., New York

## If You Care for Your Health, Care for Your Teeth with Colgate's

It is just as necessary to wash your teeth after each meal as to wash table silver and dishes. Remove food particles from between and around the teeth promptly, before they ferment in the high temperature of the mouth. Fermenting food causes tooth decay. But a clean tooth seldom decays.

## *To Preserve the Thin Enamel*

"Wash" your teeth clean with Colgate's. You thus preserve the thin enamel, for Colgate's, being free from grit, cleans gently and safely. This common-sense dentifrice "washes" and *polishes*—without scouring.

Colgate's cleans teeth the *right* way. It sells at the *right* price—25c for a Large tube—why pay more?

**Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture**

# Washes and Polishes

# Cleans teeth the right way

*Tastes Good—*
*Does Good*

### PROTECT YOUNG TEETH FROM GRIT

The teeth of every boy and girl deserve a fair show.

Proper care in childhood helps build sturdy bodies.

There are precautions you can take.

First, choose a *safe* dentifrice. (The U. S. Public Health Service warns against harsh grit in dentifrices —see page 12, Keep Well Series No.13, 1921). Avoid dentifrices containing doubtful compounds which may injure tooth enamel and mouth tissues, and cause regret in later years.

Your dentist or physician will recommend an established tried-and-tested dental cream with a proved reputation for safely and thoroughly cleansing teeth—Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. It "washes" teeth. It brings out and preserves their greatest beauty.

And children gladly clean their teeth regularly with Colgate's. Its delicious flavor makes tooth brushing a welcome treat instead of an "I-hate-to" task.

## COLGATE'S

### CLEANS TEETH THE RIGHT WAY

**"Washes" and polishes—does not injure the enamel**

An injury to the flesh, the bone, the eye or other organs may be healed by Nature. But the thin coating of enamel on your teeth *never is renewed* once it is worn away. Its beauty, marred, can never be restored. You can brush your teeth with Colgate's during your whole life without in the slightest degree injuring the enamel. Colgate's is safe—based on refined non-gritty precipitated chalk and pure vegetable oil soap.

Its chalk loosens the clinging particles from the enamel—its pure vegetable oil soap washes them away.

A sound investment in sound teeth—get a tube of Colgate's today for *each* member of the family.

This healthy boy will be shown in the window of progressive stores. Trade there for satisfaction.

**AN OFFER**

1—Buy a tube of Ribbon Dental Cream in its cardboard box.

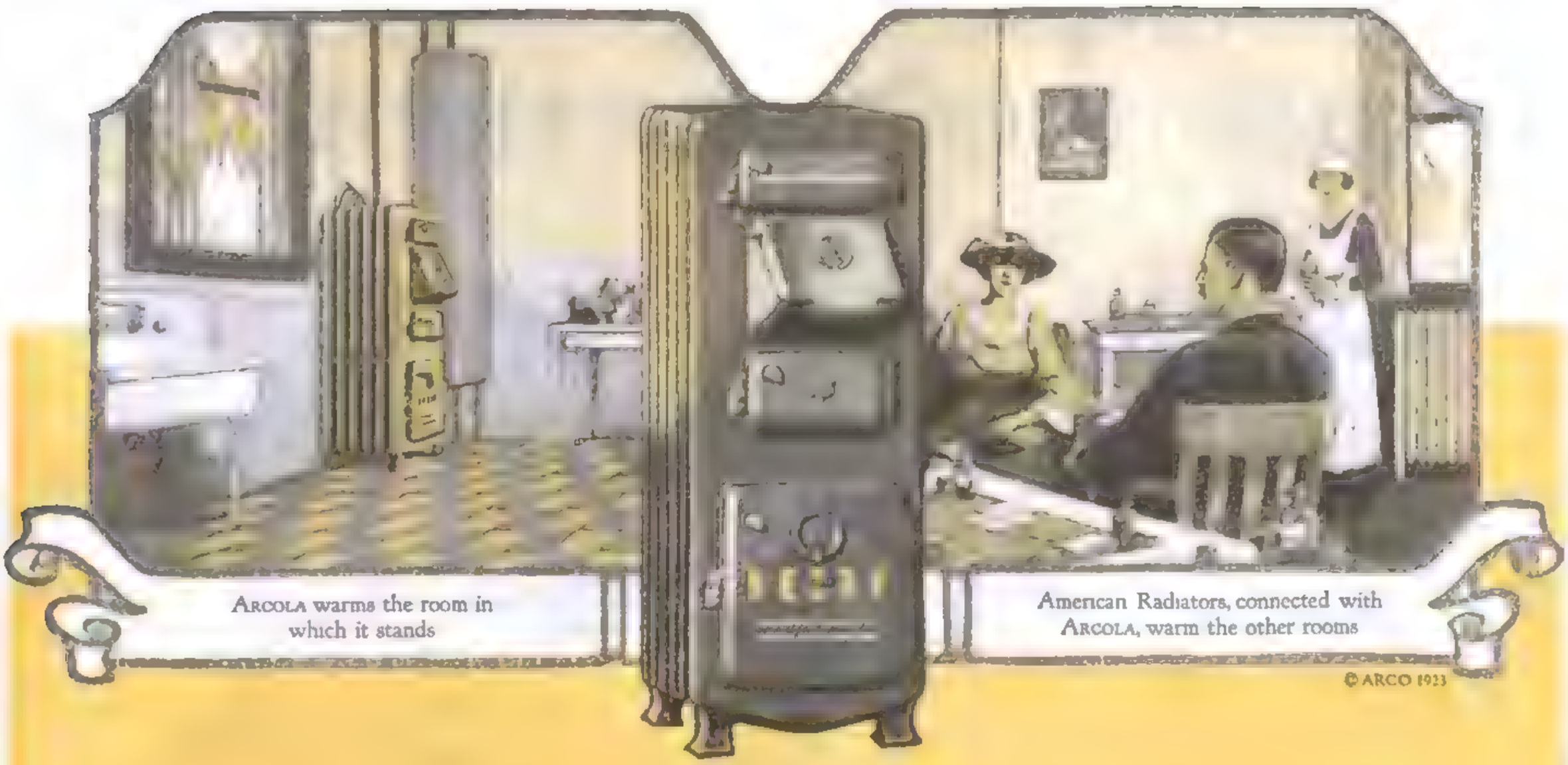
2—Attach this coupon to the cardboard box. Slip both into an envelope and mail to Colgate & Co., Dept. P, Box 645, City Hall Station, New York City.

3—We will then send you a generous sample of Colgate's [ ] Cashmere Bouquet Soap or [ ] Rapid Shave Cream for the man of the family. (Check ✓ which.)

Your Name _____

Address _____

# —doesn't injure the Enamel




# Doctors know the value of ARCOLA warmth

DR. T. W. POSEY, Bowling Green, Ky., who warms both his home and garage with ARCOLA, says: "We never have less than 70° temperature throughout the house; three of our neighbors have installed ARCOLA after seeing how splendidly ours worked."

Dr. Sidney A. Dunham of the Parkside Sanitarium, Buffalo, N. Y., writes: "My ARCOLA is proving very satisfactory and economical. It requires less attention and produces more heat than any other system I have ever seen. I consider it excellent for the health and welfare of patients. It has been in use here for four years without repair."

Your doctor, too, will tell you that hot-water warmth is the healthiest and best for your home. Your Heating Contractor will tell you that he can have ARCOLA installed, and furnishing hot-water warmth to every room in your home, in less than a week.

See him today. And send for the finely illustrated book which explains how ARCOLA pays for itself in the fuel it saves.

## AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

*IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators for every heating need*

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AMERICAN RADIATORS | IDEAL BOILERS

816 So. Michigan Ave., Dept. 20
CHICAGO

# LONG TAVEY

Continued from Page 13

why the skipper had left Tavey at liberty. The skipper had satisfied himself that the charge was entirely spiteful and absurd; he had warned the old man who made it to watch his foolish old tongue in future; but the crew in general chose to regard Long Tavey with suspicion, and suspicion had grown to conviction. It had so grown that the old man primarily responsible for it got frightened at the spook he had created and he ran from the ship, chased by his monster as Frankenstein was.

But the crew only knew that he went. They chose to put his flight down to fear of Tavey. And now that Spike was among them again and the ship alive to the lift of the sea, they one and all made him their leading hand, giving him the place that should have been Tavey's out of the sheer seamanship alone.

"Fore and main upper tops'ls! Both together now!" urged the second mate.

The lower topsails and inner jib had been set before the tug left. Apprentices and the after gang were hauling out the spanker.

"C'm on, lads, a watch to a yard!" roared Spike, and seized hold of the main-topsail halyards above the rail. Long Tavey was already at the fore, his wide mouth open, ready to start the tune. The men split into their regular watches, stamping behind Spike, slouching up to Tavey.

"Give's a chune!"

"Sing out, M'Ginty!"

"Hoist away, for'ard there! What's the delay?" bawled the mate.

Spike started boisterously:

*"We want sailors bold, who kin wor-rk f'r their go-old."*

*"Heave away cheerily ho-ho!"*

howled the chorus behind him.

*"Who kin stand a foine wettin' widout ketchin' co-old!"*

*"As off to th' s'uth'ard we go-o,*
*As off to th' s'uth'ard we go!"*

The main upper topsail yard began to jump aloft to the roaring chorus. Men hauled as if they liked work. Long Tavey started his gang to the good old stave:

*"Johnny's gone, what shall I do?"*

The only response was his own contribution to the refrain:

*"Awa-ay, you, Hee-lo!"*

The yard went heavily. Tavey sang manfully:

*"Johnny's gone, what shall I do?"*

And the man nighest to his back growled *sotto voce*, "Go t' hell!"

"What's the matter with that fore-tops'l?" bawled the second mate impatiently. The man behind Tavey growled back to his mates, "Sing out 'long o' Spike, fellers! C'm on now!"

Spike's harsh bellow filled all space:

*"Sing, me lads, cheerily; heave, me lads, cheerily!"*

*"Heave away cheerily ho-ho!"*

roared the double chorus.

*"F'r th' go-old we proize, an' purty gals' oies!"*

*"As off to th' s'uth'ard we go-o,*
*As off to th' s'uth'ard we go!"*

Tavey's yard jumped aloft like the other now. He gave up his leadership easily and without resentment, only pleased that the work was going on smoothly.

*"As off to th' s'uth'ard we go!"*

he roared contentedly.

On the long, easy, fine-weather Pacific swell the ship carried her timid equine freight comfortably. Even the horse keepers did their work, which was something of a novelty in a windjammer carrying Walers. Long Tavey went through his duties the same as ever; so clumsily as almost to seem to be blundering, yet so utterly efficiently that he was worth two men in the watch. And so the afterguard accepted him. But there was a strange atmosphere forward. It took Tavey a long time to realize that he was shunned when he was not abused, that all hands looked at him with aversion, that even the horse keepers, cocky through fine weather and full feeding, grew bold in their allusions to sailors' knots and slippery hitches. It was that which at last convinced Tavey of his outcast state. It aroused him sharply.

"Lookut here, mister," he told the horse foreman. "I'm able seaman in this yer ship, an' I don't 'low no 'tween-deck muck scrapers to gimme slack that way. Nos-sir. Don't you ner your gang f'git yer places, see?"

The man grinned insolently; but the mere assertion of his dignity seemed to ginger up Tavey, and for that watch at least men who had studiously insulted him whenever they passed close by let him pass unchallenged. A first dogwatch wheel, which had called forth every trick of helmsmanship that was in him, completed the edifice of his satisfaction. The wind was light, fluky and principally astern. The ship was light, carrying only ballast and livestock, and steered wildly. Tavey had taken the first hour of the dogwatch in his turn. In the Red Gauntlet the dogwatch wheels were only one hour each instead of two; but the mate had promptly sent away the relief and told Tavey to carry on for the full watch, so poor a fist had the relief made at keeping the ship near her course. But at the change of watch, when the men gathered about the fore hatch for smoke and harmony, yarn spinning and horseplay, Tavey's trick was done and he joined the crowd. He was a musical soul, was Long Tavey. Perhaps no more unmusical throat ever vibrated in song; but his soul was full of harmony; he would sing, asked or unasked, whenever men forgathered for song.

"I'll give y' a ditty, fellers," he offered, and nodded to the young ordinary seaman with the accordion. That clever youth squeezed his instrument discordantly. It made no impression on Tavey, who half closed his eyes, held up one hand like a parson bestowing a benediction and began to deliver his one and only song:

*"East side, west side, all aroun' th' town,*
*Ban' playrd ringarosy, Lon'on Bridge is fallin' down ——"*

He got that far before he noticed that the accordion had stopped playing and that a comb-and-paper foo-foo was buzzing another tune. Then he opened his eyes. Spike Curran was urging the opposition on, grinning maliciously, and the men were rocking and chuckling at the fun. Tavey stopped singing, his mouth hanging open, and stared blankly at the comb-and-paper artist.. It was a weedy little Sydney larrikin, with pretensions as a fighter and a police record that drove him to shipping as a horse tender; and the eye with which he met Tavey's stare said plainly, "I'm the Balmain Bruiser! Wotcher gotta say about it?"

"Ain'tcha got no sense at all, a-buttin' in on a man's ditty that way?" said Tavey mildly. "Don'tcha know no better?"

"You givin' me lip?" demanded Balmain, frowning ferociously.

"I don't wanta talk t' th' likes o' you at all. You ain't no sailorman. Only don't come them games, see? Give's the tune again, young feller."

He waved towards the accordion player. Optimism was Tavey's mainstay. The accordion remained silent. But Balmain was coming across the hatch. Spike and the rest of the toadying gang grinned broadly, urging Balmain on.

Tavey's eyes closed again, his hand was upraised as if giving a benediction—and Balmain's hard, grimy fist crunched home on his soft red nose. Tavey landed at full length on his back on the deck. His eyes watered and his head rang with the concussion of his fall.

"Want any more?" snarled Balmain.

"Git up an' foight, y' long fadom o' bilge!" urged Spike.

The men capered around gleefully. But Tavey was slow of wit. He scarcely realized that he had been knocked over. When he recovered his wits and climbed slowly to his feet the men had left the hatch and gone up to the forecastle head. The accordion played as they went; the last man was still on the ladder.

"That ain't no way to do!" muttered Tavey, staring after them.

He saw a crowd of horsemen and seamen making much of the virulent little larrikin, praising his left jab as if it were a trick of fine seamanship. The sight made Tavey feel tenderly of his nose. His head rang still. He felt annoyed. But there was music, and he had never yet been refused a place at a dogwatch singsong.

"Maybe he don't know no better," he decided. He went up the ladder, pushing towards the music.

"Ho! Here he is agyne!" yelled Balmain.

Tavey pushed on past the intervening men. Balmain faced him, weaving his fists, stepping catlike, grinning like a Tasmanian devil.

Spat!

His famous left jab cracked on Tavey's nose again. But Tavey had his eyes open now. He staggered, surprisedly, but kept his feet. His eyes opened wider. His mouth hung loosely.

Spat!

A right swing landed high on his cheek. It made a red spot, and slowly the whole of Tavey's face grew red to match it. He reached out his hands, awkwardly, so clumsily that even the weasely Balmain laughed and stepped back.

"Ain'tcha got no sense at all?" demanded Tavey indignantly. "Don'tcha grub agree wiv ya? You want learnin', you do!"

With no more heat than if he were grabbing two fistfuls of sail to furl, he seized Balmain's hair above the ears. Then in slow measure, his gaunt shoulders swaying from side to side, he shook the larrikin as a terrier shakes a rat; shook him hard, shook him long, shook him until the obscenities that poured from his gutter mouth ceased to roll in a stream and came in broken, gasping jerks of sound. Then he dropped him, and Balmain squatted as if stupefied, staring after Tavey as that peace-loving sailorman pushed on towards the interrupted music.

"Let's start again, fellers," Tavey offered. "Them horse cleaners don't know nothin'. Give's the tune, young feller."

*"East side, west side, all aroun' th' town,*
*Ban' played ringarosy, Lon'on Bridge is fallin' down ——"*

The accordion played, but without enthusiasm. Tavey sang his ditty through, seemingly unaware that of all his mates only one sang with him. Ted Rich, able seaman, was of that stuff that sticks to the top dog, however rapid the changes of fortune. A certain famous vicar of Bray was

(Continued on Page 105)

*Long Tavey Hung Onto the Spokes and Brought the Ship Back Just Short of the Danger Point*

# at last

OWNERS of automobiles have always been urged to keep their tires up to standard inflation.

They have been warned that only by such treatment could a tire be expected to deliver satisfactory mileage.

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(Drawings from Actual Engineering Data)

The Dayton Thorobred Cord Tire assumes the shape of an ideal curve when underinflated.

The width, shape and composition of the tread and the thickness, strength and flexibility of the carcass are so perfectly balanced that the force of all weights and impacts is evenly distributed over the complete structure of the tire, without irregular bulging or strains at any point

The tread and carcass move naturally in the same direction, without tension or stress, eliminating tread separation

The reinforcement of the bead is so tapered that it provides a strength that perfectly compensates the varying force at all points between the rigid base and the flexible carcass

### *A Tire Built for Standard Inflation*

(Drawings from Actual Engineering Data)

The tire that is built for standard inflation assumes the shape of an irregular curve and develops these three major weaknesses when it is run underinflated.

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(Continued from Page 103)

formed of the same clay long ago. He glanced cautiously towards Spike and Balmain before joining in the chorus with Tavey. Balmain still squatted, dazed. Spike and the rest hung about him, nonplused at his fall. Ted Rich smiled in Tavey's contented face and sang out loud.

In the middle watch that night the wind fell dead. By morning a fresh breeze had sprung up out of the east and the ship sailed smoothly with yards checked. There were fluffy clouds overhead, sportive sprays at the bow; a line of haze at the horizon seemed to be a rather darker line of the overhead blue than the gray of warning. But the skipper was wise in the ways of the sea. He had carried many horses to India.

"The glass is inclined to fall, Mr. Tarbert," he said to the mate. "And I don't care much for that." He indicated the haze. "Better let the horsemen bring the horses on deck right away for exercise. They may not get another chance for some time."

The horses were led up in batches of ten, which was as many as the ten grooms could well manage. The ship sped fast, but on fairly even bottom. There was scarcely a list, but the grooms were nearly all inexperienced landsmen. The Red Gauntlet had gangways from the hold to the hatches, such as few ships had; only careful leading was required to walk the horses up the incline. Cross battens prevented slipping downwards, and a stout rail left no chance of a fall into the hold.

But even with a bare fifteen minutes allowed for each batch of ten horses, by the time the last lot were up it had become a problem how to get them back securely. That haze at the horizon was no longer to be mistaken for blue. It was slate colored and thick; it reached halfway across the sky. The sprays at the bows flew with a heavier flirt; they came aboard as far aft as the mainmast. The horses were uneasy. The horsemen might have been better seamen. There was a growing weight in the seas underrunning the ship.

"Lend 'em a hand, my sons!" the mate cried.

His watch stood by, grinning at the struggles of the grooms to keep their own feet and guide their charges too. Spike roared with glee when a big Waler of seventeen hands threw up his head and flipped Balmain off his feet. Tavey knew nothing about horses. He did know that horses were never let loose aboard ship. When Balmain recovered his footing and looked for his horse, just a bit scared, Tavey had his two hands clamped on the bridle, each side of the head, just as he had gripped Balmain by the hair. No horse could break that grip easily.

"Here!" said Tavey, staring. "Ain'tcha got no sense at all, leavin' go a hawse thataway? Ketch holt! Th' mate's hollerin'!"

"Take in flying jib and gaff-tops'l!" the mate shouted as soon as the last horse was off the deck. He had waited until then, knowing that the fluttering of canvas and running men would alarm the nervous beasts.

By late afternoon the sky was all slate gray, the sea high and lumpy. The ship stormed along with a thunder of surges at bow and side, throwing broken seas high into the straining jibs and courses. Every now and then a weightier roller charged down from windward, crept up slyly as if to watch a chance, and tumbled over the six-foot rail in a hissing, roaring flood that filled the decks and swept everything movable into chaos—men, ropes, buckets, all pell-mell, to be disentangled as might be. Two such seas filled the waist, pouring water below through the hatchways, left open as long as possible for ventilation. The third picked up a corner of a hatch ladder and smashed it into splinters. It swept Ted Rich away from the poop ladder as he went to relieve the wheel, and broke his leg. It started the frightened horses squealing and their keepers cursing in fear.

"Batten down all hatches!" the skipper ordered; and when the hatches were tight, and horses and men helpless, if safe, below, "Take the mains'l off her, Mr Tarbert," the skipper said. "Take in the mizzen topgallants'l too. And when you get the gear straightened out send a couple of good men to stay in the hold to quiet those helpless horsemen. Then come aft and give me a hand to set Rich's leg. The man's crying. Yellow as a freckle!"

When the barometer had fallen two-tenths more and the gale still increased without any change of direction, it was certain that a hurricane was imminent and that the Red Gauntlet was right in the track of it. By watching for the signs with a keen weatherly eye, the skipper decided that he was in the dangerous semicircle of the revolving storm.

"Strip her down to three lower topsails, reefed foresail, and foretopmast staysail, Mr. Tarbert. We'll run her out," he said.

They ran her. The seas roared after her. They came over the taffrail, sweeping away one helmsman and frightening two more to the point of helplessness as steersmen. The main deck was a welter of tangled ropes and waist-high water, with everything adrift that was movable. Badly steered, the ship took terrific seas over each rail with every roll, although she was scudding before the wind, traveling fast. But it was the seas that pooped her, overtaking her and falling in over the taffrail, that turned her helmsmen's blood to water and caused her officers to glance almost pleadingly towards the set-faced captain watching her every moment.

Every now and then the ship plunged ahead under greater impetus and drove her bows deep into the watery mountains before her. Then every shroud and stay, rivet and stanchion in her fabric quivered and protested. At such moments horses' shrill squealing sounded muffled and pitiful in the closed holds.

"Where's that Long Tavey, Mr. Tarbert?" the skipper asked. Three helmsmen had proved unable to handle the wheel.

"He's in the hold, helping keep the horses quiet, sir."

"Bring him to the wheel. Any farmer's able to go down there."

"He's about the only one who isn't scared of the idea of being battened down, sir."

"He's about the only man who can steer the ship! Bring him up!"

They brought him up. It required the efforts of the two mates and Tavey himself to prevent the horsemen from rushing out and quitting their charges. Balmain cursed horribly, threatening many dire things. Tavey took him by the ears, without heat, and dropped him among his fellows. Then he replaced the hatch and went to the wheel.

The hurricane gathered force. The foretopsail cracked and flew ahead in threads of stormy gossamer. With the loss of the forward-sail pressure the ship broached. The helm lifted Long Tavey from his feet. He was worth two men then, for he hung onto the spokes until strength and weight told, and brought the ship back just short of the danger point. But a vicious sea boarded her just abaft the break of the forecastle, sweeping a four-ton fresh-water tank adrift from its fastening band and hurling it like a shot through the bulwarks. A young ordinary seaman, caught in its rush, went along with it.

"Water tank's gone, sir!" reported the second mate.

"Very well," said the skipper shortly. "D'ye think you can bend another topsail, mister?"

"Young Green's gone overboard with the tank, sir!" reported a seaman, clawing up the ladder.

"Never mind the topsail, mister. I'll heave her to."

"We can't launch a boat in this, sir!"

"I'll not try, mister. The poor chap's gone. Heave her to."

*"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,*
*If th' sharks don't getcha th' devil must!"*

chanted Long Tavey solemnly.

"What's that?" demanded the skipper sharply.

"Nawthin', sir," shouted Tavey above the clamor of storm and of the laboring ship. "Jest sayin' a bit o' Scripcher fer young Green. Don't seem nacheral to slip yer cable thataway without no good-by, do it?"

"Watch your steering! I'll say the prayers when they are needed!"

"Yes, sir," said Tavey, and watched his steering.

They stripped the ship to a lower maintopsail and brought her to the wind. She was light, riding high; but seas that could poop her when running hung perilously over her as she showed her side to the gale. What ballast she had was not trimmed properly either. She was just enough by the stern to make her sluggish in coming up.

"Down with the bellum! Down with it!" roared the skipper anxiously.

The ship seemed to hang midway, laying in the trough of the seas, going over, over, still over to leeward.

"Hellum's hard over!" Tavey roared back.

Through the deadening cover of the tight hatches the scream of horses came up as the helpless brutes were hurled to leeward. If men cursed down there their curses were smothered by the uproar. Seas a mile long rolled up from windward, lifted and fell in over the high weather bulwarks, splintering boats, gallows and rails. Men scampered into the rigging, onto fife rails, tried to run up the sides of the deckhouses for safety. Men not nimble enough to clamber ahead of their mates disappeared into the smother of furious water in the lee waterways, to reappear, vanish and bob up again until brought up with a crash against the poop. The carpenter's bench burst through the door of the shop, teetered on its two legs while it spilled broadaxes, mauls and adzes to add to the horrors of the drowned main deck, then careered on the crest of the wash with Chips hanging onto one end desperately trying to save it. It passed into the sea. It was swept to leeward and out of sight with Chips hanging on stupidly.

"My God!" the skipper groaned.

"He ain't got no sense at all, hangin' on thataway!" said Long Tavey, staring blankly after the doomed man.

"She isn't coming to! She isn't coming to!" muttered the mate.

"Show a bit of the spanker, mister!" the skipper said.

"Come aft, the watch!" the second mate bawled.

Of the men clinging for life to what holds they had got, two heard and started aft. One man stepped on a submerged adz, and fell into the weltering scupper wash with a shriek. The sea that poured through the ports was tinged with red. The man's hand emerged, then his head. Both went under again as the ship took a heavier roll, and remained. The other man who had started aft stopped, stared with goggling eyes and clawed his way frantically back to safety on the fore fife rail.

"Come aft!" roared the mates together.

"If somebody'd take this yer wheel——" suggested Tavey.

He stared from skipper to mates, and at the skipper again, with a blank expression that seemed to reflect his mind. It was as if he failed utterly to see anything alarming in the situation; as if he could not understand why men could not work as usual. His cheek bled. A spoke of the kicking wheel had struck him cruelly. His yellow oilskins were streaked with red. The streaks ran from his chin to the soul-and-body lashing that bound his waist to keep the sea from filling his boots.

"If somebody'd take this yer wheel——"

"I'll take it," said the skipper.

Long Tavey climbed onto the spanker boom to cast off the gaskets. He moved clumsily, as if his legs belonged to somebody else. But stumble he might, he never fell. His long, lank body swayed and doubled, his long legs sprawled and bent. When his big bony hands gripped anything they held their grip as long as it was wanted. And he sat straddling the jerking spar and loosed the sail, while it did its level best to pitch him bodily into the sea.

"Haul out!" he roared, and slid down to take the outhaul himself.

The two mates bent to it with him. The skipper watched the helm. The stout canvas cracked and whipped as the gale tore at it. Then the sail filled, the ship felt the afterpressure and began slowly to head into the wind. She reached her point, still wallowing, but gradually righting as she crept out of the trough, and the water began to pour clear of her main deck.

A seaman lay jammed under a stanchion in the waterways, drowned. His foot was severed. The murderous adz that had killed him, cutting through sea boot and stocking, numbing his power to fight against the submerging sea, lay beside him, scoured to an innocent cleanliness of blood.

Other seamen crept shamefacedly from their security. Spike Curran plunged through to be first at the ladder, showing a bold front. He had lurked in the galley, stealing the doctor's own snug refuge on top of the coal locker, watching his points through a porthole.

"Take some hands and see how things are below, Mr. Tarbert. I'll keep the helm," said the skipper.

Long Tavey started forward with the rest. Spike Curran pushed past him, taking the lead just behind the mate.

(Continued on Page 109)

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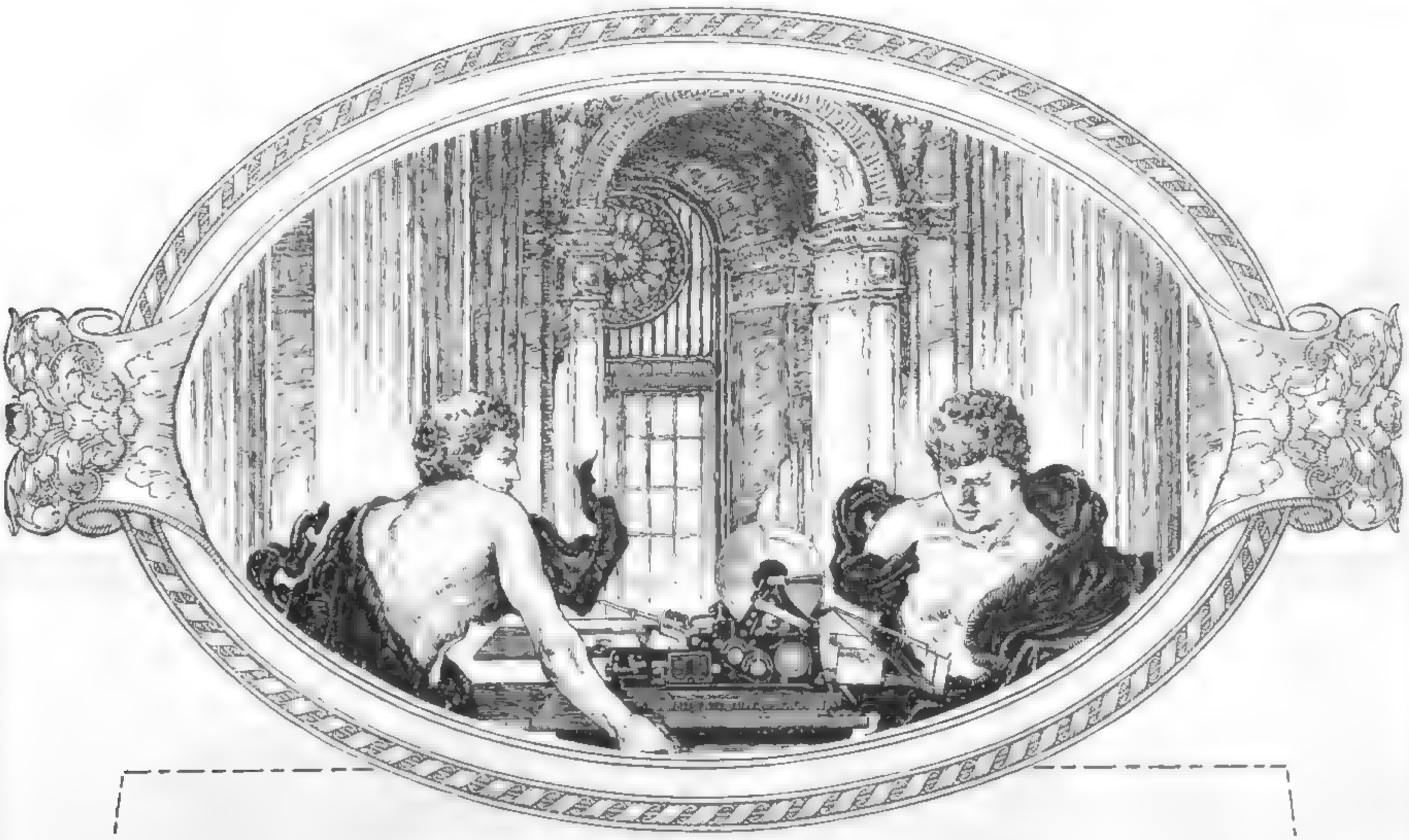

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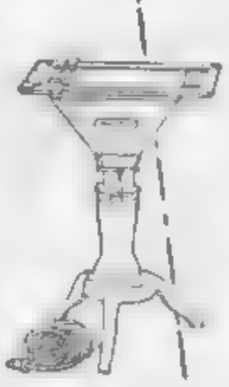

MIMEOGRAPH
EDISON DICK

(Continued from Page 106)

"Get a maul, one of you," the mate said. He remembered now that Chips had left the ship.

"Git a maul, you!" Spike told Tavey.

Tavey groped in the raffle of gear in the scuppers and found the big hammer with which to knock out the wedges. As the wedges and battens were removed and the tarpaulins rolled back from a corner of the hatch, the sounds from below grew clearer. Men who had put on a brazen front as soon as the ship righted now began to wilt and hang back.

"Shure, 'tis loike liftin' th' lid off hell!" muttered Spike.

He had crowded close to the mate, assuming the pose of a leader among seamen. Mr. Tarbert gripped the handle of the hatch cover at the coaming. A man was wanted to take the other corner at the fore-and-after.

"Gimme th' maul!" muttered Spike, edging nearer to Long Tavey. "G'wan, lift th' hatch! Me back's bruk frum a fall Oi had."

The hatch was raised. Eight ghostly faced, staring-eyed horsemen and one subdued seaman stormed the opening. They poured out on deck, heedless of orders. The coughing moans and agonized squeals of injured horses filled the holds above the tremendous uproar of tortured hull and stressed spars.

"Here, ain'tcha got no sense at all, bustin' out thataway?" growled Tavey.

He seized a horseman who had plunged past him, almost bowling him over. The man squirmed and cursed. It was Balmain, crazy with fear. Tavey held on to him.

"Get below, a couple of you! The rest bring ropes down!" the mate ordered, and stepped over the hatch coaming.

At the foot of the ladder the other two horsemen lay, moaning with the pain of broken ribs. They were hoisted on deck and taken aft to join Ted Rich in the saloon, which promised soon to become a hospital. Tavey had to let go of Balmain. Balmain lost no time; he was on deck and among the bearers of the injured in quick time.

To leeward horses lay heaped. Some were quiet; far too quiet. Of the hundred a dozen kept their feet. They were red of eye, wide of nostril, tails tucked tightly, feet asprawl, teeth gleaming madly.

"Sling the dead ones and dump 'em," the mate said.

His face was dark with professional concern. The Red Gauntlet was going to lose her reputation as a safe carrier of livestock. The loss of freight and bonus was still another matter more closely concerning the captain.

Slings were thrown down and men on deck overhauled a tackle, taking the fall to the midship windlass. Spike directed the work noisily. There was no danger there.

"Come on, you! What are you afraid of?" the mate shouted.

The men with him were staring at the involved tangle of dead and crippled horses. Long Tavey, with a sling, stumbled around looking for an opening. Another seaman dragged a sling and made a show of helping. It was no sort of work for a sailorman, that.

A dying horse kicked Long Tavey in the stomach and he sat down with a grunt. In a moment he was up again, still stumbling, stepping over the kicking legs and picking out legs that had ceased to kick. He wrapped the sling around a pair of roan hocks and sung out to heave away.

The mate slung another horse. The other seaman showing pluck enough to try dropped back when Tavey fell under that first terrific kick. He gained courage when three horses had been hoisted and passed overboard, and the mate sent him up for a pistol.

"Tell the captain I'll have to shoot a lot that have broken legs," said Mr. Tarbert.

Dumping dead horses was work for men. Even the men at the windlass were able to keep their feet on the giddily slanting deck only by the hold they had on the handspikes. A horse, slung and halfway hoisted, would swing like a grotesque comet in a drunken orbit before it hung long enough over the sea to be let go. In the hold the work was sheer horror. Neither Tavey nor the other seaman had been accustomed to handling horses; the mate only in a perfunctory way, when chancing to carry them as cargo. To get dead horses from among the legs of sound ones was work for heroes. To tackle sound ones and lead them to security away from the kicking crippled ones almost called for supermen.

The man sent for the revolver took plenty of time. He returned slowly, complaining of sickness at the stomach.

"I'll go git one o' them hawsemen," said Long Tavey.

"You quitting too?" growled the mate.

"Me? Nos-sir!" retorted Tavey. "I'm dumb, mebbe. I ain't clever like some, an' I knows it. But I ain't seen nawthin' to quit fer yet, mister. I'm goin' to git help."

He went, and brought back Balmain, bearing him bodily to the hatch and sending him down on the sling. Balmain was the only horseman he was able to carry.

"You take care o' the sound hawses, see?" Tavey told him, and gave him a rope. "Make this yer rope fast fore an' aft to the stanchions; then tie th' well hawses to it wiv plenty o' room between 'em. . . . Hey, ain'tcha got no sense at all? That's no way to make a rope fast. Here, I'll show ya."

Simply because there was a he man under his clumsy, dull-witted exterior, Long Tavey was soon directing the work of saving the horses. Mr. Tarbert went on deck to ask the captain about the disposal of some horses that were badly hurt but might be saved by a veterinarian. They could be slung, perhaps, until the weather got better. When the mate returned the skipper went with him to see for himself; and men began to sneak after them, shamed again into emerging from hiding.

Long Tavey was working like a gaunt, broken-cranked machine. His clumsy figure always seemed about to collapse and fall, but never fell. His vacant face showed scant intelligence; yet every motion of his hands and feet and lank strong back was made with the certitude of keenest guidance.

"How many can we save?" the skipper asked anxiously.

He glanced at Tavey, and the wraith of a smile gleamed in his eyes, worn with watching. He saw the heap of horses yet to be sorted out, and frowned at the futile nature of the assistance to be depended on.

"Ought to save at least half, sir. If there was another man like that"—nodding briefly towards Tavey—"we might have saved three-parts."

"Aw, what th' hell, guv'nor!" whined Balmain, struggling with the halter of a Roman-nosed mare with a flattened ear. "How d'ye expect men to do anything in this weather?"

"I haven't seen any men in your gang," retorted the mate grimly.

Men dropped down from the ladder and made themselves noticeable. Long Tavey was somewhere in the midst of a heap of mangled brutes that kicked and bit at him. He had his sling around one leg of the last dead animal. It was under the rest.

"Lend him a hand, you lumps!" gritted the skipper.

The ship suddenly heeled down to leeward under a terrific blast; down, down, still down. Water thundered on the deck overhead; it poured down through the open hatch; the shrill scream of the gale rose to a terrifying shriek. The horses slid, living and dead, and Long Tavey slid with them, still hanging onto his sling. Men glanced fearfully upward, sidling towards the ladder. Men halfway down started up again. And the sizzling crack of ripped canvas told of a torn topsail, the only sail set.

"Take your men up, Mr. Tarbert, and set the fore and mizzen topsails!" cried the captain, leading the way.

Balmain was the last to get a start. He pressed forward close to the mate's crowd. Something gripped his ankle like a vise, hauling him back.

"Ain'tcha got no sense at all, leavin' a man thataway?" Tavey cried from under the horses. "Here, gimme a haul out!"

The hatch was clapped on, the hold was dark again. Balmain whimpered and cursed, but Tavey's powerful grip held him and Tavey's mild, unangered voice urged him until Tavey was clear of the wheezing horses, with his sling still in hand, the last dead horse safely slung.

"What they put th' hatch on for?" Tavey exclaimed, for the first time glancing upward. "Ain't they got no sense at all?"

Dimly, as if from an immense distance, the voices of men seeped through from on deck as they howled at the topsail sheets and braces. The Red Gauntlet, pitching and rolling madly when the maintopsail carried away, settled down to a steady if

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tremendous leeward roll and a steady lesser forward plunge as the fore and mizzen topsails were set.

"Come on!" Tavey grunted, gripping the shivering larrikin by the hair and dragging him to the midship rope between the stanchions.

"Might's well do somethin' whiles we're here," he said. "Ketch holt o' this yer rope, an' when I hauls, you holt, and watch out y' don't let go! Come on, now! Hay, hay, hay-oh-hay!"

That was the dead horse. They hauled it out from the heap, made it fast to the rope and then went to work on the heap of cripples, separating them, hauling them fore and aft in the lee side, securing each one at a safe distance from his neighbor and safe from further damage, by ropes passed around the stringers.

In a darkness short of total only by the glimmer of watery light that could be seen high up in the cowls of the ventilators and the dull green of some half dozen small portholes at the after end of the hold, Long Tavey labored like some uncouth monster in a cave of horrors. Horses with crazed brains bit him, horses with torn flesh kicked him, horses unhurt but terrified by the weight of others above them kicked and bit and snorted at him. He passed from one to another, giving each its turn, grumbling at the poor brutes as if they were human, talking without stopping, working as if imbued with immortal strength; and with him toiled Balmain, whimpering, cursing, pleading, falling over frantic legs, rising at Long Tavey's grim warning, ever laboring like the slave of Tavey's cave of horrors.

And when at last the hatch was raised, for Long Tavey was missed when the gear was hung up after setting and trimming the two topsails, each horse was as snug as it could be made without surgical aid; only the dead horse required to be hoisted out.

"Hoist away on him!" roared Tavey, shaking the tackle impatiently.

Then, with the horse dangling in the hatch opening, he picked up Balmain, crying horribly, and carried him up the steep ladder to the deck.

The passing of the last dead horse seemed to be the signal for the hurricane to pass. The force of wind lessened soon after; the terrific seas grew less steep and broke with less bitter cruelty. Men moved with something of seamanly surety; horsemen ventured below, now their work was done for them; Spike Curran suddenly appeared among his mates, none seeing whence; but he had seemed to come from the direction of the sail locker. The skipper's face lightened; he ordered sail to be set. There was a rift in the gray of the skies through which a steely glare slowly softened to watery sunshine. A new maintopsail was bent and set; then the two mates sprang joyously among the men.

"Come, bullies! Can ye raise three upper topsails at once? No, guess y' can't. You're not that sort. Two then! Sing out, sons! Fore and main together! What's the delay aloft there?"

Up on the topsail yards men were casting off storm gaskets, holding a bunt turn until all was ready, then:

"Sheet home maintops'l!" screamed one.

"Sheet 'ome foretawps'l!" bawled another.

"Now, bullies! Give it a tune!" the second mate roared, seizing the clew line to ease off as the sheets were hauled.

"Hay, hay, hay! Ho-hay!" they shouted raggedly.

"Holy sailor!" swore the two mates together in disgust. "Can't you raise a pully-haully between you?"

But the clews strained down to the sheaves in time, jerkily but surely, and the second mate took his gang to the halyards.

"One at a time's all they can do, the bloody wooden men!" he complained.

The mate's crowd joined in; all hands to the one halyard. Long Tavey dropped out of the rigging, coming down from the main upper topsail yard. He went to his place at the head of the hauling men

"Raise a tune, somebody!" pleaded the mate. Long Tavey bent his back, opened his wide mouth and started:

*"I'll sing y' a song, a good song uv th' sea.*
*Way, hay, blow the man down!"*

Only the hopeful voice of the second mate joined with Tavey's own at the chorus line.

"C'me an, byes!" roared Spike Curran. "Don't mind him, th' long fadom av bilge! Oi'll give ye a chune!"

"Ain'tcha got no sense at all, buttin' in," protested Long Tavey. But Spike raised his raucous voice, challenging the dying storm:

*"Sing, me lads, cheerily, heave me, lads,*
*cheerily!"*

And they roared in hearty chorus:

*"Heave away cheerily ho!*
*F'r th' go-old thot we proize, an' purty gals' otes."*

*"As off to th' s'uth'ard we go-o!*
*As off to th' s'uth'ard we go!"*

roared Tavey contentedly.

They set sail, the ship stormed forward on her course, the sun came out. The horses most injured were hoisted in sling bands and made snug in temporary quarters on the main hatch.

"Muster the hands, Mr. Tarbert," said the skipper when all was done. "It's been a hard time. I'll give them grog."

The word was passed, the steward brought up his can and dipper, not a man showed signs of lameness or fear. They trooped to the lee poop ladder, sailors and horsemen in one thirsty mob.

"Step up, men," the skipper said briskly.

Long Tavey won a place ahead of Spike and gave not an inch. He might give up a place sometimes, but this was not one of the times. He reached for the ladder manrope, his soft red nose glowing, his large mouth open in a wide grin. Long Tavey liked rum. It was his one weakness. His hand went out, he licked his lips and a small man pushed forward beneath his outstretched arm. Balmain's bullethead hit Tavey under the chin as he bobbed up and men behind laughed. But their mirth had short shrift.

"Hey, ain'tcha got no sense at all, buttin' in thataway?" complained Tavey. "You ain't got no right to bust in fust, nos-sir!"

He seized Balmain by the hair, a hand on each side of his weasel face, lifted him off the ladder and dumped him to leeward, too startled to curse. Then Long Tavey's hand gripped the manrope again, his other hand seized the dipper handed him by the steward and his large mouth closed on a quarter of a pint of strong grog, his prominent Adam's apple rose and fell ecstatically as the kindly jorum passed to its appointed place, soothing as it passed.

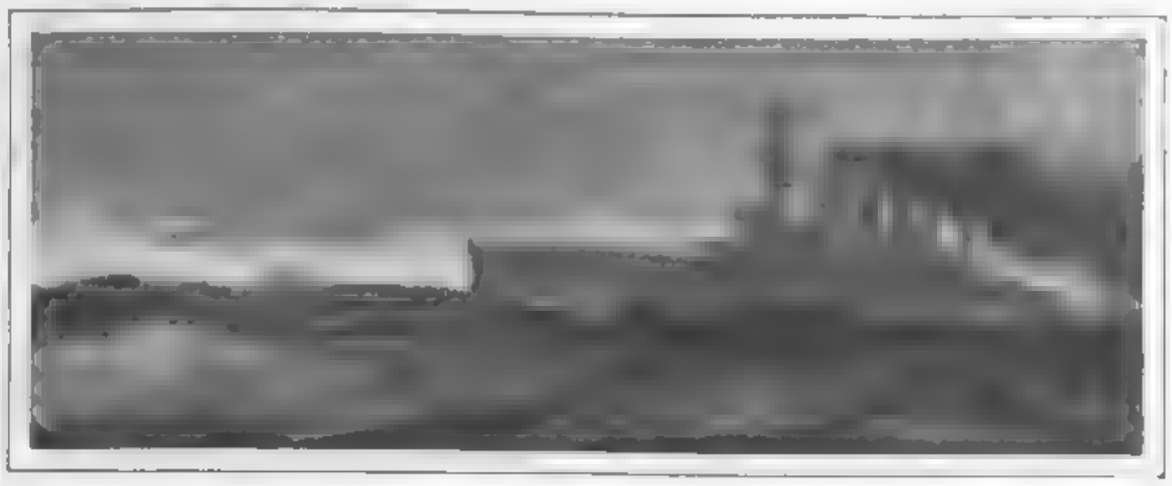
It was Tavey's watch below. He stepped briskly along the wet deck, his gaunt shoulders swaying, his long legs seeming always to stumble but never stumbling; and as he went, without anybody butting in, he gave his one song to the wind and sea:

*"East side, west side, all aroun' th' town,*
*Ban' played ringarosy, Lon'on Bridge is fallin' down ——"*

On the poop the skipper smiled.

"There goes one good sailorman," he remarked. "Pity his head's so weak."

"Argh! Th' long fadom av bilge!" muttered Spike Curran as he reached for his grog.



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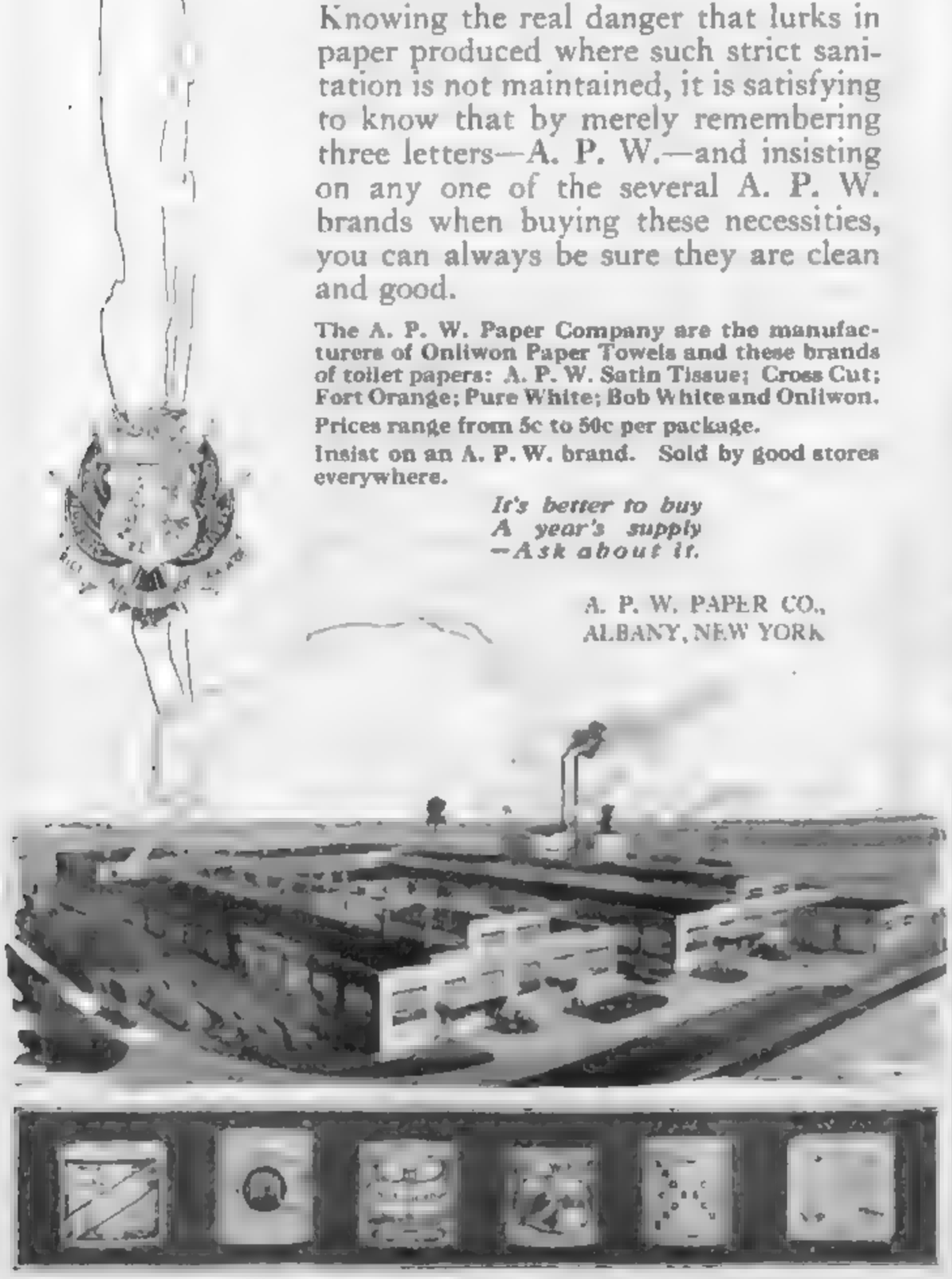


# WHITE GOLD

Continued from Page 19

dark almost. The gaunt furniture, the high, uncompromising bed, the arrogant dresser, had, in the soft light, a vagueness of line that was almost grace; but this was not the greatest change in the room. Yellow laundry soap, Lucy Choate's chosen perfume, was no longer the prevailing scent; other odors muffled it, heavy but pleasant odors—cigarette smoke that was not Trevor's, but Russian and faintly scented; another scent, warmer and fuller; a French perfume somewhere between *mille-fleurs* and sandalwood, but more challenging than either. This greeted him first; and then, as his eyes grew used to the light, he saw a girl by the window.

She was perched on the edge of Trevor's own little trunk. She sat with her knees crossed and her arms clasped round them, in a pose like a child's. She wore something soft and short and dark—black, he thought—and long pale stockings that set it off, and cross-strapped shoes like a child's. Her big black hat lay on the floor beside her. As Trevor entered she raised her eyes to his, but did not rise or come toward him or move at all; great dark eyes in a small white face. It was the supersquab.

Presently she stretched out a thin arm, stripped of its long black glove and bare to the ridiculous, curtailed sleeve, and touched one of Trevor's uncomfortable walnut chairs, pushing it slightly toward him.

"You wish me to sit there?" Trevor asked gravely.

"Yes."

"May I ask what else you wish?"

"Yes," said the supersquab again, in her toneless clear little voice. Trevor pulled the chair farther away from her and sat down. "You may ask, and when I am ready, I'll tell you." She smiled the smallest and faintest of smiles.

"I—you—the Choates ——" Trevor began incoherently.

Her untroubled gaze disconcerted him unreasonably. It put him in the wrong, though his point of view was correct. He felt his face turning red.

"I don't want the Choates to see you here. What—what would they think?" he asked awkwardly.

For all answer, she settled herself on the trunk deliberately, in a queer little awkward pose that was yet not without grace, one foot curled under her, the other small sandaled foot tapping thoughtfully at the floor.

She reached behind her for something on the window sill. It was Trevor's own pipe. She held it between two fingers daintily and puffed at it twice.

"I don't want a real smoke; I never do in the morning," she explained; "but this doesn't draw well."

"I regret it," said Trevor.

"Oh, I don't mind. I like it. I like all your things. You've got Villon in the uncut edition. I haven't. But you need a quilted bathrobe. Nothing else is warm enough in this air. You see," she added, "I've been waiting here half an hour, so I looked at everything."

"Don't apologize," begged Trevor.

"I don't," said the supersquab; "I never do," she added pensively, taking up Trevor's pipe again.

Trevor had a sudden childish but almost irresistible desire to snatch the pipe from her and put her out of his room by main force. He held the arms of his chair very tight, as if he could keep hold of his dignity in that way.

"My child, if you won't leave this room, I must," he said; "and I prefer to stay here. I wish to pack. I am leaving for New York tonight."

The supersquab did not seem to hear. She pursued her own train of thought.

"All my crowd are fools," she meditated dreamily, "but you are a worse fool, Mr. Dixon Trevor."

"You know my name?"

"It would be strange if I did not, after half an hour in your room."

"Yes," said Trevor meekly.

"But I knew it yesterday—long ago."

"You weren't a queen in Babylon when I was a Christian slave, or—or anything like that?" asked Trevor with a little laugh.

"How should I know?" said the supersquab quite gravely; "but I've read all your works. I liked First Love best. I'll tell you why some day."

"You will not," Trevor said firmly. "You will have no opportunity to discuss it. I am leaving tonight."

"No," said the supersquab, and something about the simple monosyllable struck terror to Trevor's heart.

"Miss Carmichael ——" he began.

"Call me Sin. My friends all do."

"I am not your friend," said Trevor very firmly indeed. "Is Sin short for Cynthia?" he added. It was irrelevant, but he wanted to know.

"My name is not Cynthia."

"What is it?"

"If you are not my friend, why do you ask?" said the supersquab with logic.

"Why do you say that I am not leaving tonight?"

"You are not," said the supersquab simply. "I won't let you," she added carelessly, as if it were the most natural of explanations; "not until I am through with you, Mr. Trevor. That's what I came here to say. I came early to say it. I knew you'd try to run away after yesterday; but you will not run away -not now."

"Why?"

"Because you have seen me again," said the supersquab.

"You believe your personal attractions are enough to restrain me?"

"They are," said the supersquab calmly.

"Young woman, are you trying to do what is described in your circles as vamping me?"

"Not yet. I may later," the supersquab said frankly. "Today, I did not come here to vamp you. I came to tell you what you have got to do."

"Pray go on," said Trevor forbiddingly.

"You have got to dine with me tonight, and dine with me tomorrow night," recited the supersquab, "and the day after that, and the day after that, and for as many days as I wish it you have got to go where I go and do what I do; to play with my crowd and me, as long as we stay at Twisted Pines."

"I won't!" Trevor replied promptly and simply.

"You will!" said the supersquab.

She moved to the edge of the trunk and leaned forward, thin arms clasped tight round her thin black-clad knees, small, pale face quite close to Trevor's.

"Mr. Trevor," she said slowly, "a few minutes ago I called you a fool and you are one, for yesterday you did a very foolish thing. You started something. There is trouble enough in the world, without starting new trouble, breaking in where you are not wanted. But you did it. It can't be undone. And when you start something you have to go on to the end; you will have to, Mr. Trevor."

"Meaning?"

"You know what I mean, but I'll tell you," the supersquab said patiently: "You insulted my friends and me."

"They don't take my—my intrusion very seriously."

"I do"

"I'll apologize," Trevor offered suddenly, "if you wish it."

"I don't. It's not enough. What do you really know about my friends or me? Nothing! We may be all that you say, or better, or worse. You do not know. You will have to stay here and find out. You see?"

"You are an amazing young woman," said Trevor uncertainly.

"Yes," said the supersquab, and for a little while she said nothing more.

She sat very still on the trunk and did not change her tense childish pose or look again at Trevor. Her dark eyes were half-closed, veiled, intent upon something in her queer little unguessed future or her poor little past. To Trevor her silence was somehow more profound than her speech.

She was not really wise, this poor little supersquab. Her quaint speech, her charm, did not deceive him. But suppose he were to take her at her word and stay. If he studied squabs at close quarters, and this squab, he might get through with them, get them out of his mind forever, get rid of this obsession.

"What's your name, if it isn't Cynthia?" he asked abruptly.

"Cynara. My father liked poems. He gave it to me."

"'I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, after my fashion,'" quoted Trevor, but the supersquab shook her head.

"Nobody ever was faithful to me."

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen"

"Tell me something," said Trevor: "Our young friend with the mustache—Cutie—

after I passed out, did he get his three kisses?"

"If you don't know, I can't tell you."

"You queer child," said Trevor; "you—you queer little child."

"Thank you, Mr. Trevor," said the supersquab sedately.

She put out one thin, restless hand. Trevor took it. It felt very light in his, and very warm.

"You'll stay then?" she asked.

"Yes," said Trevor, "I'll stay."

### III

THEY were standing on a high ledge of rocks, bare under a starless sky, faintly lit by a rising moon. The Carmichael place and the boathouses were somewhere behind them, along the curving shore. Below, almost under their feet, was the water, in a deep cleft of the rocks; and down there something moved, danced, seemed in the moonlight alive with a touch of the supersquab's own restless life. It was the supersquab's canoe.

An old tree root, a break in the rock and two weather-beaten steps made a precarious but adequate ladder. He followed her down it, a hand on his ankle guiding him from below, and slipped without protest into the seat she indicated.

Trevor settled himself on the cushions. They were correctly arranged; and he saw, tucked away in the stern, rugs and a lunch basket, the equipment for an idle afternoon, not an adventure by night.

"You were expecting guests?" he asked.

"I was expecting—you," she said in a queer little voice that rebuked and flattered him both at once; then she became absorbed in her paddling and there was silence between them.

Black shapes of rocks rose round them here and there and seemed to sink into the water and be lost again as the little boat slipped past. Just where they were Trevor did not know. He had lost his sense of direction, his sense of time. He seemed for a very long time—forever—to have been crossing uncharted seas, alone with the supersquab; with a grave and changed supersquab, who had not a word or a glance for him.

Eventually he saw a tiny crescent of beach, shallow and smooth, and behind it a high line of shore, so thickly wooded, so dark, that you could not tell where the trees stopped and the sky began.

"What is it? The coast of Spain?" he asked.

"It is an island," she explained grandly and vaguely; "my island. I own it. I named it. Nobody knows the name but me."

She was coaxing the little boat carefully along the shore to a landing place at one end. The girl and the boat seemed to know the way to it through the dark. She reached it, stepped out and held out her hand to him. There was a rock from which you stepped to the beach dry-footed, a ring in the side of the rock to which she tied the boat. She worked slowly, almost clumsily. Trevor watched her small, strong hands.

She gave him the basket, picked up the rugs and led him along the beach to the woods behind. The rocks were slippery with high-blown waves. Trevor stumbled. She caught his hand with a little laugh, and kept it.

"The blind," she said softly, "leading the blind. But—you are more blind than I am, Mr. Trevor."

"If I were in a mood to appreciate scenery, it might be difficult just now," Trevor suggested.

"Wait," said the supersquab.

Where the toy beach ended and the dim slant of shore began one ledge of rock stood out above and beyond the rest. She climbed it, pushing herself up through the bristling undergrowth like some wood creature finding its way straight to its own place in the dark. Trevor followed somehow and reached the crest of the rock. She had spread out the rugs and he threw himself down on them beside her.

"Now, look," she said, and he looked.

The sky was starless, unfriendly and clouded, but the moon, half-high and cloud-veiled, gave light enough to see all the supersquab's island. There was not much to see. It was hardly an island at all—a tree-studded rosette of darkness, with black water all round it, trying to wash it away, and a low-hung sky pressing down on it from above.

"Isn't it sweet, my island—your island?" The supersquab's voice sounded little and clear in the silence, very young, very kind; but Trevor answered her coldly.

"It is not my island."

"It is tonight. I give it to you. Nobody ever came here with me before. Are you glad?"

"It would be highly flattering, if true."

"It is true," said the supersquab. "Shall I tell you the name of your island? Avalon. Say it, Mr. Trevor."

"Avalon," Trevor repeated, obediently but absently; then he was silent, looking away from the girl, out at the dark and the sea.

She lay beside him, stretched full length on the rock, pressed close to it as if she were part of it. Her dark cloak wrapped her and shrouded her. You could not see her face, but you could hear, very close, her soft, unhurried breathing. She was remote, mysterious still, but she was here close beside him. The whole pageant of the hectic week was far away, forgotten. Nothing was here but the island and the girl.

"Cynara," he whispered. "Cynara."

She did not answer or move, but he knew that she heard. He put out a fumbling, uncertain hand, touched her cloak, her hair. She seemed at first to shrink closer into the rock as if it could hide her from him; then she turned, raised herself and slipped with a little nestling motion into Trevor's arms.

Trevor held her firmly and lightly. Presently he heard a long, tired sigh, like the sigh of a tired child, half asleep, and he spoke to her gently, as if he really spoke to a child:

"Why did you bring me here?"

"It had to come," the girl's faint voice went on; "from the first minute you looked at me. I knew that. You knew it too?"

"No, not then."

"But you know it now. From the first minute and longer. Oh, there is nobody like you. You were so hard to find. You came from so far away. But you're here tonight. You believe now that this is your island? I wish we could stay on it always. Avalon!"

"We will stay here as long as you like," Trevor promised.

"I—I did something very stupid just now when we landed. I wanted to do it: to show you how much I trusted you; to show you—oh, I don't know why I did it. But I did it. You will be angry. I ought to tell you, but I am afraid. The boat ——"

"Don't try to tell me, if you don't want to tell me. It does not matter."

"Nothing matters but this. Only only—there is something for you to say; but you need not say it yet. I am tired"

"Rest, then," said Trevor. "Rest, dear."

For answer, a hand reached up with a groping gesture and touched Trevor's cheek lightly once; then she was quiet, leaning against him, her face turned from him, looking out to sea. Trevor sat very still, holding her, but his brain was clear.

All this, that was so sweet, was not real, not true. It was an illusion, a dream created by the girl; the girl who had led him through a week of breathless, unforgettable experiences. She had been here before; she would be here again without him. She was very cruel, very wise. She was playing with him now, laughing at him behind her mask of a child. It was not a dreaming child that he held in his arms; it was the supersquab—the supersquab who had challenged him to a week of games like this.

The little figure in his arms stirred restlessly, moved, turned toward him. The face on his shoulder showed pale, vague in the dark, a blur of white. The heavy eyes were shut, but the lips moved, spoke to him softly.

"I will tell you now. The boat—our boat; it is not here. It's gone."

"Gone?" Trevor echoed rather stupidly. "Where?"

"Out there. I can see it. Look!"

Far out on the dark water before him Trevor could just see, or think that he saw, a slender vanishing shape that moved, drifted slowly away, was already almost out of sight. He watched it helplessly, then he laughed.

"You are wonderful," he said.

"I did not tie it. I set it adrift. I wanted to be here all alone with you."

"Don't explain. I quite understand."

"Are—are you angry?"

"No," said Trevor in a choked whisper; "no."

An arm slipped round Trevor's neck, tightened, drew his head gently down, then suddenly let him go. He felt against his breast the light pressure of a hand, a weak little hand, too fluttering, too frail to check or hold him. He brushed the hand aside, caught it and held it.

(Continued on Page 116)

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WHEN McKinley was nominated for President there were only four gasoline automobiles in the whole United States. Today there are more than ten million.

Two factors, among many, have helped to work this miracle—*the spirit of youth*, and *the spirit of cooperation*.

Because the industry was young its courage knew no limiting traditions. Because it recognized the value of cooperation, almost every car has contributed something of value to the development of all the rest.

Take these three General Motors cars, as examples:

Cadillac early achieved a craftsmanship which astonished European engineers, and won the Dewar Trophy for America.

Oldsmobile was the first to introduce the principles of quantity production.

Oakland pioneered in the production of a successful light six-cylinder automobile to sell for less than a thousand dollars.

The horizon of the industry was broadened by that achievement. Families, to whom the ownership of a six-cylinder car had been only a hope, found their hopes realized; and men began to think of the automobile as the servant of *all* the people.

# GENERAL

*Maker of* PASSENGER CARS AND TRUCKS

BUICK · CADILLAC · CHEVROLET · OAKLAND · OLDSMOBILE · GMC TRUCKS

The Oakland of 1923 is one more monument to the spirit of cooperation.

Back of the Oakland organization is the far greater organization of General Motors. Linked with Oakland's specialized experience is the experience of builders of cars and parts of every type. Added to its resources are the economies of large purchasing power, quantity production, and the interchange of men and ideas, all combining to create larger value.

This is the philosophy on which General Motors is built—that every member of a family is better able to serve because of its association with the others. General Motors is stronger because of Oakland's ideal to build "the finest light six"; and Oakland, as a permanent and important part of General Motors, is strengthened by the experience, the skill, and the spirit of the other seventy parts.

OF THE ten million passenger automobiles in the United States, one in every seven is a product of General Motors.

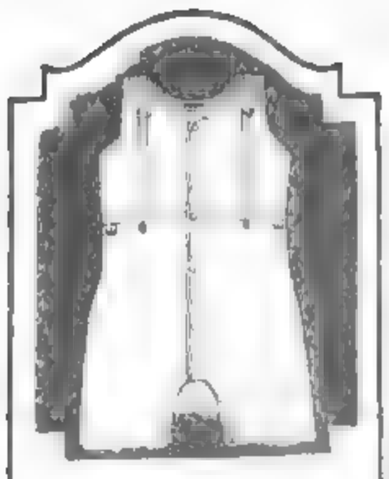
• • •

OAKLAND, whose ideal is to build the "finest light six," is one of the five permanent passenger car divisions of General Motors, each of which, in its special field, contributes to better and more economical transportation.

# MOTORS

*Its Divisions and Subsidiaries make* ACCESSORIES, PARTS AND EQUIPMENT
which contribute to the merit of many other trustworthy cars

DELCO AND REMY ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT • HARRISON RADIATORS • FISHER BODIES • JAXON RIMS • AC SPARK PLUGS—AC SPEEDOMETERS
NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS • KLAXON WARNING SIGNALS • HYATT ROLLER BEARINGS • DELCO LIGHT AND POWER PLANTS AND FRIGIDAIRE



FEATURES

1—U S Standard cloth and sizes
2—Reinforced "hanie" seat
3 Tested thread, 16 stitches to the inch
4—Wide crotch - no binding
5—Reinforcing straps over both shoulders
6—Taped arm holes, neck and front bands and side openings.
7—Pin tubes on garter tabs.
8 Seventeen bone buttons, taped on at the waist band
9—Both adjustable and permanent shoulder straps
10—Bloomer suits for girls.
11—Blue bias binding (easily recognized).

# Many Mothers Designed this Children's Underwear

EVERY mother knows that children subject their clothes to the severest kind of usage. This is her biggest problem in connection with their little wardrobes.

The underwear needs of children are special and different from those of grown-ups.

The active little bodies, playing all day long with an unceasing energy that would prostrate their parents, require underwear that is strong and exceptionally well-made, and yet not so heavy as to unduly stimulate perspiration and that will allow the utmost freedom of action.

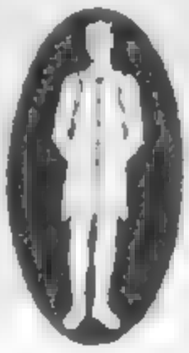
In SUSSEX *Juniors*, mothers will find the accumulated experience of many years in designing underwear for the special needs of children.

SUSSEX *Juniors* are not just miniatures of adult garments. Specially made for children, they have every feature that will make them last longer and keep out of the mending basket.

Down to even the smallest detail, like the sewing thread and the size of the stitch (*small* stitches make stronger seams) SUSSEX *Juniors* are made for longer and better wear. Genuine bone buttons (even though they cost four times as much as the imitation) are taped to the waist-band, because they are nearly indestructible.

It is only because of large sales and quantity production that SUSSEX *Juniors* do not cost you any more than ordinary children's underwear.

SUSSEX *Juniors* are carried by most dealers and department stores. If you happen to strike one that does not yet handle these garments, drop us a line and we will tell you where you can get them. They are well worth this effort.



SUSSEX Seniors and SUSSEX Juniors, fathers and big brothers

**Nuckasee Manufacturing Company**

*Underwear Makers for Twelve Years*

**Greenville, S. C.**

CLIFT & GOODRICH, Inc., *Selling Agents*
328 Broadway New York

SUSSEX *Juniors*, bloomer style for girls.

# SUSSEX
## *Juniors*
## *Waist Suits for Boys and Girls*

MADE IN GREENVILLE, S.C. TEXTILE CENTER of the SOUTH


(Continued from Page 113)

"Say what you have not said."

"Say that you love me; you want to marry me"

The girl's voice, suddenly brave and clear, made this amazing demand; then was silent, waiting for Trevor's answer. The eyes, so near his own, opened and waited too; eyes golden-dark, golden flames lighting the girl's pale face, widening with grieved surprise and slowly dawning fear. Under their gaze his answer, any answer, was hard to make, but he made it:

"I can't. It is not true."

He said it clearly, cruelly, straight into the pleading eyes. They misted with sudden tears—real tears—and closed. He bent close to the face on his shoulder; the little white, waiting face—closer. It did not turn away. It was the strangest kiss, the ghost of a kiss; a little, cool, trembling ghost. The untaught lips were cold; they were not a woman's lips, but they were not a child's. There was magic in them—dark magic of nights like this—white magic of dawn, the dawn of secret love.

It was one kiss, only one. The hands that had clasped round Trevor's neck unclasped and dropped away and he did not hold them. Her face was wet with tears, slow-falling, heartbroken tears, and a voice that was choked with tears spoke to him now.

"Oh!" it sobbed amazingly. "I shall never forgive you! You don't know what you have done to me. You will never know. I am going, and I shall never come back to you. Oh, I have been a fool! I hate you! I hate you!"

The words had come fast, broken by muffled sobs. Trevor could not check them or answer them. They struck straight at his heart like a little shower of stones. He held her close in his arms, closer.

"I hate you!" she sobbed. "I am going! Let me go!"

"You can't go, dear; don't you remember? The boat—dear, be quiet."

With a little conquering laugh he bent again toward the white, tear-wet face, the lips that had kissed him. There was no struggle, no sound. The girl's little body was quiet in his arms, relaxed, then suddenly tense. And then Trevor's arms were empty. She had slipped from them before he could catch or hold her. He had lost her. Before he fairly knew it, before he could rise or follow, she had run from him into the dark, with quick little steps that made no sound; run he did not know where.

Trevor got to his feet, stood looking round him through the dark with dazed, blind eyes.

"Cynara!" he called. "Come back!"

As he looked the cloud that had veiled the moon lifted, and he saw clearly, flooded with green, revealing light, the island of Avalon, a ragged ribbon of coast, stark and ugly, its mystery gone—only a poor little heap of rocks in a tossing sea.

He saw also the water around it, blue-green and threatening, whipped by a rising wind, and far out on the water, in the track of the rising moon, the track of the vanished boat, something that was not the boat. It was too small—almost lost to sight already—and it did not drift like the boat. It moved slowly, steadily, toward the distant shore, a shore that he could not see. It moved with strokes that were steady and strong, though from here they looked little and weak. It was a girl swimming—swimming bravely through the cold unfriendly water, the rising waves, as only one girl could swim there, as even that girl had never swum before. He had not seen the little shape that crossed the strip of beach, dark in the surrounding dark, invisible; but he could see her now—see her too clearly.

He was alone on the rock, alone on the island. The supersquab was gone.

### IV

TREVOR sat up in a tangled heap of rugs and faced the dawn. The early morning air blew cold round his shoulders; but the wind was from shore, clean and dry, and the rugs were damp. He kicked them aside. He felt lame all over; and a small round stone, which he did not recall as having been there when he lay down, had made an indentation just under his left shoulder blade that, though not painful, seemed to be permanent. Also, a round red ball of sun hung in the gray morning sky above the rock that sheltered him, and stared at Avalon and Trevor as if it disapproved of them both.

He had slept, then; but he had no sense that he had slept, no wish to sleep longer, and certainly no wish to wake; but he was awake, with last night and all its strange fever coming back to him, like coming back to cramped limbs. He pulled his shoes painfully into place over his damp socks, stood up and stamped them into place, looked round him at Avalon, and remembered and groaned.

"Avalon!" said Trevor bitterly. "Avalon!"

The words died on his lips, and for the moment no other words came to him. Stepping carefully in his damp dancing pumps round a precarious angle of rock, he had reached the section of beach where he had left the basket. He did not see it there. He saw something else. Was it all really there? Were his eyes playing tricks with him, too, so that he not only smelled things but saw them?

On the beach just below the headland, cozily screened in a corner of rock, a driftwood fire was burning; the picnic fire of his dreams. It was small but scientifically laid. It burned clear and bright, and at the base a newly formed bed of embers glowed. Close by, out of range of the smoke but within reach of the heat, a red tablecloth was spread. It was spread for two—for two who were very hungry. There were plates and cups, not the modern *papier-mâché* delusions and shams, but honest, old-fashioned cups of heavy white kitchenware. There were biscuits—big yellow baking-powder biscuits—butter fresh from the churn and untinted, and a pile of fat-soaked and golden doughnuts, indigestible and filling—beautiful doughnuts.

Correctly placed by the fire, to settle and keep hot while settling, stood a coffee pot, big and solid and black, the nose stopped with a Japanese napkin to keep in the fumes. And in front of the fire knelt a girl.

She wore a gingham dress and a floppy sunbonnet. Bonnet and dress were faded alike to a soft and streaky rose-pink, too dim for her chosen gamut of colors; yet today this was her color also, for her pale cheeks were touched with the faintest pink, the pink of a newly budded blush rose. The cut of the dress was obsolete and bizarre, but the flowing lines clothed her graciously as she knelt. She held in her hand a long forked stick, with something broiling at the end. She manipulated it deftly, avoiding the flames and catching the heat of the embers. Trevor came slowly close and stood behind her and watched her.

She had not looked up from her cooking to greet Trevor. Only increased concentration on the fire and the waving stick showed now that she knew he was there. The soft pink of her cheeks grew deeper as Trevor watched, warmed to a lovely mounting red that did not come from the heat of the fire. She was blushing, like the shyest of old-fashioned girls—the supersquab.

"What are you cooking?" Trevor asked.

"Flounders." The voice came from the depths of the ruffled sunbonnet. The girl did not turn or look up. "I caught them myself on the way over. You—you must be very hungry."

"I was," Trevor said, "before you came."

"I came as soon as I could. I haven't had breakfast yet. I waited to have it with you. I came in a motorboat. We can go back in it. It belongs to the people where I stayed last night. The woman's an old cook of mine. Her—her biscuits are awful. You won't mind?"

"No," Trevor promised gravely.

"But the butter is good." The sweet, shy voice talked on eagerly, as if it were afraid to stop. "And I have a jar of cream keeping cool in the water. And—and the doughnuts are wonderful. I was brought up on them. And we have three flounders apiece. I filleted them. This is the last one. It is almost done, and when it is done, then—then ——"

"Yes, dear?" prompted Trevor.

"We'll have breakfast."

"We will," said Trevor solemnly, as if he were accepting some graver responsibility, some irrevocable pledge; then he was silent, looking down at the girl.

Very gently he drew her to her feet, and she turned and faced him and looked at him — only one quick, furtive look, shy under drooping lashes; then the dark eyes drooped before his, the two hands slipped out of his, but the sweet, flushed face lighted and bloomed with the supersquab's own gypsy smile.

"Oh!" the supersquab whispered faintly. "Oh ——"

"My dear—my dearest ——."

Trevor bent toward her, reached again for the little hands, but they drew away,

(Continued on Page 119)

# Nothing to Heat But the Air in a Warm-Air Heating System

THE WARM AIR HEATING SYSTEM CIRCULATES HEALTH AND COMFORT THROUGHOUT THE HOME · RISING FROM THIS WARM AIR COMES FRESH MOIST AIR

***It's direct heating*—that's why.** The fuel burned in a warm-air system heats the air *directly* and the warmed air is sent *directly* to every room in the house. This one feature of warm-air heating carries with it advantages you can't afford to overlook when you're choosing a home heating plant. It's the reason why—

## Warm-Air Heating Does More Than Heat

***It Saves Money***—Choose a Sunbeam Warm-Air System—the system that gives you warm-air heating at its best—and you will save money first, last and all the time. Because warm-air heating is *direct* heating, it requires no costly or complicated equipment in the basement, in the walls or in the rooms of your home. That means low first cost and it means low maintenance cost.

Direct warm-air heating saves fuel, too. A Sunbeam System in your home will pay for itself in the fuel it saves. Year after year you heat nothing but the air in your rooms. You get all the heat you pay for.

***It Ventilates***—Direct warm-air heating means more than an efficiently-heated home. It means a *naturally* ventilated home. The Sunbeam System is constantly carrying fresh, warm air into every room and removing it as it cools. The air is kept in constant motion—always changing—always fresh and pure.

***It Humidifies***—To be healthy, to be comfortable, the air must carry a certain amount of moisture. As the fresh, warm air rises from your Sunbeam System, the Sunbeam Vapor Pan adds the moisture necessary for health and comfort.

***It Saves Floor Space***—Sunbeam Warm-Air Heating will save floor space and wall space in every room in your home. There is nothing in the Sunbeam System to interfere with the desired arrangement of furnishings, because there is nothing to heat but the air.

***It Gives Quick Action***—Direct heating is *quick-action* heating. The warm air produced by the Sunbeam System goes *straight* up to the rooms where you want it—without delay—without waste. You get warmth in quick time—another great advantage of having nothing to heat but the air.

***It Provides Easy Control***—Direct warm-air heating saves steps. When you want more warmth—or less warmth—you just turn a convenient upstairs regulator. There's no need of frequent running up and down the basement stairs to regulate room temperatures in the Sunbeam Warm-Air-Heated home.

***It Assures Complete Comfort***—So you see Sunbeam Warm-Air Heating is *more* than a heating system. It's a producer of *complete* winter comfort—a heating system, a ventilating system and an air-moistening system all in one. Can you afford to install a heating system that only heats, when you can have these added advantages at no greater cost? Don't fail to investigate Sunbeam Warm-Air Heating carefully before you make your choice. See the Sunbeam Dealer nearest you and write today for our warm-air heating booklet, "June Weather Made to Order". It's yours for the asking.

THE FOX FURNACE COMPANY, ELYRIA, OHIO
Boston Atlanta Cleveland Chicago Omaha Denver San Francisco

# SUNBEAM
## WARM-AIR HEATING

***Of Interest to Dealers:*** We welcome correspondence with established dealers who are seeking an opportunity to render a better, broader heating service and to build a permanent, growing business. The Sunbeam Proposition Book gives our complete dealer plan in detail. Write for a copy.

Copyright 1923 by The Fox Furnace Co.

# Durability and Decorative Value

THE test of service constitutes the only reliable evidence of the wearing quality of a composition shingle. The action of weather cannot be duplicated in a laboratory. The one characteristic of a shingle that can be safely judged by the eye alone is its decorative value.

The wearing quality of Ruberoid Strip-shingles is conclusively demonstrated by the fact that Ruberoid Products have been in continuous service on many roofs for over thirty years. When it comes to decorative value—go to a Ruberoid dealer and look at the shingles yourself.

Due to their unusual form, you may lay Ruberoid Strip-shingles in any one of many distinctive patterns. Furthermore, it is not necessary to use a single color in any of these patterns. You may, if you wish, obtain an attractive blend of colors since the shingles are made with surfacings of natural crushed slate in sage green, Venetian red and steel-blue.

In most communities, there is a reputable dealer who carries a stock of Ruberoid Weatherproofing Products, from whom you may secure samples and descriptive folders. If there should be no distributor in your town, write to us and we will supply the detailed information desired and inform you of the nearest Ruberoid Dealer.

**The following represent a few of the weatherproofing products manufactured by The Ruberoid Co.:**

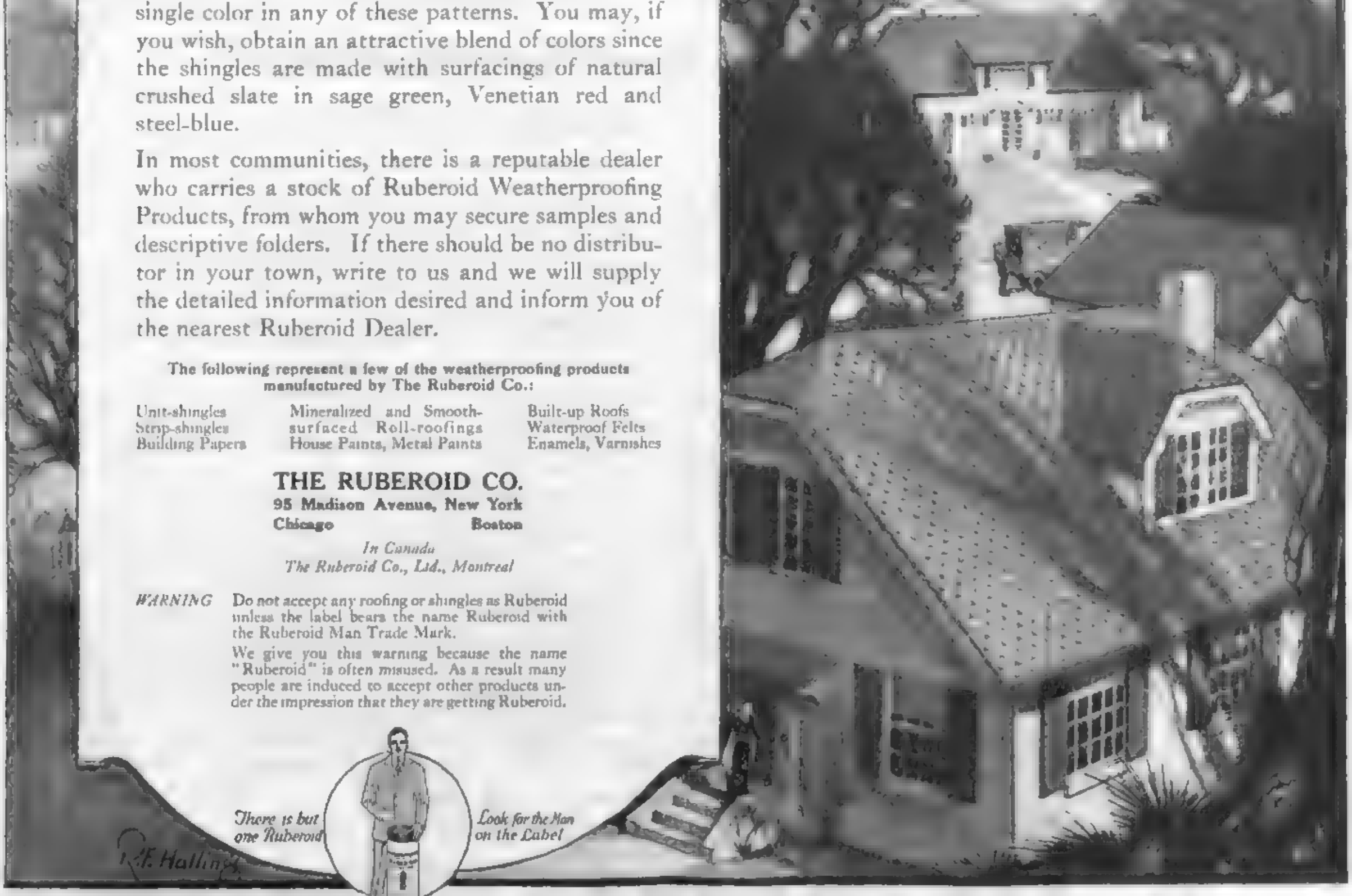
| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Unit-shingles | Mineralized and Smooth-surfaced Roll-roofings | Built-up Roofs |
| Strip-shingles | | Waterproof Felts |
| Building Papers | House Paints, Metal Paints | Enamels, Varnishes |

**THE RUBEROID CO.**
**95 Madison Avenue, New York**
**Chicago Boston**

*In Canada*
*The Ruberoid Co., Ltd., Montreal*

*WARNING* Do not accept any roofing or shingles as Ruberoid unless the label bears the name Ruberoid with the Ruberoid Man Trade Mark.

We give you this warning because the name "Ruberoid" is often misused. As a result many people are induced to accept other products under the impression that they are getting Ruberoid.




# RU-BER-OID STRIP-SHINGLES

(Continued from Page 116)

clasped behind her back with a quaint and childish gesture which was somehow a woman's too.

"Wait! We must talk," she said.

"Of what, dear?"

"Of you and me. There are things about me that you do not understand. I saw that last night. I wanted to die last night. Then I forgave you—last night before I slept. But you must understand them now."

"What things?" Trevor asked gently.

"I love you." The girl's voice was impersonal, remote, as if she spoke of things far removed from them both. Trevor nodded gravely. "You know that, but you do not know how long I have loved you. Since your first book—First Love. Your books and you were what I liked best in the world. They were not like my world; they were sweet—sweet. You were my hero, my only one. Nobody ever knew. And when you came you did not know it, either. All this week I've tried to make you know. Everyone else saw that I loved you. Everyone but you."

"I'm sorry," said Trevor, inadequately and unheeded. "I'm sorry."

"Supersquab—that's what you called me. That's what you thought I was; just because I played games, silly little games. What else is there to do in this world but to play the games that everyone plays—and then play the game?"

"Nothing," said Trevor gently; "nothing, dear."

"I didn't care how I was playing it, as long as I didn't go under. No girl cares She waits, as I was waiting, for her own man—for love; and when it comes, when he comes, she doesn't play games any more. He is the first man. The other men don't count. The other kisses don't count, if there have been other kisses. You were the only man I ever kissed, though you did not know it last night."

"You break my heart."

"You almost broke mine last night. If I do not kiss you again I shall never kiss any man but you. Whatever you may think or not think, that's the way a girl a woman feels in her heart of hearts, Mr. Trevor."

The clear voice was silent now, but the silence echoed the silver challenge of it, the poignant sweetness. Trevor was afraid of the voice, afraid of the silence. What did she want him to say?

Something to make her trust him, to heal forever the hurt of the night before, to make her sure, very sure that all was right between them now and forever. Where were the words that could do that? What were they? The girl's eyes, no longer shy, were fixed on him with a long, clear, asking look; commanded them, waited for them, and the gray island of Avalon waited too; but the words would not come

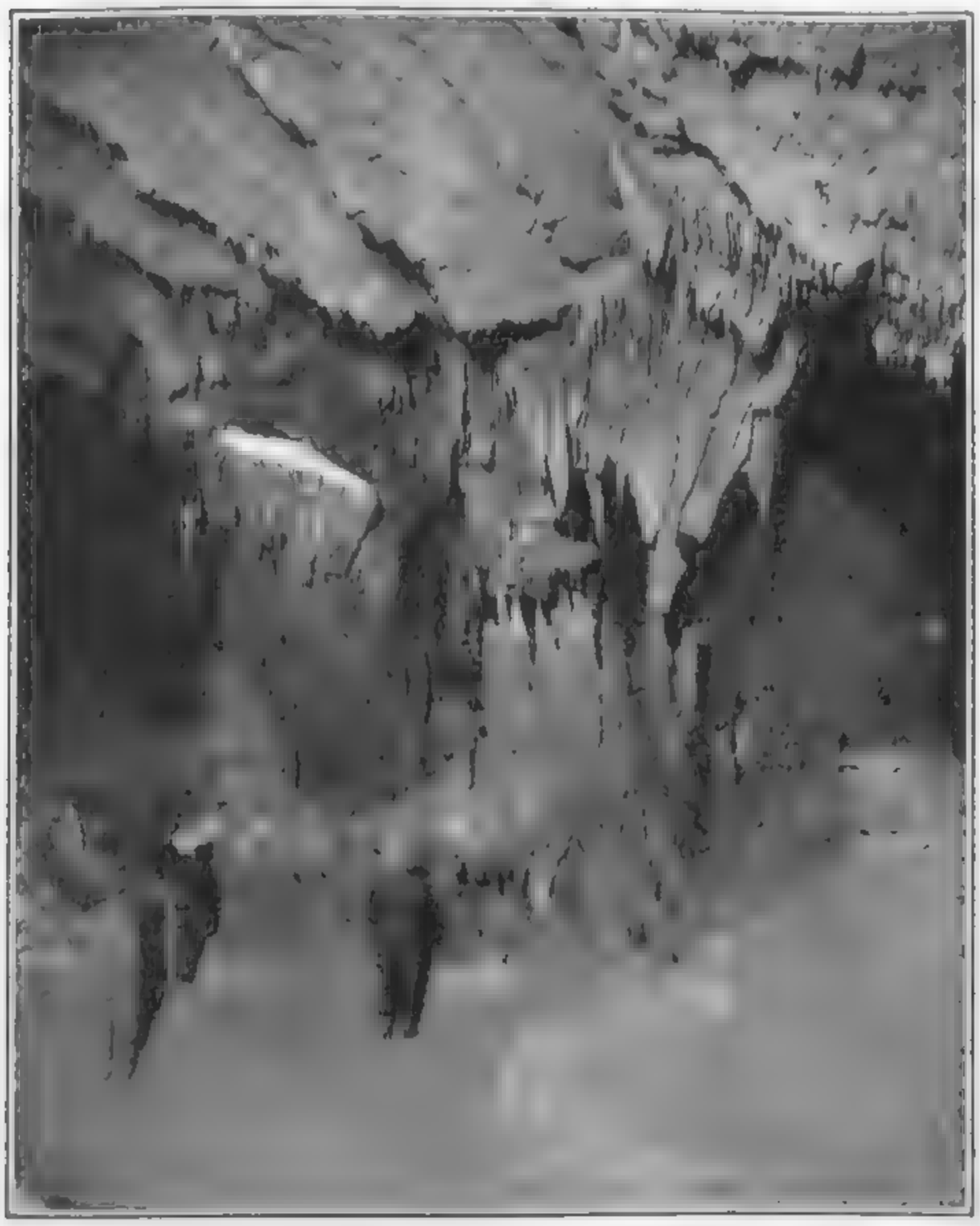
"I love you," said Trevor. "I love you. I want you to marry me."

It was the formula of the night before, which she had taught him herself; but today it was not enough. The dark eyes still commanded, still questioned, and Trevor seemed to see behind them, all round them, haunting the enchanted island of Avalon, other eyes that waited, too, for some sign that he could not make—great solemn eyes of youth. Eyes of youth that are always the same, whatever world they look at, a new world or an old, new games or old. For youth was always youth. Only its garments changed. Its soul was always the same, a golden soul—white gold.

Trevor knew it now. Had he found it out too late? Must he lose this girl—lose youth because he did not know it before? At least, he knew it now. Children that were playing their new games a little too hard, and he had almost been willing to sacrifice all the light and love and youth in the world because he did not know. Words came to him and said themselves, though he did not know he spoke; simple but solemn words; the words of a newly adopted creed, born suddenly, but full grown, as the truest of all creeds are born, here on the island of Avalon.

"There is no such thing as a squab or a supersquab," said Dixon Trevor.

The sun, clear at last of its barrier of rock, hung above Avalon, touching the gray with gold, weaving a visible enchantment above the enchanted island at last. But Trevor did not see it. He was absorbed in a newer miracle, a greater wonder—a girl in a pink gingham dress, held tight in his arms, unresisting, at rest there, hiding her small dark head against his breast.



*Extraordinary Stalactites in the Grottoes of the Shenandoah, Virginia*

ARATEX
SEMI SOFT COLLARS

THEY are soft, smooth and flexible, non-crackable and unwrinkable. Being pre-shrunk and banded they fit faultlessly, and the points are nice and even. Made by the expert ARROW COLLAR makers who are the makers of the best collars it is possible to produce.

*35¢ each, 3 for $1.00*

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., *Makers*, TROY, N.Y.

# He smokes a meerschaum pipe fifty years old

## Packed with Edgeworth he thinks no other pipe can compare with it

Lightning never strikes twice in the same place. This may or may not be a scientific fact. We have a feeling that it should be changed to read: "Lightning seldom strikes, etc."

But be that as it may, we have run on the case of three generations of pipe smokers preferring the meerschaum pipe to all other pipes. Not only that, but all three generations smoked the same meerschaum pipe (in turn, may we be allowed to add).

For further details we refer directly to the present owner of the ancient pipe.

"Dear Sirs," he wrote us, "I have read with much interest communications in your column regarding the best time to get full enjoyment out of a pipe.

"In my humble opinion the best time of day for pipe-smoking is *anytime*, provided the pipe and tobacco are all that they should be.

"I have a meerschaum pipe originally purchased and smoked by my grandfather. He used it the last ten years of his life. When he died, he willed it to my father, who smoked it continually throughout his lifetime.

"When the pipe came to me, I was a little dubious about accepting the family responsibility of keeping up the tradition. I tried several brands of tobacco in the pipe and they all made me sick. Then someone suggested Edgeworth.

"From that day to this I have smoked no other tobacco—no other pipe.

"The walls of my study are lined with handsome, expensive pipes—calabashes, clays, and briars. Away with all of them! Give me the old family meerschaum and a little blue can of Edgeworth and I can get all the enjoyment out of smoking there is any time of day or night.

"Perhaps I'm prejudiced, but that's the way I feel about pipe smoking. And that's the way I intend to feel as long as you continue to make Edgeworth."

Well, we can reassure our correspondent on that point, for we intend to go on making Edgeworth just as long as there are smokers who would give up smoking if they couldn't get Edgeworth.

And we intend to go on making friends for Edgeworth by sending out more free samples.

So if you haven't tried Edgeworth, send us your name and address and we will immediately forward to you generous helpings of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

For the free samples, address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will also include the name and address of your tobacco dealer, it will make it easier for you to get Edgeworth regularly if you should like it.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.


# OUR SENTIMENTAL PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from Page 4)

never guessed how rooted we had got in this land of our exile. My first thought had been nothing more ambitious than a flying trip. But as we went along Jeanne managed to convince me that anything less than a year would hardly be worth the pains and the expense. Consequently we had pretty much to liquidate our affairs over here. It was like emigrating all over again, only backward, and with a lot more bundles than we—or at least I—had to worry about that other time. Jeanne, indeed, was for disposing of our household belongings, which made me a little suspicious of her designs. We could get, she argued, so much nicer things in France, and so much more reasonably. Everything was so much finer and better in France, according to Jeanne.

I resisted that little stratagem. It was just that, I about decided. Therefore the house things must be stored. Besides, there was the lease to turn over, an office to be closed up, sailing accommodations to be reserved, a passport to be applied for, the rapidly melting bank balance to be withdrawn and partly converted into francs, a thousand business and family details to be attended to. And then there came an orgy of shopping. Suzanne and Louise must be fitted out presentably for introduction into their mother's social circle in Paris. Jeanne's ancient trunk and bag, which did well enough for vacations over here, were comically inadequate for such a tribal migration. My own prehistoric satchel, or whatever it was, had disappeared ages ago, along with many another precious heirloom, spiritual as well as material.

### *Gifts of Sentiment*

The shopping, however, was in the main on behalf of the Europeans. One could not decently return, an American and empty-handed. Jeanne had it relatively easy, both because the interval of her absence had been so much briefer and because she had kept up a correspondence with her old world. She knew approximately what she wanted, and for whom. But I had not got a letter from Vaslui in seventeen years. The few kinsfolk and friends I presumably still had there, supposing they had survived the war and the peace—where were they? What were their ages, their condition, their tastes? I had not the remotest idea. Some boyhood sweetheart—whose name I forgot—would doubtless have a few children; but I could not even make a guess about their sexes. And she herself! Twenty years ago I would have been sure to win her favor, maybe also her heart, with a bottle of scent. Now she would probably welcome an electric foot warmer—if Vaslui only had the current—a lot more eagerly. So I must do my gift buying at random and wholesale. About the best thing I could do was to look up the Moldavian vital statistics for 1900–1920.

With the example of an earlier returned emigrant, of whom you shall hear more later, influencing me more than I realized or cared to acknowledge, I laid in a batch of fountain pens, numerous safety razors, a consignment of mechanical toys—all of which, as I found later, I could have got for half the price in Paris and for a fifth in Vienna. Thanks for that to the capers of the exchanges. We did not forget, moreover, to invest a little in useful gifts, for everybody in general and no one in particular—Indian moccasins of all sizes, a Navajo blanket or two, even some little wrappers and underthings the children had outgrown. Jeanne thought they would be appreciated. Curious, that. It is one of the things America does to you, even when you believe yourself not a single per cent naturalized. It is a habit we have got over here of picturing the European as destitute. No matter how modestly situated you may be yourself, you generally assume that the people in the old country will want your bounty. The immigrant janitor remembers the lord of the region whence he hails, and though he once stood in awe with hat in hand before that personage, he is sure that some day when he goes back he will offer his lordship a good cigar and be thanked for it.

If I might follow my own way, I told Jeanne, I should by all means like to go steerage. It was not thrift. Somehow you do not have to be a rich American to travel like a reigning prince. But this was a sentimental journey, and the little things were what counted. Steerage I came and steerage I should go back. If you are going to retrace you steps, you might as well cover every inch of the ground. But Jeanne raised objections. Firstly, she argued, we were responsible for two little native American girls whose parents we were. Secondly, we were Americans ourselves, and should lose caste by such proceedings. Our friends would not believe it was sentiment. And thirdly ——

But there was no use going on. Secondly clinched it. Why, of course we were Americans; and that is just another way of saying we were aristocrats. That is what they understand by the word "American" in Europe, and rightly. All Americans have bathrooms in their homes, and eat meat every day, and travel in sleepers, and take vacations in summer. I know we have day coaches on our railways, and tenements; and I have often wondered who uses them. The natives, or even the naturalized immigrants, do not. I suppose they were provided for the nobility of Europe when they come on a visit. There are sleepers in Europe, too, but they are reserved for millionaires, ministers of state—and Americans. They are not simply a device for traveling comfortably at night. They are a personal distinction, like the Legion of Honor or a baronetcy. Some little time after we got over there, I recall, I made a journey from Paris to Vienna. It was an important business trip, so I went by the Orient Express, which is a solid sleeping-car train. With Jeanne, coming to see me off, there was a French lady. She was not a poor person by any means. Her husband was a physician with a lucrative practice, and she herself was a successful dentist. In America the family would have had at least one automobile for the doctor to make his calls in, and probably a little electric brougham for the womenfolks, and a cottage in the mountains, and an apartment with steam heat, elevator and all the rest of it, in town. But this French family possessed none of these things. The only vacation they took was a fortnight in Brittany in September, and they traveled, the whole lot of them, fourteen hours in a day coach, and third class at that, and carried their lunch with them in a basket and handled their own luggage.

Small wonder madame was so dazed by this extravagant style of mine. She had thought of us as Europeans, you see. She promenaded up and down the platform, and kept asking me who all the great folk were who were going with me; and when she came in to take a peek at the compartment she was as flustered as if she had found herself suddenly at the annual ball in the Elysée Palace in a bathing suit.

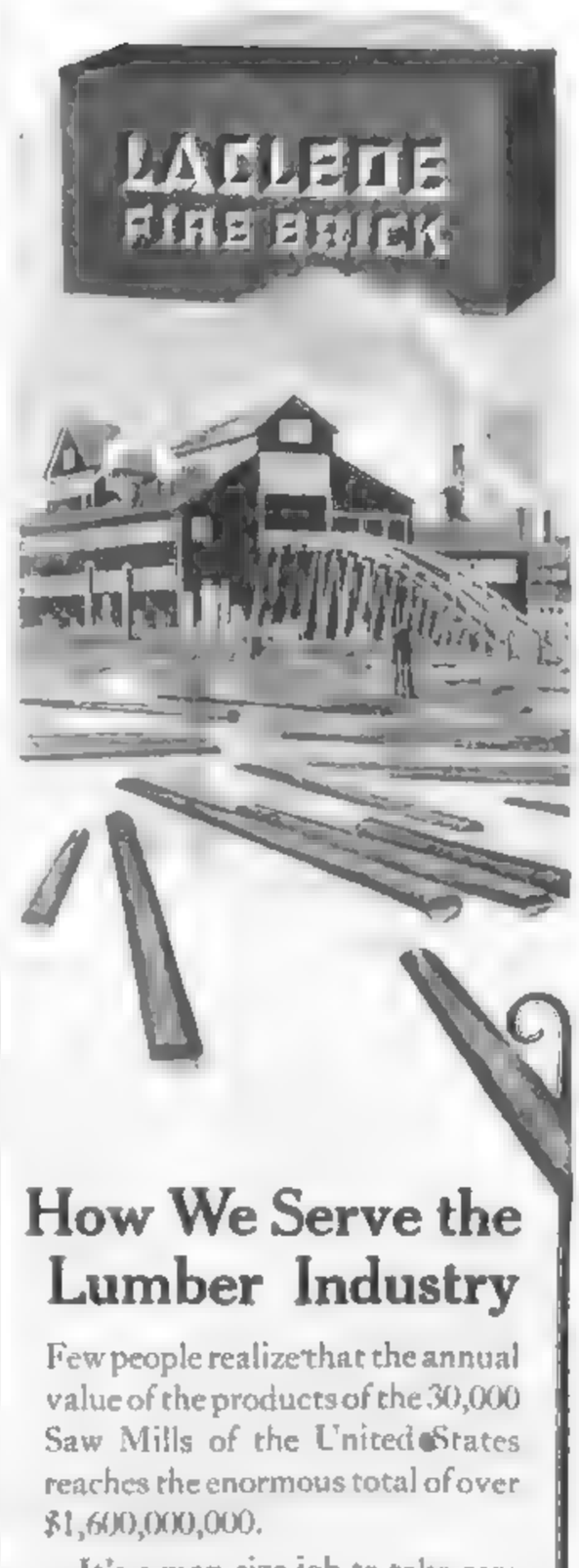
### *Official Red Tape*

About the last week in August it occurred to me that perhaps I should be getting busy about a passport.

Jeanne said, "Do we really need one? I never got one coming."

"Well," I replied, "I don't know. It only costs a couple of dollars, and it may come in useful, even if it is not required. Don't forget we are, after all, a sort of adopted waifs; Americans by the grace of an act of Congress. Besides, they have had a bit of a war over there since we came away. Traveling in Europe will be rather an official business, I dare say."

Well, it never entered my head how very formidably official it actually was. Why, going into bankruptcy, settling an estate or getting a divorce must be a lark by comparison! The four-dollar fee for the document itself was a mere incidental. So, for that matter, was the considerably heavier tax for the French visa. Our own authorities, it developed in fact, did not insist on our having a passport. But the foreign potentates whose territories we were about to pay the honor of a visit did. The moment you put your name on a ship's manifest, it appeared, you forfeited a part of your sovereign rights as an American citizen, and surrendered yourself to the tyrannical powers of alien governments and the awful mercies of their functionaries. We were required to fill out a questionnaire, deposit numerous photographs of ourselves, which looked so little like us that any family consisting of a married couple and two children could easily have traveled in our place, and all but had our finger prints taken.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# Watch This Column

## And tell me what you think

WHILE an unusual picture-play seems impossible, every once in a while one is produced that is off the beaten path. And such a play is "DRIVEN," based on the prize-winning story by Jay Gelzer, which appeared in the Cosmopolitan Magazine. It reveals life as it is lived in the wilds of the Kentucky Hills, with which more than half the world is wholly unfamiliar.

* * *

This story has both grim and beautiful surroundings. It is emotional to a degree. A love story runs through it and we have a natural demonstration of the power of love over brute force. I want you to see it and will be grateful for your opinion of it after you have seen it.

* * *

I know that all the world loves a love story, but the consensus of opinion in the many personal letters I have received, is that there should be just enough of shadow to make the triumph worth while. Do you think so? Or would you prefer a smoothly-running love story with no trace of villainy?

CHARLES MACK and ELINOR FAIR in "DRIVEN"

Would you like to know some of the secrets of the movies—how wind and rain and snow and sandstorms are produced at Universal City? Or would you prefer to have your illusions remain undisturbed? I have often wondered how the public feels about it, and perhaps you can tell me.

* * *

Keep watch for "The Flame of Life," from a famous novel of Frances Hodgson Burnett, starring PRISCILLA DEAN; also "The Abysmal Brute," one of Jack London's greatest stories, with Reginald Denny in the leading role. And remember that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see Universals.

*Carl Laemmle*

*President*

# UNIVERSAL PICTURES

*"The pleasure is all yours"*

**1600 Broadway, New York City**


We were asked to give a condensed account of our several life histories, our present social and economic status and our immediate prospects; to state the reasons for undertaking so extraordinary and unheard-of an enterprise as a journey to Europe, the probable duration of our sojourn, and by what frontiers we meant to enter; to describe the persons accompanying us, with their ages, sexes, relationship to us, and the like; and to conclude the sketch finally with odd details of a general character which the author of the blank regarded as too vague to reduce to specific questions. Then we must confirm the testimony by exhibiting my citizenship papers, our marriage certificate, the birth certificates of our children and a collection of sundry documents establishing our good standing in the community, our lawful wedlock, our solvency, the legitimacy of our little girls, our freedom from physical and moral leprosy, from criminal tendencies and from religious and political waywardness, and so on. Lastly, I was invited to spend several hours in the offices of the collector of internal revenue and to prove to him that I had duly and fully complied with the income-tax law.

And then, when, on the fifteenth of October, we actually found ourselves aboard a transatlantic vessel, do you think the official formalities were over and we were allowed to take our ease on deck chairs? Not by any manner of means. I was still struggling with the baggage and trying to figure out how a stateroom of the dimensions of an apartment-house elevator could be converted into a home for a family of four for a week or ten days when the nuisance started all over again. A diffident knock at the cabin door, and there stood before me a uniformed official with an imperial mustache. He handed me a printed paper with a bow and a magnificent flourish.

"Sorry to interrupt you, sir," he said; "police regulations."

His tone was that of a detective who has at last cornered his man.

"Very well, captain," I said in effect; "I am not going to resist. You have got me, and I'll come along like a good fellow. But can't you let me have just a few minutes till I get this prancing portmanteau up into the net there over the washstand?"

"Oh, but, monsieur," he protested, "I am not a *fonctionnaire!* I am only your humble servant, the cabin steward, and I shall be most obliged if you will take a moment now to fill this out. I will help you. And then I will send a boy to arrange your things to suit you."

### *A Souvenir of Metternich*

Only then I inspected his document. Shades of Danton! It was the far-famed Austrian registration blank, translated into French, if you please, and carried all the way into the territorial waters of the United States. You know the history of that thing, of course. A century ago a worthy named Metternich, upset by the disturbance—which in those days was called republicanism—emanating from France and threatening to spill over the whole of Europe, conceived this little device to enable authority to keep tab on the movements and doings of our great-grandfathers. Well, if here was not the French Republic, the heir of that grand smash, unblushingly borrowing the system designed to check the spread of her own youthful vagaries! And here was I, a convert to the faith of Jefferson and Franklin, having to submit to it!

By the time I had got through with the registration and the baggage it was lunch time, and when we emerged on deck we found to our chagrin that there were no more chairs to be had. The boat seemed to be overcrowded. But the jam did not last. After the second day out our fellow passengers commenced little by little to withdraw from public view, and for the greater part of the voyage we saw nothing of them. Promenades and game room, conversation hall and deck chairs were abandoned to the crew, the children and the little handful with tough insides. Only on the last lap, when the sun began to shine again and the pitch and toss of the vessel had subsided, did the entire company emerge once more from their seclusion. This caused Suzanne, who was used to nothing but train travel, to ask whether all these people had got on at the last station.

Having been tricked out of the steerage, I could still pay the lower decks a daily visit at least and chat with their passengers. I was astonished to discover how thronged they were. They really were full—full for the most part with returning immigrants: single men, and also families; not a few American citizens, with children born here. Why? I made myself a pest with my endless questions. Why were they leaving the country? Were they quitting for good? Yes, most of them were, and profoundly relieved to be going, happy not merely at the prospect of seeing old friends and kindred and old familiar scenes, but mainly to leave their dreary lives in the New World behind them. A startling, disturbing, unflattering discovery, that. Obviously one side or the other had bungled things. Perhaps both sides had. All these vigorous, enterprising working people might so easily have been won for America permanently. They spoke well of their neighbors, of American life generally. No bitterness. Why, then? Gesticulations and expressive grimaces, indicating that their expectations had not quite come true. So back whence they came. But, I wondered, would not their present expectations be disappointed too? They did not seem to realize that the years in America had made a difference, had unfitted them a bit for the old life. Well, time would tell.

### *Hallowed Ground*

On the eighth day we sighted the Scilly Islands, and on the night of the same day we thought we could see the French coast. But we did not actually touch land until midnight, and even then, as it were, just figuratively. We were not permitted to land till the next morning. The captain announced that we would sleep on board. That, however, was a loose way of talking. What he really meant was that we would spend the night there, which was not quite the same thing. No one, I am certain, slept. The majority did not even try. For us two the sight of the European continent—consisting, for the moment, of no more than a revolving point of light—set our blood surging too violently for rest. The Americans, the wild men native to the United States, finding themselves unstirred by any inner excitement, did their best to stimulate themselves into it from without. They made merry till morning, determined that the ship's stock of champagne and other drinkables should not be troubled with another voyage.

The tips to the numerous stewards and stewardesses had been, rather carelessly, remitted after dinner that evening, so that it was best not to rely on them to continue their obsequious eagerness to serve us. Doubtless there would be porters ashore, whose tips were still an alluring uncertainty. But what with two young daughters, and three trunks in the hold and countless bags and valises in the cabin, and an indeterminate quantity of parcels and kiddy cars and loose Teddy bears and wooden donkeys, and the like, a paterfamilias who had not touched European soil since his own green boyhood had better be circumspect. Therefore we climbed out of our berths at sunrise, and after a lengthy and fruitless endeavor to locate the dining-saloon steward we made a camper's breakfast on left-over fruits and odds and ends in our stateroom, flung the night clothes into the open bag awaiting them, straightened our Suzanne's hat and pulled up Louise's socks, and then we surrendered ourselves to the courtesies of the frontier police, who were now on board, and called it end of Chapter One.

The formalities being over much sooner than expected, we were about the first to get ashore. We walked off a little unsteadily. We took in the scene with an eager and comprehensive glance. The littered harbor, the shabby sailors' cafés on the water front, the decrepit little railway waiting to take us to Paris, the bands of ragged young mendicants—not exactly an inspiring picture. And yet I felt a lump rising in my throat, and Jeanne, I thought, had moist eyes, though she denies it now. At last we were in Europe, on the hallowed ground of our native continent. And if Jeanne and I had not been ashamed of our own children and of each other I think I know what we would have done: We would have knelt down and kissed the earth under our feet.

Jeanne had not announced her coming, and there was no one at Havre to meet us. It was going to be a big surprise. Well, it was, as it turned out. But what there was

*Continued on Page 124*


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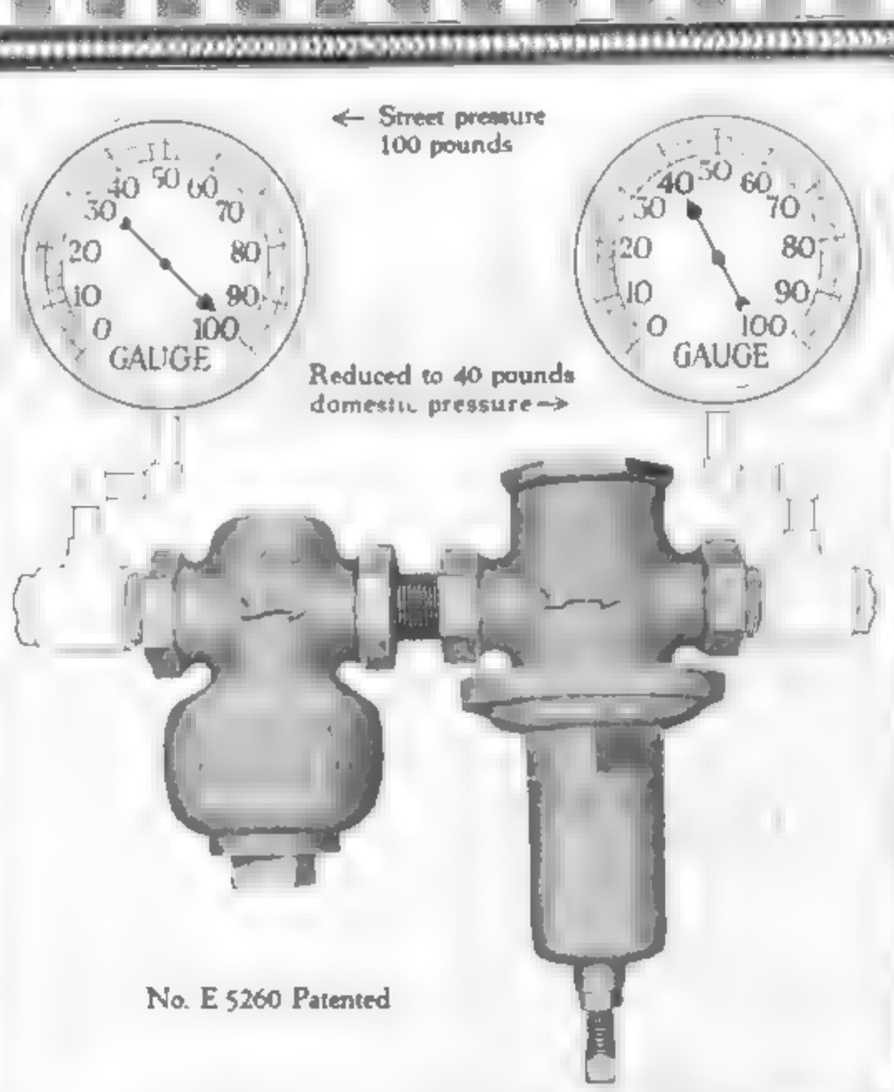


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*(Continued from Page 121)*

of it was all Jeanne's. Already on the train I seemed to observe some slackening of the tension. Arrived in Paris, it snapped altogether. No sooner that evening were the children in bed than Jeanne dressed and sallied forth, leaving me alone with my college French to dine or starve as I might. She was off to see her friends. I offered gallantly to escort her, but she would have none of me. This was an affair of her own soul, and she required no other company. So I did not insist.

"But see here," I called after her, "don't you go around lambasting America to your old cronies."

Toward midnight she walked in, limp and pale, and a far-away look in her eye. Her obvious distress made me uneasy. But she avoided me and went straight to her room. What had happened? Had her friends divined the truth about our un-American bank balance and been cool to her? Or was someone dead? It did not seem to be that. But what it was she never told me. She did not have to. I found out for myself when I got to Vaalui.

Presently some of my wife's friends called at our hotel. When we got an apartment they all came. There was a winter of social gayety ahead of us, clearly. Jeanne seemed to be in an agony of embarrassment during these visits, which puzzled me considerably. Also it annoyed me. Was she ashamed of her provincial husband in this cultured Old World *milieu* of hers? No, it appeared to be the other way around. But I could not see why. They were quite presentable people, all of them, as far as I could judge. But then I had not woven any golden dreams about them, as Jeanne had. To me they looked like a nice assortment of European people, by and large rather above average, not so very different from Americans, class for class. There was a merchant tailor with a communard past, a doctor of Russian descent, a teacher or two, several business men and industrialists, numerous young folks. They were without exception outwardly clean, agreeable, well-brought-up people. What was Jeanne worrying about?

### *The Absence of Good Talk*

Their small talk was decidedly correct. They reverted, perhaps, a little oftener to food and drink and family budgets than would be considered good form at home. Still, I had always known that Europeans were good livers, and that domestic cares weighed more heavily on them than on us; and for table talk it was all right enough. When, however, the company broke up into little corner groups, and solid conversation might properly be expected to begin, I became a little bewildered myself.

That was where my illusions came in for some rough handling. Over there in America good substantial talk had been somewhat scarce. Our educated class, I used to think, was more interested in sports and motors than in world politics and social problems. But Europe was a continent of serious thinkers. Now in particular, it would be a regular caldron, seething with ideas and high argument.

And what did I find? If I might judge by these representative specimens, and if I was not doing them an injustice, why, then our men, and our women, too, were intellectual giants beside their Old World cousins. Think of our political reviews with very large circulations, not just among professors and lawyers, but among farmers and artisans and plain people in the small towns. These Europeans seemed scarcely to read the newspapers. Not one of the ladies, it appeared, had ever listened to a lecture of any sort. Small wonder they would not converse. Every time I ventured to touch on the war or the treaties or any one of the thousand and one difficulties facing the world they looked as ill at ease as if I had made a break of some sort, and hurriedly nodded assent; and as soon as they politely could they came back to the price of mutton and the relative merits of the Paris cafés. Oh, but, no, it did not seem possible! Europeans not philosophers! It was too incredible, and so awfully disillusioning. There must be some other explanation.

I pondered the question until I got it. Why, it was just considerateness for my sensibilities! They saw how feeble was my hold on the French idiom, and they charitably tried to keep me within my depth.

I submitted my theory to Jeanne, and she said absently, "I dare say that explains it."

Little by little Jeanne began, in spite of my warnings, to give her old friends little talks about America. I pricked up my ears. What was this? Irony? My wife was not knocking our adopted country. She was singing its praises! Then, by easy steps, she passed on and took a fling or two at our native Continent. She led off softly, moderately; but as she went on she gained headway, and her comments were not at all unworthy of attention. I had heard Americans complain before. Criticizing Europe is one of the most popular recreations of our travelers abroad. But they were duffers at it. They never tired of the stale old song about the scarcity of bathtubs and the slowness of express trains. They rarely came within a mile of the real trouble with the Old World. Well, they should have come and heard Jeanne. I regret that I must not report her fully. It would take too much space, and it might sound like enemy propaganda.

### *An Exile at Home*

You see, what happened was this: After a month at the hotel we went to housekeeping. We had to on account of our little girls. That was where Jeanne had made her terrible mistake—by having her children born in New York. The moment she did that the game was up. She might as well there and then have surrendered gracefully to America. Suzanne and then Louise began their careers in an American maternity hospital. As Jeanne was then a novice at motherhood, the nurse instructed her in the rudiments of infant care and discipline and recommended a well-known book on their feeding. Then afterward our family doctor did his bit to continue the insidious propaganda. The net result was that Jeanne was, without being aware of it, rearing her babies to be Americans in the one respect that mattered. I mean food. She did attempt, consciously or unconsciously, to exert counter influences. She crooned snatches of French nursery rimes over their cribs. She hung little etchings of French scenes on the walls for them to look at. She got them French dolls. But her efforts were wasted. That complicated business which we call nationality is not an affair of speech or music or art. It is, as we all know, a matter of diet. And here, I must say, there is one thing that surprises me. How is it that nurses and doctors, especially nursery ones, have never been given their due credit as agents of Americanization? Why, the settlements and the naturalization court and the American Defense Society have nothing on them!

Suzanne and Louise, then, accustomed to beef juice and cereals, broiled bacon and finely chopped spinach, baked potato and prunes stewed for seven hours, drove us out of our comfortable hotel life in short order. They did not seem to thrive on vinaigrette and ragouts and *pommes frites*. In fact they politely declined most of the dishes set before them. Then, after a month of reduced rations and concentrated reflection on their problem, they seemed to locate the source of the trouble. Whereupon they openly launched an agitation in behalf of their native country with the most selfish indifference to their mother's sentiments.

Said Suzanne, "I think mammee cooks better dinners than the hotel."

"Much," agreed Louise. "I don't like this *la belle France*. When are we going back to New York?"

"Let's do it tomorrow," ventured Suzanne. "I've got my doll carriage there, anyway."

Now, had we been in a position to take the young women's hint and gone back at this stage, the result for Jeanne's Americanization would have been extremely unfortunate. She would have seen herself condemned to lifelong exile, a martyr in her children's cause. Luckily, and thanks largely to her own plotting, we were fixed in Europe for two years. It looked to me as if by the end of that time, assuming that the disillusioning process went on as merrily as it started, Jeanne's naturalization ought to be pretty complete. Well, it not only went on; it kept gaining momentum. At the end of a very few months Jeanne commenced looking forward to our return to New York not as a personal sacrifice but as a relief. The whilom exile was taking on the color of home.

But I am anticipating. For the present we could not take the youngsters home.

*(Continued on Page 127)*

# The New York Times is no longer under the "Shadow of the Pen"

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*Japanese.* Prepares the silk used in the covering on the telephone cord.

*British Indian* A swarthy miner of mica. You can't see the mica because it's inside the telephone, as insulation.

*Pennsylvanian* coal miner. Grains of coal, vibrating inside the transmitter, are the "vocal cords" of your telephone.

*Russian.* He mines that most precious of the noble metals, platinum—used in your telephone.

*Egyptian.* We must go to the Nile Valley for certain kinds of cotton used in insulating wires in the telephone.

*Brazilian.* He drains rubber from a tree. When baked and polished, rubber forms the case of the receiver.

*Irishman.* An old friend. He raises flax, from which is made linen paper—used in the sensitive condenser.





*Alaskan.* "Western stuff" in real life. Your telephone needs gold too, and here's the man who digs it.

## —and the workman at Chicago

FROM a slab of rubber, a bundle of vegetable and animal fibres and a curious medley of minerals brought from every corner of the world, this man's skill produces a marvel of precision and ruggedness—your telephone.

He is one of 28,000 men and women at the Western Electric works in Chicago. As makers of telephones and the countless items of telephone apparatus, they are setting the standard for the whole world.

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**Since 1869 Makers of Electrical Equipment**

*No. 2 of a series on raw materials.*



For all its modest coat of black, your telephone is a thing of romance. Amid strange scenes in strange lands, the picturesque types above are gathering some of the 19 materials needed to make this instrument.

(Continued from Page 124)

But at least we could give them back their favorite cook. The cook did not mind. Jeanne has all the virtues of her race, and the chiefest of these is home making. Therefore she rolled up her sleeves, so to speak, and went at it with high enthusiasm. It suited her to a T. Not only would the children be better fed and happier; it would give her a welcome occupation and save us money. Industry and thrift are likewise in her catalogue of virtues. Moreover, by running her own ménage, we grown-ups, too, would get a more interesting bill of fare.

Back in New York she had been handicapped in her culinary programs by the scarcity of such fragrant herbs as *cerfeuil* and shallots, as well as by the high cost of mushrooms, endives and truffles. White wine, without which a ragout of hare is insipid, was prohibited altogether. How in the world, she had often protested, was one to make a respectable *pot au feu* without *cerfeuil?* Here in France, by the soul of Epicurus, all these delicacies requisite to a civilized menu were plentiful and cheap. In addition, there were the glorious *pâtés* and *rillettes* and the inimitable *boudin*—a blood sausage which in my estimation settles forever the claim of France to being a land of culture. The hotel did not go in for these things deeply enough. Hotel fare is the same the world over. It is supposed to be French. But it is not of any nationality. It aims at neutrality. It must have been designed for the palate of the council of the League of Nations.

Of course, Jeanne did get all she was anticipating—as well as a lot she was not, as we shall see directly. The thing was this: Though the choice supplies were neither scarce nor costly, the problem of getting them into the pantry was, particularly for one who had got into American ways of marketing, at once exasperating and amusing. We have all, no doubt, seen pictures and read descriptions of the treasures of the Louvre, of the fine shops on the Rue de la Paix and of the picturesque cafés of Montmartre.

Come to think of it, there are even some fine etchings of French market places. But has anyone yet described the tribulations of marketing in France from the housewife's point of view? If anyone has I have not come across his work.

In New York, Jeanne recalled, you went around the corner to the Hamilton or the Washington Market, which was simply a department store in provisions. You could buy meat—the meat of every creature that bore flesh—and fish and oysters, and vegetables and fruit, all in the same shop. The grocer, too, was just next door. If it was raining, or if the baby was irritable, you could telephone. And you never had to carry your purchases home. Half an hour after you gave the order the things would come flying up your dumb-waiter shaft.

### *Marketing in Paris*

In Paris you went literally to market, in the way our great-grandmothers used to do it—with a basket, out among the carts on the open square. To secure the provisions necessary for the day, let alone Sunday, you must deal with a score or more of petty traders. It was departmentalized commerce with a vengeance. The butcher sold nothing but the meat of cloven-hoofed ruminants, in accordance with the laws laid down by Moses. The flesh of swine was an abomination to him and must be sought elsewhere. So chickens; so sea food. The woman with the pushcart who offered string beans meant what she yelled—she sold string beans and nothing else. They were not vegetable dealers, these market folk. They were commercial botanists, each with a specialty of her own. Cabbage belonged to the kale family, and the expert who dealt in that kept strictly off the leguminous species assigned to her colleague.

And how they yelled—you would have thought you were in the Italian quarter on First Avenue—and bargained, as in an Oriental bazaar. There was always a crowd of customers around every stand and cart, pulling the woman in every direction. You lost twenty minutes buying peas and twenty more attracting the attention of the onion vender. And when you finally finished you trailed home like a pack mule, laden with net bags and newspaper bundles—unless your democratic conscience was dead within you and you had no compunction about marketing in the grand style with your overworked general maid playing the pack mule for you twenty paces behind.

Living in an apartment house, furthermore, enabled Jeanne to renew acquaintance with that justly celebrated Parisian worthy, the concierge. It would be too much to suppose that Jeanne had woven any golden dreams about him while she was away in exile, but it is nevertheless certain that her long absence made her view him in a fresh light. According to the dictionary, the concierge is the French equivalent of our janitor. But that is theoretical hairsplitting. Nominally, to be sure, his duties are similar. He is supposed to scrub and clean, open the front door after ten o'clock, direct callers, and so on. In practice, though, these menial tasks fall to his wife. He is not the servant of the house. He is its patron, its monitor, its guardian angel. He is, as nearly as I can sum him up, a kind of viceroy, delegated by the republic and the city council to the body of citizens who constitute his little province. In the matter of the mail, for instance, his function amounts to that of a censor. He does not merely redeliver the letters and telegrams brought to him. He scans them conscientiously—where possible he reads them—in order to ascertain whether they be fit matter for his charges' intellects. If he deems the contents of scant importance, or likely to have a deleterious effect on the tenant's right conduct or his peace of mind, he either withholds it entirely or delays delivery to some more favorable time. He exercises his discretion with the same high sense of responsibility in regard to the telephone and visitors. Of course the tenant's munificence is not unlikely to mollify his austerity. What astonished and exasperated Jeanne about it all was that her people, who had once made a revolution that shook all Europe and guillotined their king, and who recently stood up against the most formidable military power in history in order to preserve their freedom, did not hang at least half a dozen of these petty despots every morning before sunrise.

### *Strict Conventionalities*

Back there in New York it used often to be said, and not alone by us, that there was no spirit of neighborliness. Jeanne, in Paris, wondered what some of our friends would have thought of the solidarity of a Parisian apartment-house community. Our family physician lived in the building. When he saw us professionally he was very friendly. On the street, too, he acknowledged our acquaintance. But within the house we did not exist for him. We stayed in that building for six months without ever getting near enough to any fellow tenant to say good morning. In New York the children, at least, brought us in contact with most of the families in the house and a very large number in the quarter. Here even they were powerless for sociability.

Suzanne entered the kindergarten of the Lycée Victor Duruy after Christmas, and as the school was a good half mile away she used to be taken in the morning by the maid and brought back in the afternoon by her mother. Next door to us lived an army officer, whose little boy went to the same institution. He, too, was escorted by the maid in the morning and brought back in the afternoon by his mother. The children knew each other well enough to smile at least. But the two ladies frequently walked that entire half mile, side by side, without opening their mouths to each other. It is not coldness or inhumanity. It is just an icy conventionality and a dread of being compromised.

In American middle-class circles one of the standard ways of getting acquainted is an invitation to dinner. It is usually extended after the second meeting. In France we made many new acquaintances, but I do not recall ever having had a meal in their homes.

When I suggested to Jeanne to invite them she said, "It is not done. They will decline in embarrassment."

Even her own sister always gave us a week's notice ahead of her intention to have us dine with her, and when once we came up in the evening after dinner unexpectedly she seemed frightfully put out, and I am afraid she never forgave us.

In the course of the winter Jeanne had one or two experiences that set her longing for the convenience, the largeness and the

(Continued on Page 129)

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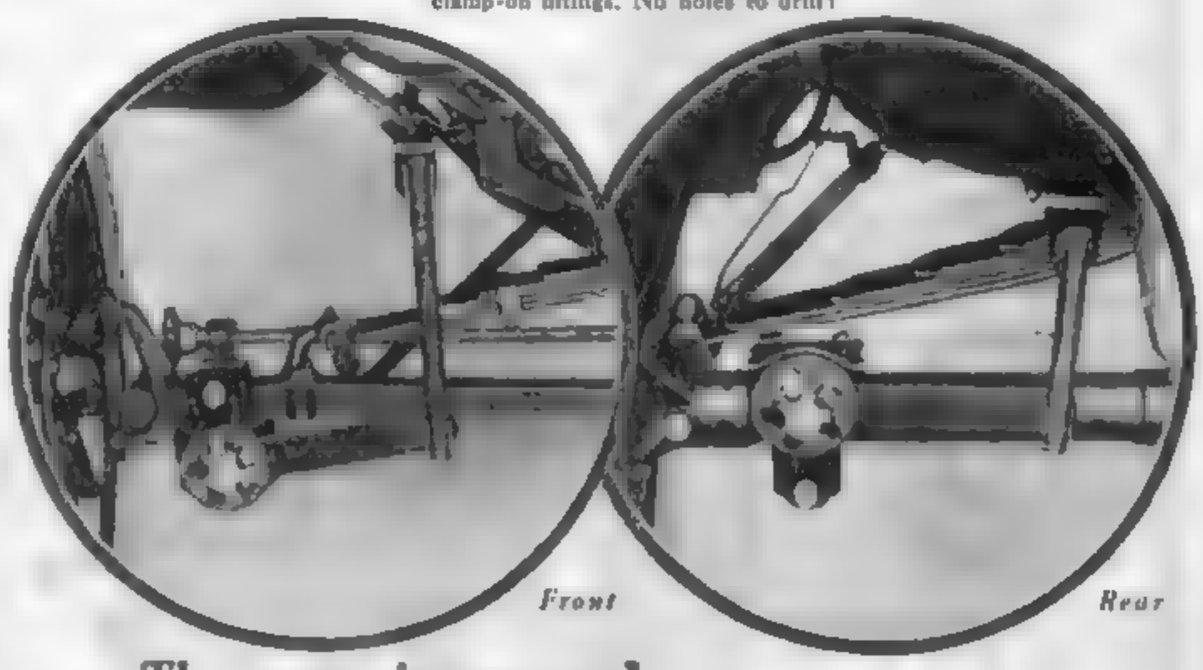

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2 *for* 15¢ *Wherever you go have a White Owl*

(Continued from Page 127)

trustfulness of American business practice. Once she bought a pair of gloves for Suzanne. When she brought them home she discovered they were a couple of sizes too large. She took them back, but the merchant would not refund. He said he had nothing smaller. It was her—Jeanne's business to know what size the child wore. He was not in business for his health, or words to that effect. Some little time later she took a straw hat she had brought from New York to have it dyed. She wanted it a coffee-and-cream tan. When it was delivered it was a nigger brown. The shape was utterly ruined. Of course Jeanne refused it. The next day she went down to the shop and demanded that they make good. After an hour's argument the house, which was one of the biggest in Paris, finally agreed not to charge for the work! They seriously argued that that was a fair distribution of the loss. Jeanne bolted in disgust.

But that evening some of her friends came to dinner, and Jeanne gave vent to her exasperation in one of her now familiar little talks about the joy of dealing with American business people. She recalled that the year before she had got a pair of shoes from one of our scientific-footwear companies. They gave her trouble from the start, but she went on wearing them in the hope that they would get broken in. After three months she went back with them. The manager at once acknowledged that the fault was the salesman's and gave her a new pair. Again, we had got a library table from a Fifth Avenue department store. After a little more than a year in our possession the thing was developing some slight defect in the gluing. We telephoned the firm, a man was sent up to look into the matter, and the next day we were given our choice of having the table repaired or our money back.

Her friends listened to all these reminiscences with a very skeptical ear. It did, I must confess, sound fantastic.

"What is there to prevent you from playing your merchants for suckers?" they asked unanimously.

### *Distrust of Checks*

Well, Jeanne and I were stumped. All we could say was that this liberal spirit of American commerce was somehow very rarely abused. And that, I suppose, is just about the answer. I mean the explanation lies not with the merchant. It is with the American people. After all, business men, whether in America or in Europe, are not out to teach principles but to make profits. If the European shoe dealer knew that he could rely on his customers to play fair he would probably introduce our methods. If the American dealer thought his confidence was apt to be abused he would revert to European methods. The American business man knows, however, that his patrons are on the whole square; that they have no time to think up petty little tricks to circumvent him.

Then, again, there was the problem of paying bills. A check book in Europe, if you are a private citizen, and particularly if you are a foreigner, is about as useful as a pet monkey. Neither landlords nor hotel keepers, neither merchants nor servants, will accept checks. It is not only that they distrust you. They are not accustomed to being paid that way.

"What do you want me to do with this?" they always ask you.

How different things are among us! I recall getting into Syracuse one morning without enough money to continue on home. If that had happened in a European city I would simply have been stranded. In fact that is just what did happen to me later, in Innsbruck. But what did I do in Syracuse? Why, I went up to the leading hotel and asked the cashier for fifteen dollars for a ticket to New York, against my personal check. I was not staying at his hotel, mind you, and never did. He just glanced at me and handed it out.

To tell you the truth, I was a little taken off my feet at this unquestioning faith and asked him what his system was. He said simply that he did it nearly every day by just taking the measure of his man, and that with one solitary exception he had never gone wrong. In Washington I had a similar experience. I was attending a conference of some sort, stayed over a little longer than I had expected, and when I came to pay my bill I discovered I had not enough cash. Well, the cashier asked me whether I knew anyone in town, called up the man I mentioned—a member of Congress whom the cashier did not know—and not only accepted my check but put down my name in his books for future credit.

Now listen to what occurred in Innsbruck. It just happened to be Innsbruck, it could quite as well have been any town on the Continent. I went to a bank to see whether I could not cash a personal check. I knew better than to try a hotel over there. The official looked at me as if I were an escaped inmate from an institution for the criminal insane. He calmed down out of his terror when I presented my letters of introduction and the monthly report from my New York bank, which I had just received and which showed a balance amounting to quite a princely fortune in Austrian crowns. But do not imagine that this reassurance about my sanity convinced him of my honesty. He, too, asked whether I knew anybody in town. I did. I knew a number of newspaper editors, knew them every bit as well as I knew that member of Congress in Washington. The bank man did not offer to telephone them. I must go and see them. What he demanded was not just a statement that they were acquainted with me, but a signed indorsement. I finally cut the tangle by paying half a million crowns in cable tolls for an inquiry to my bank. It is not ill nature with the Europeans, or exaggerated punctiliousness. It is merely an established tradition that a man is not to be trusted unless he can prove the contrary.

### *Jeanne's Resolution*

But when all is said and done, I still believe that Jeanne might have put up with these and many more annoyances and inconveniences without permanent damage to her European patriotism. They were, after all, small things. Ere long, though, Jeanne, who had left a girl and come back a wife and mother, became aware of certain deeper phases of Old World life—things which in the old days brushed by without scratching her. The mere existence of those two little girls somehow put significance into all sorts of things, all of them far removed from boulevards and millinery and art. Jeanne had never suspected herself of such a variety of philosophic interests as she now suddenly discovered. She caught herself eagerly observing not only French kindergartens and playgrounds but also the domestic atmosphere in which the European child grew up, the kind of amusements and fun young folks had, the position of the girl in the social scheme, the attitude of boys toward girls. All this in turn was leading her into deeper waters, such as the ambitions of the young fellows we knew, their opportunities to follow these out, their notions of love and marriage and the home. It was clear to me that Jeanne was accumulating a store of mental notes on all these topics, but she rarely offered to share them. Perhaps she was afraid I might say something that sounded like "I told you so."

One day in the spring, however, she startled me by announcing her conclusions. She said:

"I know it's doing the children a world of good to be here at this age. They are getting a foundation in French such as no American school could ever have given them. And I hope that we'll be able to bring them back for a summer from time to time. But it's American girls they are going to be."

The only reply I could make to this unheralded announcement was to cheer. But my expression indicated that I felt entitled to some sort of explanation.

"When I look at poor Odette here," Jeanne went on, "and think of our little tots growing up to that kind of life, it makes me want to pack up and run away back there with them."

Now Odette, I ought to say, was the eighteen-year-old daughter of our landlady. We were now out of our Paris apartment and living in a house at St.-Cloud, that pretty suburb of Paris. The owner was our neighbor, and we were on fairly intimate terms with the family; as intimate as French traditions allow. Odette's father had been a successful painter. He was now dead, and her mother, who was a well-known sculptor, was managing to keep her little family together, partly by the proceeds of her own work, but principally by the income from property her husband had left her. Odette was an unusually attractive girl, and she possessed in addition an


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For years Romance Chocolates have been in the big metropolitan centers, passed along by friend to friend. Only the finest ingredients used! New recipes brought to perfection! Chocolate coating of a new richness and flavor!

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abundant supply of the good qualities characteristic of French young womanhood. She was quiet and reserved, modest and serious and well-bred: in short, the perfect ideal Jeanne had, while in New York, visioned for our children.

You remember Jeanne's strictures on American youngsters. Now so far so good. Maybe Jeanne still thought her an example to follow. I know she was very fond of the girl. But the life the poor creature was leading was another matter. It was this Jeanne was thinking of when she made her announcement. You see, if Odette had been the daughter of a laborer or an artisan there would have been no cause for condoling with her. Then she would have gone to work at fourteen, would have romped and danced for three or four years, would have had one or more love affairs by this time, and would have married someone she liked at nineteen or twenty. Or, had her father been one of the rich industrial bourgeoisie, her life would have been a gayer one yet. Then there would have been entertainments at her own home, and dances and the Riviera in winter, and motoring and outings and the seashore in summer, and a governess to take her to the theater and things in town. As it was, Odette was but a young lady of good family in very modest circumstances. She had a load of leaden traditions to hold her down, but no means for a respectable good time befitting her station. Young men must not come to call on her; she must not go to the theater or to a restaurant with a girl friend. Once or twice a year there might be a church entertainment for the young people; but then she must be heavily chaperoned to attend. And as madame had work to do, and was moreover bored by the inane talk and pleasures of the immature, she did not always like to go; and Odette was obliged to stay at home. The sum of it was an existence beside which the life in a cloister must be exciting.

In due time, to be sure, Odette would marry. Her father had set aside a modest fund for her *dot*—dowry. If the gods were exceptionally kind to her she might make even a love marriage; by which I mean nothing more poetic than a union of her own choice. It was hard to see how that could be negotiated. The girl did not know a soul; not a masculine one anyhow. Besides, precedent and tradition were all against such wild proceedings. In Latin Europe matrimony was not a frivolous affair left to sentiment and youthful irresponsibility. It was something to be arranged between the parents. The parties immediately concerned only became concerned afterwards. Marriage was not the climax of romance; it was an alliance between families. Of course, love might come later; but not necessarily between the married couple. We had but to look at her friend Germaine to get a forecast of little Odette's future.

### *Good Men in Deep Grooves*

In contrast with this Jeanne compared the everlasting round of gayety of the young people of the same class in the United States. Almost from infancy they began to have a life of their own. They never were mere appendages to their elders. Birthday parties commenced at the age of one. After that, and before they were quite out of their nurseries, they formed friendships of their own. Girls and boys played together from the kindergarten to college. Somehow American parents were not worried by evil tongues or evil thoughts. And the youngsters not only had the fun they were entitled to; it gave them a sense of independence, of self-reliance and of responsibility which stood them in good stead afterwards. That was perhaps why when they came to marry they looked neither to the past nor to the future but principally at each other.

Then Jeanne gave a little attention to the ambitions and careers of her countrymen. This was a matter that enlisted my interest somewhat too. I was well aware that I had bettered my life by emigrating from Rumania. But I had often wondered whether some Western European country would not have done as well for me as America had done. After all, men did achieve things in the Old World as well as the New; even men of humble origin.

Now this is what we have found; we do not pretend that we have made an exhaustive study, but we have observed a number of typical examples, and we think our conclusions will hold water: The great mass of European business and professional people strike a groove, work very hard, build up a trade or a clientele, strive by frugality and self-denial to lay by enough in their youth so that at middle age they may retire and turn over their affairs to their descendants. Once they are in their groove, they will apply themselves with energy and skill to dig it deeper and wider, if that is possible. It rarely occurs to them, however, to try to dash out of it into the open road. The European college man makes up his mind early in youth—after consulting the history and traditions of his forbears—what career he will equip himself for, goes into it with all his zeal and earnestness, and commonly leaves off when he is ready to die, or at least to retire.

We have talked to young men of many social strata everywhere between Paris and Bukharest, and the majority of them had their futures determined and cut out for them by their elders. Here and there we did meet some youthful rebel who had resolved to cut away from the parental moorings. And what do you suppose were the dizzy heights the fledgling eagle spread his wings for? Why, to enter the service of the state, occupy a more and more exalted desk in one or another of the ministerial bureaus, marry well, pray to heaven that his superior may die so that he may himself become the chief of the section; and at the end of twenty-five years' service retire on half pay and enjoy a green old age in ease and more or less comfort. To the finer young men of the bourgeoisie this mediocrity of functionaryism, with its withdrawal from sordid commerce, its genteel surroundings, its assured pay and promotion and pension, is the most powerful magnet and the ultimate frontier of ambition. Jeanne and I, forever spoiled by American notions, found it neither very adventurous nor inspiring.

### *High and Mighty Publishers*

That divine unrest of Americans which raises a peddler to the ownership of a department store and makes a pants presser into a cinema magnate and a backwoodsman the President of the United States simply is not in the blood of Europeans. I am not talking, you understand, of mere ambition and energy. The youth of Europe has both in sufficient measure. But with us in America the word "career" denotes something totally different from what the Europeans understand by it. It carries no suggestion of a track or a destination; rather it connotes the uncharted possibilities of life and action and usefulness over which a man may range wide and free, restricted only by his own will and powers. There is no fixity, no boundary. The sky is the limit of ambition. All our lawyers are potential Presidents of the nation. Business with us does not mean a business. In the truest sense, there are no professions in America. Every achievement is but a stepping-stone. Even the politician is not indissolubly wedded to his trade. He may break away and bob up somewhere else—the autocrat of films or goodness knows what. A lot of my college classmates, for instance, did take jobs in the departments at Washington, went off to teach in Hawaii and the Philippines or to clerk in the consulates. But not one of them that I remember meant to stay at his post for life, and not one of them that I know of is at it today.

I am not at all sure that this implies a limitation in the European's vision. Look at our European immigrants over here. They are not the least bit slow to absorb the American air. But in the Old World luck and opportunity are hobbled and cornered. In most countries ancient privilege and class preferment are nominally abolished. Yet to this day the influence of family and caste and social contacts play a part of such magnitude in success in all walks of life as no American can even grasp. A casual experience that I have had myself will illustrate my point.

While I was in Paris I completed a book. It occurred to me to look around and see what I could do to have it brought out in French. I knew nothing of Paris publishers; but I was acquainted with the director of a well-known international society, which I knew to be interested in the subject I had treated. So one day I went to this gentleman and asked him to give me the names of one or two publishers who would be likely to want my manuscript. He mentioned several, but recommended

(Continued on Page 133)

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Projected Selling—as used by retail stores—is simply an extending of the territory from which you draw trade, a projecting of your store into the rich farming regions surrounding your town or city. It is the "store on wheels" idea—taking your merchandise to the farmers by means of personal visit.

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It tells how a retail grocer has reduced his cost of doing business by means of Projected Selling. It tells how agents of the International Harvester Company are using it, many of them doubling and quadrupling their business. It tells how dealers in automobiles, hardware, clothing, shoes and other lines have increased business—and reduced costs.

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It tells how Farm & Fireside—in its editorial pages constantly inspiring farm families to better farming and better living, in its advertising pages constantly showing and describing better merchandise—is an important factor in Projected Selling. It tells how Farm & Fireside will help to increase your farm trade.

We will gladly mail a copy of this booklet, "Projected Selling," to every merchant in the land. Send for your copy today—learn the facts about Projected Selling so that you may decide whether it can profitably be applied to your business.

The Crowell Publishing Company
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

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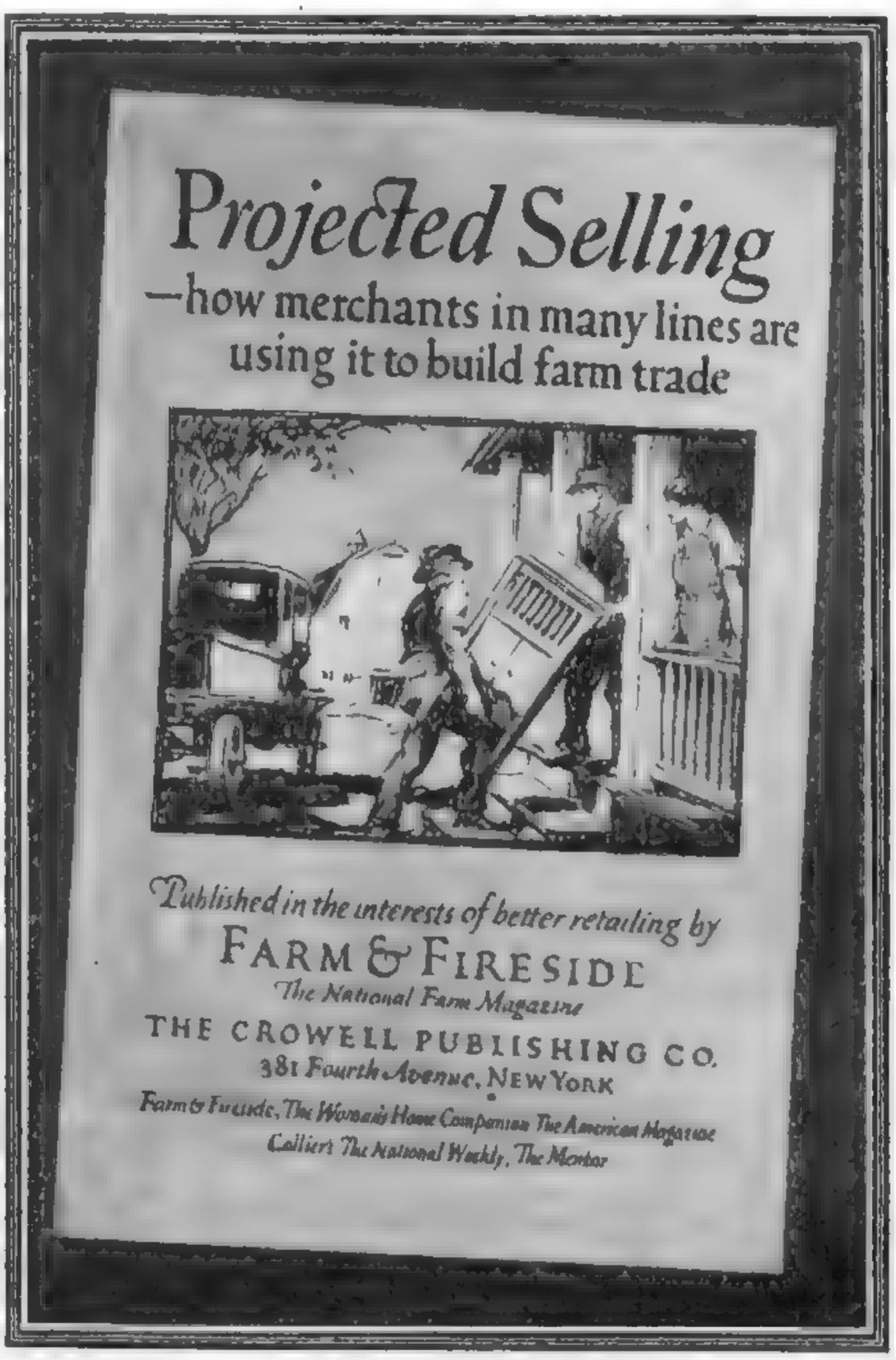
Projected Selling
—how merchants in many lines are using it to build farm trade
Published in the interests of better retailing by
FARM & FIRESIDE
The National Farm Magazine
THE CROWELL PUBLISHING CO.
381 Fourth Avenue, NEW YORK
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## *The National Farm Magazine*

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Time to Re-Tire?
(Buy Fisk)
TRADE MARK REG U S PAT OFF

FISK TIRE consumption has increased remarkably this past year, and continues to grow tremendously. This is an indication of sheer merit which must interest every car owner.

Fisk dealers have increased in number and in strength. New Fisk users have been added by thousands to a long established and impressive list of Fisk buyers. All the year the big Fisk factories have worked night and day; production is now pushed to the utmost capacity; orders for Spring delivery far exceed those of any previous year.

You can buy Fisk Tires with surety that they will give money value and low mileage cost with trustworthy service.

*There's a Fisk Tire of extra value for every car, truck or speed wagon*

(Continued from Page 130)

one in particular as being exceptionally enterprising and reliable. I jotted down the name, thanked him and started to go.

"Well," he asked, "what are you proposing to do with the information I have given you?" There was an amused twinkle in his eye.

"Why, I'll drop the house of Phagot a note and ask for an appointment," I said simply.

"Oh, you Americans!" My friend could scarcely contain his merriment. "You are the hope of the world. Imagine it! Here you are—I don't care how famous you may be in your own country—a quite unknown man in France, and you think you can get an appointment with a prominent publisher by just asking for it. It is delicious, charming!"

"Well," I said, rather nettled, "why is it so amusing? I have got dozens of appointments with publishers in America in just that delicious way, as you like to call it. I am not, you know, thinking of asking Monsieur Phagot for his old overcoat or for any other personal favor. I am merely going to offer him a book to publish. As a publisher, I should think, that might interest him."

"My dear fellow," he said genially, "don't be offended. But this is not America. A publisher in this country is a *grand monsieur*. You might as well expect to get an interview with the Emperor of Japan by dropping him a note.

"*Tiens!*" he exclaimed, after musing a moment. "Do you know any actresses? No? Or perhaps a danseuse at the Comique?"

I said I did not enjoy such distinguished acquaintance.

"That is a pity. They could help you, you know. Now let me see. How about editors? Surely you know the editor of the Apres-Midi. Get an introduction from him. You don't know him? Well, I can try to arrange a meeting with him, and if you play your cards cleverly he will do the rest."

It was my turn to laugh.

"I appreciate your kindness," I said. "But really I am not so anxious as all that. I'll wait until my book is published at home. Then maybe Phagot will come to me."

### Jeanne's Defense of America

But what I was thinking was this: How do Frenchmen ever get to be authors? With this strange tradition in the way, how does anyone ever get a book before the public? In America I had, without any particular trouble, got at every publisher and magazine editor worth seeing before my name had ever appeared in print. I did it by the very method that my friend in Paris thought so entertaining. In France I for one should certainly never have become a writer.

We cannot all be handsome and attractive to actresses and danseuses. We cannot all have the necessary cleverness to induce editors of big newspapers to introduce us to their exclusive friends. Of one thing I am sure: If French customs prevailed in the United States American literature would be considerably poorer—at least by my contributions. Let every uncouth and plain-faced author offer thanks to heaven that American publishers are mere business men, not *grands messieurs*.

When Jeanne expatiated on the unshackled opportunities and ambitions of Americans, her friends trotted out that overworked old war horse about American devotion to the dollar. They argued that if what Jeanne told them was true, then it merely meant that the European knows when he has enough and takes the time to enjoy himself, while the American has an unquenchable thirst for gain. And it would have done your heart good, as it did mine, to hear Jeanne take up the cudgels in behalf of her adopted fellow citizens. She admitted that once she had herself been a victim to the famous delusion that Americans are greedy for money; but she had recently returned home and seen the French at it and changed her mind. No people in the whole world, she declared, is less a slave to the mere love of lucre than the American. Speaking generally, the vices of stinginess and meanness, which are the unfailing by-products of moneygrubbing, were all but unknown in America. The European worked to save. He scrimped and worried and fretted himself and all who came near him into indigestion and the spleen, not so much by hard work as by his everlasting fear of not laying up enough for his old age, before he even knew whether there was going to be any old age. The American exerted himself to earn, and spent as he went along. He did not wait to retire when he had got old and had lost the knack to play. He retired every evening or every season for a space, and made the most of what he had put by in the interval while he was still young enough to get some zest out of life.

But talk about the love of the dollar! In America, you know, a foreign accent is apt to chill the cordiality of tradespeople. They do not exactly scorn the patronage of newcomers. They just like to hear English straight. At least I know it. I have been an immigrant. But in France, or at least in Paris, if you are going to do much shopping or have a good time, you will be well advised not to betray your too exquisite knowledge of the language of the country. The danger is you may be taken for a Frenchman. The Parisian modiste and the Parisian waiter are very patriotic and all that. But they know the war is over. In time of national emergency they will fight to the last drop of blood for France; but once peace is restored they like to get down to business, and go after dollars and sterling. The best cafés around the opera are hardly civil to the native, and the select specialty shops make no bones about telling you that they cater only to foreigners. It hurt Jeanne's feelings and her racial pride to be informed once at a boulevard café, where she went with some French friends, that all the places were reserved; and to be obliged, when she went shopping, either to speak English, or to have me in attendance with my shell-rimmed spectacles as a kind of living certificate of her American naturalization.

### French Domestic Manners

To do Jeanne justice, I must say she always did have a lot of respect for American manhood. The unaffected good sense, straightforwardness and fairness of the average American were too striking to be overlooked even by a homesick European. Long before we went over Jeanne used often to dwell on his simple chivalry toward his own wife, as well as toward the other sex generally, his helpfulness in the home, his boyish companionableness with children. Yet, she observed, he lacked something. He was rather matter of fact; he was without a certain vividness, a certain romantic color and fervor—that easy, pleasing gayety which made the European gentleman, in spite of his superficiality, very interesting to women.

Well, here they were, these gentry—a continent full of them. But Jeanne seemed somehow to have outgrown their fascination. It was not easy to see why. They had not changed. They had stayed quite as Jeanne's homesickness painted them for her. They did bow and dance attention and shower compliments with colorful *élan*. One saw them everywhere on the thoroughfares and in the cafés of Paris, publicly demonstrating their tenderness to the ladies on their arm in the most vivid manner imaginable—so vivid and pervid, in fact, that our unimaginative cops would very likely have pinched them for disorderly conduct.

As lovers they were superb, inimitable. And romance, I am told, persisted in possession of their souls even after marriage, though not invariably for the same loved object.

I am not hard on European cavaliers. Married existence, I avow, is commonplace. Romance, if it is to survive, must be renewed. A life of constant poetry means a little inconstancy, if you grasp my point. Still even Europeans prefer, for the most part, loyalty with prose to romance with infidelity. They do stay home, some of them, and entertain their spouses, and even take them to the theaters and the cafés. Yet Jeanne observed a difference. They did not, like our more earthy men, take the baby out of a Sunday morning, or run out to the grocery store for some ingredient of the dinner the wife forgot, or dry the dishes. If one could, one provided a maid; but if one could not, why then, of course, madame must fill the vacancy unaided. He sat at the head of the table, as King Ahasuerus long ago decreed, and was waited on with the other guests. If there was any jumping up to be done, it was not the head of the family, surely, who should do it. And when there were parcels to be carried home after

# Hurried Men

## *Can now soften a beard in one minute*

By V. K. CASSADY, Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN: *No more three-minute rubbing, no more hot towels, no more finger rubbing at all.*

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***Four other delights***

We have done other things you'll like. Palmolive Shaving Cream multiplies itself in lather 250 times. It maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face. It supports the hairs for cutting, because the bubbles are so strong. And the soap forms a soothing lotion, due to palm and olive oils.

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We spent 55 years in soap making before we made a Shaving Cream. We knew it was folly until we found ways to conspicuously excel.

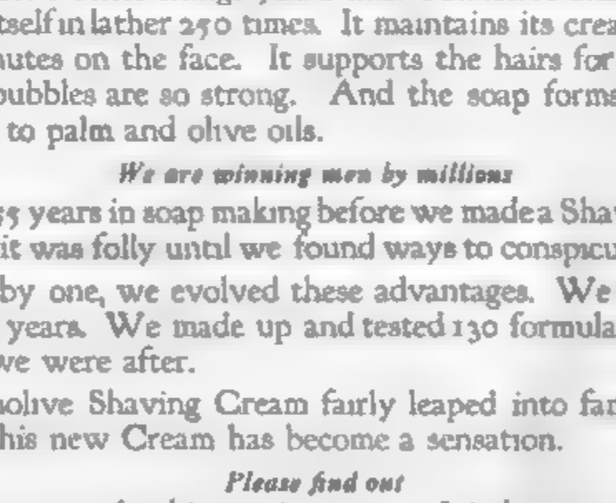
Then, one by one, we evolved these advantages. We studied the subject for years. We made up and tested 130 formulas before we got what we were after.

Then Palmolive Shaving Cream fairly leaped into fame. The demand for this new Cream has become a sensation.

***Please find out***

Find out the reason for this amazing success. It is due to yourself and us. If we have best solved shaving problems, you'll be glad to know it. If not, we are the only losers. Cut out this free test coupon—now, before you forget.

TEN SHAVES FREE

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## Ingersoll Redipoint Pencils

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NOTICE TO DEALERS:
"We sell direct to the retail trade and only to the best class of dealers. Write in for our very interesting proposition. Dealers are now able to stock a pencil that is a practical, simple hand-writing tool, and sells twelve months in the year."


a day's shopping or marketing, the traditional dignity of European manhood absolutely frowned on the provincial American notion of sharing burdens with the wife.

Jeanne was shrewd enough to be noncommittal about the moral of these observations. But she did not mind my thinking things. And what I thought, and what Jeanne knew I thought, was this: That once in a long while, just for a brief moment, she was the tiniest bit thankful to her stars that she had thrown in her lot with an American, even if he was not quite 100 per cent. I am willing to say publicly that that is worth to any husband the cost of a trip to Europe.

Jeanne's friends, feeling rather routed on the dollar-hunting offensive, in time rallied their forces and brought up their reserves. Of course, they confessed, everybody knew that life in a new country was mechanically more convenient than in a mellow old civilization. But that was where the advantages ended. Europe might be a little old-fashioned, and from a machine point of view somewhat primitive. But Europe had art. America was naked and cold. Well, Jeanne did herself proud in meeting that onslaught too. I shall not attempt to quote her verbatim, but this is in effect her argument:

I know all about the Place Vendôme and the Louvre and the Ringstrasse in Vienna and the cathedrals and Athens and Rome. But good heavens, don't go strutting around as if the living generations of Frenchmen and Italians, and so on, had put all these glorious things on the map! Americans have a share in that inheritance. Because we pulled up and went out to conquer a new continent for mankind, our European ancestors did not cut us off from the estate and the treasures they left behind for all of us. When it comes to the art and monuments of the Old World, we are a European country ourselves, with as good a title as any of you. The Parthenon and the Roman Forum and the cathedrals and most of what is choice in the great museums and galleries were created before ever a ship carried a single emigrant to America. They belong to us quite as much as do the Bible and Homer and the tale of Jack and the Beanstalk. We have some art in New York, too. But Fifth Avenue and the Public Library and the Woolworth Building do not belong to New York alone, but also to Oregon and Idaho. Faneuil Hall and Congress Hall are not the private property of Boston and Philadelphia. They belong to the whole country, exactly as the Grand Cañon does. The beauty and color of the European city were not created by the people who live in it today, and they cannot claim them as their exclusive possessions, any more than America can claim the telephone and the steamboat as purely American inventions. All these things belong to the civilization of the whole world.

### *Not Finished Yet*

It is a pity Jeanne stopped there. She might have gone another step. If anybody wants really to compare Europe as is with America in this question of taste he should turn his attention to the interiors. The Old World may be monumental. I don't mind admitting it for the sake of argument. But America is domestic. That is where we shine. The Europeans put their enthusiasm into the public square, the Americans decorate their homes with it. If you want an acid test of the æsthetic sense of the living European, just cast an eye into his home. I don't think it is a matter of purse at all. It is entirely an expression of taste. In France, Louis XVI with his triple gilt and deep carvings and delicate colored damask coverings is still king, as if the great revolution had never happened. The French parlor is as cold and haughty and forbidding as one of those impoverished dames of the nobility who freeze and starve rather than be ordinary and of some use. The furniture in it is no more serviceable than the bric-a-brac. The sofas and chairs are no more meant to sit on than is the statuary.

And furthermore—Jeanne and I did quite a bit of sight-seeing around the monuments and churches of Paris. Also we went down along the Loire River, and looked at the châteaux. But each time we came home a disappointed couple. Here is about the way it goes: You take your Baedeker and let him lead you along to a palace or a cathedral or whatever it may be. With a few well-aimed strokes he succeeds in raising your curiosity: "The edifice is one of the most venerable in Northern France. It was commenced in the year 672 by King Chilperic the Bold, on a foundation of even greater antiquity. The site was originally occupied by a convent, built toward the end of the sixth century by St. Goalhec, the Celtic missionary to the Druids of Hither Gaul." On hearing this you quickly remove your hat and assume as reverent an expression as you can muster. "You are standing on hallowed ground, you barbarian of the West," you say to yourself. My! Sixth century! Even greater antiquity! Stunning, eh? But just from this point on your guide begins letting you down softly: "The west wing, which is both the most massive and architecturally the most exquisite portion of the structure, was begun in the Romanesque style by the devout and unhappy Chlodvig in 906. It was continued by his great-grandson, the Duke of Provençal—later King of France—in early Gothic, and was not completed until about 1650, when Anne de Medici, the beautiful and wicked patron of the Italian Renaissance, became queen." Thus far he has been gentle with you, but anon he begins to hurry you along at a furious rate: "Under the Second Empire, comprehensive plans were made for its restoration by the famous architect Betterave of Avignon, acting under direct orders from Louis Napoleon; but the work was scarcely undertaken when it was unhappily interrupted by the defeat at Sedan and the subsequent siege of Paris. The center of the building was destroyed in the great fire of 1775, and the west wing was almost entirely demolished by the fanatics of the Commune [1871]. In 1891–5a full restoration was effected, except for the north tower, still [1914] under construction."

### *Jeanne Shows Her Wisdom*

After that you are thankful that the site, anyhow, is still where it was. Your priggish irreverence for American architecture vanishes suddenly. Why, beside these masquerading monuments of the Old World, the First Baptist Church, of Windsor, Oklahoma, is a relic of hoary antiquity.

Along about the middle of the summer I suddenly remembered. Why, Masseuil! We had not yet been to Masseuil, to Jeanne's birthplace! And as it happened that I had some business in Tours, I suggested that she come with me.

"It will only be a couple of hours' run from there to Poitiers. We'll spend the night there, and the next day we can get a wagon and drive out to the old place."

To my astonishment Jeanne would not hear of it.

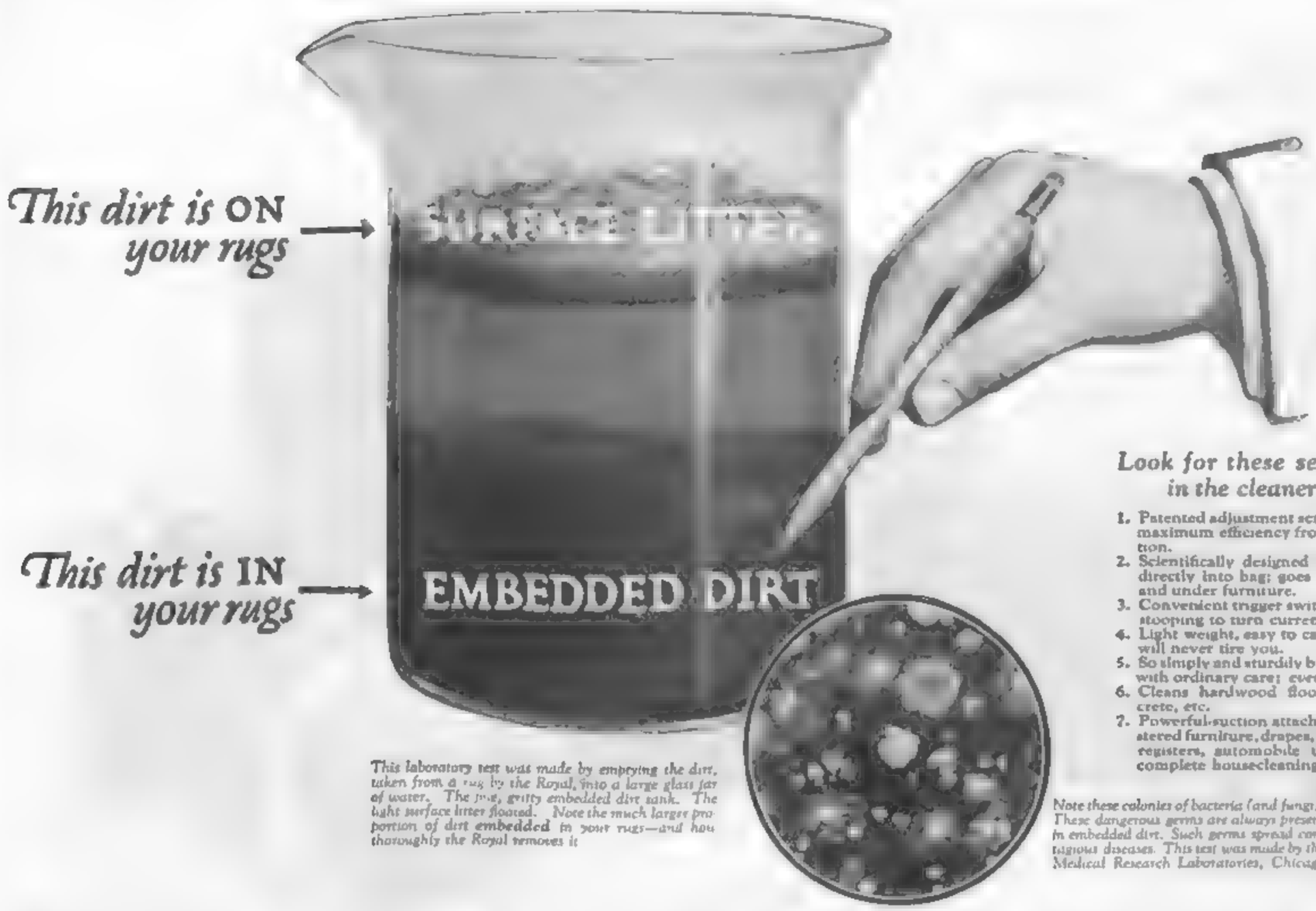
"No," she said. "Paris has been quite enough for one trip."

I tried to persuade her. I reminded her that the capital was not, after all, her home town; that it was not fair to regard Paris as all Europe; that she should not let herself be discouraged by the first poignant impressions, which were inevitably disillusioning. She could not be moved. Her mind was made up.

She said simply, "No, I prefer to keep some of my memories intact. I don't want to return to exile with all my illusions gone."

I thought that foolish, and said so. But I have since been back to Vaslui, and I know that Jeanne is the wiser of us two.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Ravage. The second will appear in an early issue.




*This laboratory test was made by emptying the dirt, taken from a rug by the Royal, into a large glass jar of water. The fine, gritty embedded dirt sank. The light surface litter floated. Note the much larger proportion of dirt* **embedded** *in your rugs—and how thoroughly the Royal removes it*

*Note these colonies of bacteria (and fungi) These dangerous germs are always present in embedded dirt. Such germs spread contagious diseases. This test was made by the Medical Research Laboratories, Chicago*

### *Look for these seven features in the cleaner you buy*

1. Patented adjustment screw which produces maximum efficiency from powerful air suction.
2. Scientifically designed nozzle—carries dirt directly into bag; goes easily into corners and under furniture.
3. Convenient trigger switch on handle, saves stooping to turn current on or off.
4. Light weight, easy to carry or roll around, will never tire you.
5. So simply and sturdily built it lasts a lifetime with ordinary care; every part guaranteed.
6. Cleans hardwood floors, linoleum, concrete, etc.
7. Powerful-suction attachments clean upholstered furniture, drapes, mattresses, pillows, registers, automobile upholstery, etc.—a complete housecleaning plant.

# No rug is clean until *this* germ-laden dirt is *out!*

## WHY the Royal Electric Cleaner gets the *embedded* dirt *as well as* surface litter

THE picture above shows how great is the quantity of dirt that *is in* your rugs in comparison with that which is *on* them.

Not only surface litter, but also this embedded dirt is removed from your rug by the Royal. Other cleaning methods get only part of this voluminous and deeply buried dirt. The Royal gets it all.

Embedded dirt swarms with dangerous disease germs. Scientific tests prove this. Draughts and footfalls churn it into the air where it becomes a positive menace, especially to children playing on the floor.

Until this germ-laden embedded dirt is removed, no rug is clean, no rug is safe.

The Royal Electric Cleaner removes this dirt in the only way it *can* be effectively removed—

*With powerful air suction scientifically applied.*

Along the entire 14-inch nozzle the powerful suction of the Royal Electric Cleaner is applied directly to the rug surface. This is done by two things, (1) the scientific nozzle design, (2) the patented Royal adjustment screw. The rug is lifted, the nap opened up, and the embedded dirt as well as the surface litter sucked into the bag.

No other cleaning method can clean so easily, quickly and thoroughly as the Royal.

Yet, powerful as it is, the Royal is absolutely harmless; it cleans by air alone.

We ask you to make this test. Clean one rug in any manner you wish. Then have the Royal dealer send a Royal Man to clean this same rug. (No obligation on your part whatever.) Note the amazing results.

If you don't know the Royal dealer in your vicinity, write us and we will put you in touch with him.

*DEALERS:* The valuable Royal Franchise may be had in certain cities and towns. Write for information.

*RETAIL REPRESENTATIVES:* There are numerous opportunities for men of ability in capacity of Royal Men. Inquire of your local Royal dealer.

THE P. A. GEIER COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio

*Manufactured in Canada by*
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*Also manufacturers of Royal Vibrators, Royal Hair Drier and Hair Cutters, and Royal Clothes Washer*



**The Royal Man**

*He is an expert in housecleaning and can show you many interesting labor-saving methods of cleaning. He is courteous and considerate. You need never hesitate to ask him for a demonstration in your home*

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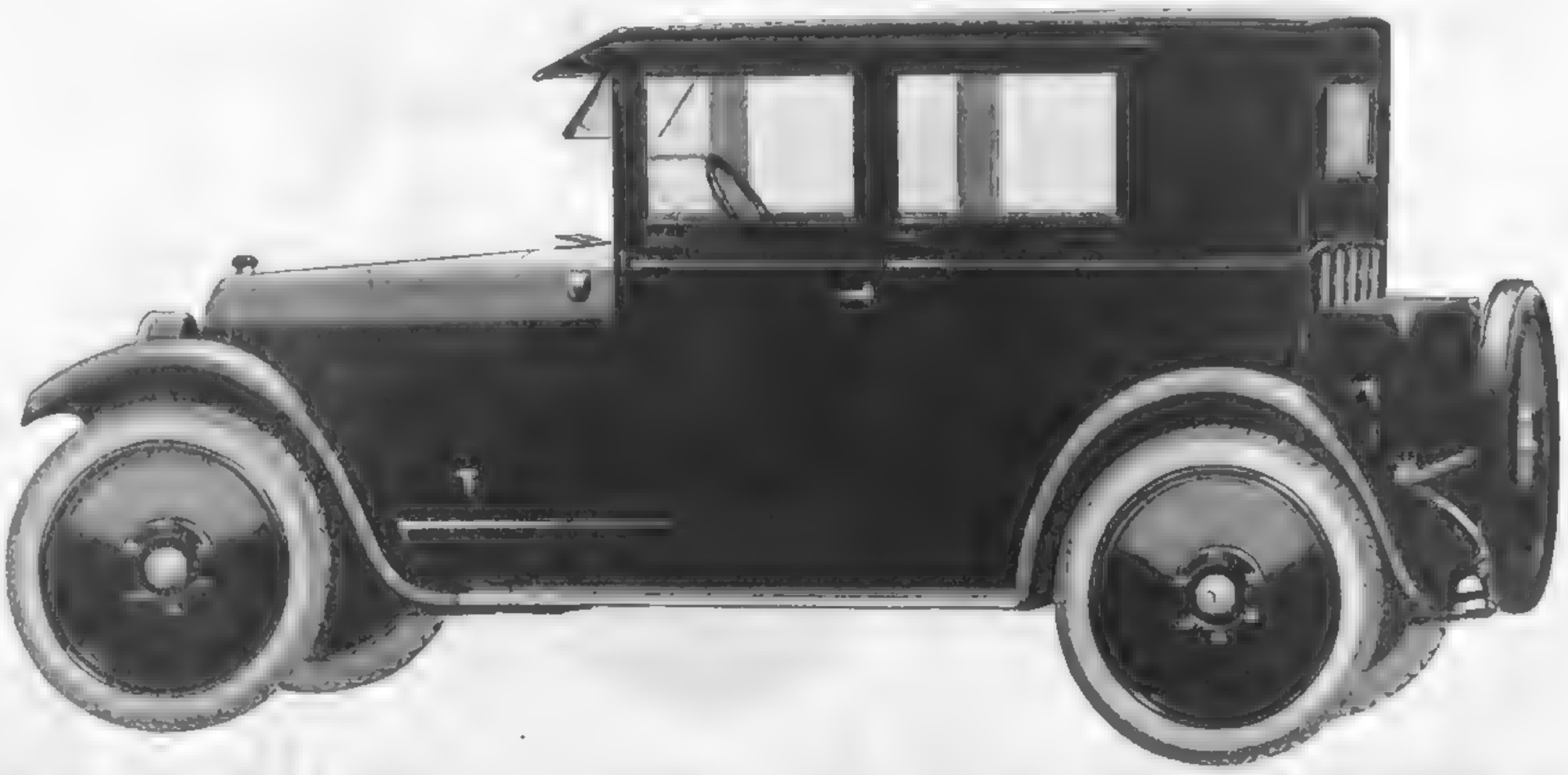
# ROYAL Electric Cleaner

## *Cleans By Air Alone!*

# The New Nash Carriole



# NASH

The initial showing of the new Nash *Carriole* at the various Motor Shows has inspired a genuine enthusiasm for the car that is rapidly and vigorously extending itself throughout the entire country.

Its superiorities in the way of performance and construction are unmistakable and outstanding.

A new smoothness of power-flow, a new quietness in operation, and a new briskness in acceleration, all serve to emphasize the engineering ingenuity with which Nash has perfected the four-cylinder motor.

And particularly do we draw your close attention to the admirably modeled, all-metal body created for the *Carriole* by craftsmen of international reputation.

***Features and Appointments of the Carriole***—All-metal body. Two restful parlor car chairs in front. All windows except rear are adjustable. Silken curtains. Capacious pockets in doors. Dome light. Commodious, strongly built, patent leather finish trunk mounted upon trunk rack at rear. Heavy nickel-plated guard bars at back of body. Enhanced smoothness and power responsiveness. Greater mileage per gallon of fuel. Barrel-type cowl and head lamps. Cowl ventilator. Transmission lock.

**FOURS** The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wis. **SIXES**

# SHALL WE DEMOCRATIZE OUR INDUSTRIES?

(Continued from Page 31)

lida. There was the air of the Yankee about him, and also of the easy-going, tolerant West. As the various representatives of both sides straggled in with their witnesses, dumped their heavy greatcoats in a corner, stripped off their scarfs and unbuckled their snowy goloshes—for the city was in a blind blizzard grip—Smith nodded a hearty "Hello, Rosenheim!" "How are you, Gottlieb!" "Evening, Goldmark!" "Well, Reinhardt, got your witnesses?"

All the while he kept up a running fire of conversation with me:

"How did I get this position as impartial chairman? They agreed upon me. You may be sure that both sides weighed me pretty thoroughly and looked well into my dark past. For an impartial chairman has considerable power. He's a judge; a judge, moreover, from whose rulings there's no higher court of appeal. If either side doesn't abide by my decisions there's trouble right away."

"And are you always impartial?"

"You bet I am! Have to be! I couldn't hold down this job five minutes if my impartiality were impugned. I decide each case absolutely on its merits and for the good of the industry as a whole. Often when the case is complicated, with about an even balance of right either way, and I realize that my decision may establish a precedent throughout the whole industry, affecting thousands of lives, I pass sleepless nights studying out the best course to pursue. So does any honest judge. The trouble here is, there are no precedents; we're building our own code as we go along. But by the decisions and orders handed down by the various impartial chairmen throughout the country, there is gradually being built up a code of industrial common law, and it is being built up in much the same manner as was our Anglo-Saxon system of jurisprudence."

"And do you find," I inquired, "that one side is more just, noble, reasonable or right than the other in these capital-and-labor disputes?"

He shook his head.

### A Fifty-Fifty Proposition

"Not a bit. It's fifty-fifty all the way through. At bottom, they're both out for the same thing—both trying for an extension of power. That's human, of course. It's a trial of strength; no longer of brute strength; that's passing into the discard; but a trial of brains, of wits. The labor leader of today has to fight with his mind instead of with his fists. The overbearing, arrogant leader of the last generation is giving way to the keen, resourceful fellow who has to think hard and fast to keep his feet. You'd be surprised to hear some of the clean-cut arguments that take place here. And sometimes, as I said, the battle gets pretty fierce. I believe in letting both sides talk freely and get their troubles off their chests. They tell their grievances in their own fashion, without formality; for I have discovered that if they are not allowed ample expression the workers feel they are being dealt with unfairly. The psychological element must have consideration, and I find that merely to air their grievances often helps to a settlement. So I let them tackle the problem together. Sometimes they agree; often they continue to disagree until the situation gets tense. Then somebody—and he may be from either side—who has a broad conception of things will propose the proper middle ground; and presently a compromise is reached; and this compromise often has a greater content of justice than a complete surrender on either side. When they absolutely cannot agree, and the four representatives on each side vote solidly against the other four, then the whole proposition is up to me, as impartial chairman, to decide."

"Tell me about this impartial machinery," I demanded. "What is its underlying principle?"

"In a nutshell, it's the substitution of law and order for direct action, mob rule, brute force. We've already tried that out—and we don't get anywhere. So, to start with, we cut out the principle of direct action, mob rule; and for it we substitute the principle of intelligent arbitration of our difficulties and sticking to our word.

"It's only in the last few years that we have come to realize that we must have law and order in our industrial life; the same law and order for which we are striving in our social and political life. Back in the time of the cave man, if a man wanted anything, from a piece of property to a wife, he went out with a club and took it or her by force. But as population increased it became more difficult for the whole group to settle their troubles with a club, so that people were forced to work out some sort of orderly system, and society began gradually to build up the courts of law in which we now settle our disputes.

"But it is only lately that there has been any widespread attempt to bring law, order and justice into the industrial relations of men. Heretofore, in this field, brute force has largely prevailed. Where there is a lack of organization of the workers, or where the economic situation permits, the employer automatically dominates with respect to wages, working conditions and hours. Where there is a strong organization, or a greater demand for labor than there is supply, there the workers dominate. In trials of strength we have on one side the strike and on the other the lockout—both equally ruthless and unscrupulous in their use of power. And ever since the consolidation of large-scale industry this destructive struggle has gone on."

### A Basis for Arbitration

"It is that destructive struggle which we have bound ourselves to cut out. The two parties in interest—in this case, the manufacturing concerns and the workers—have voluntarily come together and established an agreement, and this agreement is their law. This is how the preamble reads." He passed over a pamphlet, indicating a passage with his thumb, and I read:

> The parties to this pact realize that the interests sought to be reconciled herein ordinarily tend to pull apart, but they enter into this agreement in the faith that by the exercise of a coöperative and constructive spirit it will be possible to bring and keep them together. This will involve as an indispensable prerequisite the suppression of the militant spirit by both parties, and the development of reason instead of force as the rule of action. It will require also mutual consideration and concession, and a willingness on the part of each party to regard and serve the interests of the other for the common good. With this attitude assured, it is believed that no differences can arise which this machinery cannot mediate and resolve in the interest of coöperation and harmony.

He repeated the line: "'No differences can arise which this machinery cannot mediate and resolve.'

"Mark that—no differences! That's going pretty far—eh? Well, with that principle established, the agreement calls for the selection of a trade council, with four representatives on each side. They constitute the legislative body. The agreement, you see, is the law; the trade council is the legislature which decides any new matter coming up that is not covered in the agreement. This trade council is presided over by the impartial chairman, who devotes his entire time to the duties of his position. That is, he's a fixture, and not just someone called in from the outside to arbitrate when there's a deadlock in the industry.

"The expenses of operating the impartial machinery are divided equally between the workers and the employers, including my salary, and the custody and disbursement of funds are in my hands. All complaints, disputes or grievances, if they cannot be amicably adjusted beforehand inside the shop, are submitted for determination to me, and my decision is binding on both sides. Moreover, it is agreed that there shall be no lockouts on the part of the employers or strikes or stoppages on the part of the workers for any reason whatsoever during the existence of this agreement. And for over two years each side has faithfully kept its word."

"Some achievement in these days!"

"But that's not its principal value," he continued soberly. "To my mind, the principal value of a collective-bargaining agreement with impartial machinery of this kind is its educational effect. Both sides, by participation, become self-educated, self-disciplined. It imposes toleration, restraints,

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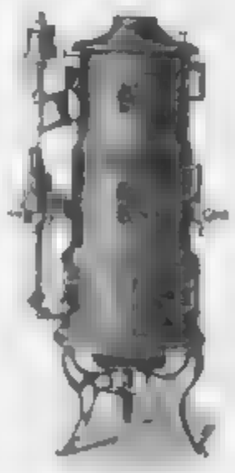

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There are eighteen different types and sizes of Pittsburg Water Heaters. One of them was made to give your home hot water in the most efficient—most economical way. You can buy a Pittsburg on an easy-payment plan that allows you practically to make your own terms.

Look up the Pittsburg dealer in your city—the gas company or one of the prominent plumbers, or write us the number of hot water faucets in your home and the number of people in your family. We will recommend the proper size Pittsburg for your needs. At the same time we will send you a free copy of "Hot Water," an interesting little book, which tells the whole story of better hot water service.

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# "The U. S. Mail must be delivered on time"

## *Even a rural mail carrier can sometimes learn new points about his Ford*

FROM PENNSYLVANIA comes this Ford experience. A rural mail carrier near Reading uses a Ford to deliver his mail. The engine consumed a quart of oil about every 75 miles.

He was finally induced to try Gargoyle Mobiloil "E." After a fair test he discovered that he could average about 200 miles per quart. Today he says that he would not think of using another oil—not alone because of its economy, but because of better all-round results.

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Every mechanical factor and operating requirement of your Ford engine calls for oil of the body, character and quality of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E." No heavier or lighter oil can give you such protection or such economy.

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In the differential of your Ford use Gargoyle Mobiloil "CC" or Mobilubricant as specified by the Chart of Recommendations.

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*The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Fords. If you drive another make of car, send for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication."*

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New York (Main Office)

VACUUM OIL COMPANY


obedience to the law—the law which they themselves have formulated and laid down. In the discussions at the meetings of the trade council, and at the hearing of the cases, the employers on their part get a better understanding of the attitude of the employes and a fuller realization of the difficulties of the labor representatives in persuading the workers to stand by the agreement.

"Sometimes these labor representatives work like nailers to hold their men together and keep those members with red tendencies from organizing an outlaw strike and smashing the entire impartial machinery to bits. At such times the trade council sits long hours and deliberates far into the night, trying to work out something that will stand the stress and strain and enable them to weather the storm. The labor men, on their part, begin to glimpse some of the problems by which the employer is beset in carrying on his business in this age of razor-keen competition, and having his weekly pay roll always on tap; they see that life is not a bed of roses for the fellow upstairs in the office any more than it is for the fellow downstairs in the shop. This mutual discussion of problems leads not only to better understanding but it builds up faith on both sides. It develops capable and constructive leadership among employers and employes, and when you get this you have an element of safety in representative government in industry. Without it you are thrown back on violence, direct action—the mob."

### *The Court in Session*

"Mind"—he held up a warning finger—"I don't say collective bargaining with permanent impartial machinery is the solution for all our industrial ills; it's not; it's only the starting point for their solution. There's a big difference—see? Just like representative government in our republic. It doesn't solve everything; but it starts us out on the right road—or at least we still think so, though democracy itself is under fire these days. At any rate, we know that this present method of settling disputes in industry is constructive, whereas the old method of settling them by brute force on one side or the other harks back to the Dark Ages."

He broke off, glanced alertly around the room, said, "Everybody here? All right. The meeting will please come to order." And thus the trial began.

It is not my intention to describe here the details of that particular trial, but only its method of procedure. It was simple in the extreme. Both sides set forth their arguments in plain, blunt and often acrimonious speech. Followed a general capitulation of the argument. Then they voted. And in this particular instance, the issue being clean-cut, there was no shadow of compromise. Neither side gave an inch. The four labor representatives voted solidly one way, the four employers solidly the other. It was a deadlock. The impartial chairman must decide. He looked at me and grimaced. It meant a careful scrutiny of the evidence; probably a sleepless night.

"I'm glad I'm not in your shoes," I said as I shook hands with him.

"Oh, this is not so bad!" he laughed. "But sometimes—phew! Talk about the ache of responsibility! That ache makes me walk the floor. For a while there was a lawyer who was the impartial chairman; but he had to give it up; he couldn't stand the strain. One thing, though, he said it taught him: After being impartial chairman of industrial disputes all law cases looked dead easy to him!"

A few days later, meeting Mr. Smith once more, I ventured to inquire about the decision. He told me his verdict and then laughed.

"Both sides hollered!" said he. "Yesterday I ran into one of the labor representatives on the street, and as soon as he saw me he began to cuss. 'Smith,' he barked out, 'that was the rottenest decision of yours that ever came down the pike!' And the funny part was that not an hour before one of the employers had rung me up and begun to raise Cain over the phone. 'I don't know why we pay you good money to hand down stuff like that!' he raved. 'It's the unfairest decision this industry has seen!' And by that," concluded the impartial chairman, "I knew I'd handed down a pretty fair judgment—when both sides wanted my hide!"

This particular form of collective bargaining, based on a trade agreement, with a permanent impartial chairman and machinery to settle disputes, had its origin in the firm of Hart, Schaffner & Marx, said to be the largest employers in the clothing industry in the United States. So successful was this system that it was later extended to other big clothing markets, and is now used by over 160,000 workers in America. It presupposes a strong organization on both sides—a strong employers' association to discipline its recalcitrant members, and a strong union to keep the workers in hand. But with the exception of a few industries such as clothing, mining, printing and the railroads, such strong duality of organization is rarely to be found. And so, side by side with these trade agreements between manufacturing associations and unionized workers, there have grown up other trade agreements, other forms of labor representation and cooperation in nonunion or even anti-union plants. And although the unions violently disapprove of these nonunion substitutes for their own forms of collective bargaining, holding that strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leads to industrial salvation, and that it is not to be achieved save only by holders of a union card, yet these independent enterprises are not lightly to be dismissed, for they indicate and emphasize the big trend of the times. They are signs that the employers are working constructively at the same problems as are the unions; but off their own bat, so to speak, and without kotowing to what they, not without some justice, consider alien authority on the outside.

For purposes of comparison, I visited one of these nonunion plants in which such a trade agreement had been established. The company, fine, solid, reliable, was recommended to me by the labor commissioner as a model in its treatment of its employes throughout the state; and in fact its sense of obligation to its people was so strong that other firms in the same industry, but lesser breeds without the law, were constantly in conflict with the high-grade standards it set. This firm could by no means be called radical. It believed firmly in the principle of private ownership; and with equal firmness in the other principle that the welfare of the worker and that of the employer were bound up in one indissoluble whole; and that the more representation and responsibility and understanding and loyalty that could be brought into play on both sides the better it was for all concerned. It had no time for revolutionary reds on the one hand, nor for profiteering employers on the other; holding both to be, at heart, of the same destructive breed.

### *Unexpected Results*

The firm employed about 4000 women and 8000 men, the great majority foreign born. It paid high wages, and still could not keep down strikes. So they worked out a trade agreement, with a representative council and an impartial chairman for the settlement of all disputes. In some respects I found it even more democratic than the trade-union agreement described above. For one thing, its labor representatives were not designated by the union, but elected through secret ballot by the workers themselves. That is, of course, practically Simon-pure democracy—the crowd picking its own leaders from the midst of the crowd. But this entire question of the value of Simon-pure democracy, whether in business or government, I shall discuss later; and I only touch on it here to show that the employers are stealing the unions' thunder and going them one better at their own game. In still another respect was this trade agreement more democratic: No employe, on any grounds whatsoever, could be discharged until his case had been duly tried before the joint board.

"And how does that work out in actual practice?" I asked the works manager.

"Why," said he with a laugh, "just the exact opposite of what you would naturally think."

"What I would naturally think?" I pondered. "Well, what I would naturally think is this: All workers feel, more or less instinctively, that they have a right to their jobs. And feeling this, they would not deprive a fellow worker of his without the strongest cause. They would say 'Give him another chance,' even though he had no right to it. In other words, the quality of mercy is not strained, and they would give him the benefit of the doubt."

*(Continued on Page 141)*

# Old English Wax

## *The beauty treatment for floors*

Quickly, as you finish your floors with Old English Wax, a rich, velvety lustre appears; not a temporary polish, but a finish that stays—a hard, beautiful surface that does not scratch or show heel-marks.

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Of course, many people still use a soft cloth to apply wax and polish the floor, and it will always be a good way. But with the coming of the Old English Waxer-Polisher, the work of waxing floors on hands and knees is made unnecessary.

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☐ Send me your free book, "Beautiful Floors, Woodwork, and Furniture —Their Finish and Care."

☐ Send me all charges paid an Old English Waxer-Polisher with a can of Wax Free at the special introductory price, \$ [illegible] Denver and West \$4.00 Canada \$4.50 Winnipeg and West \$5.00 which I enclose

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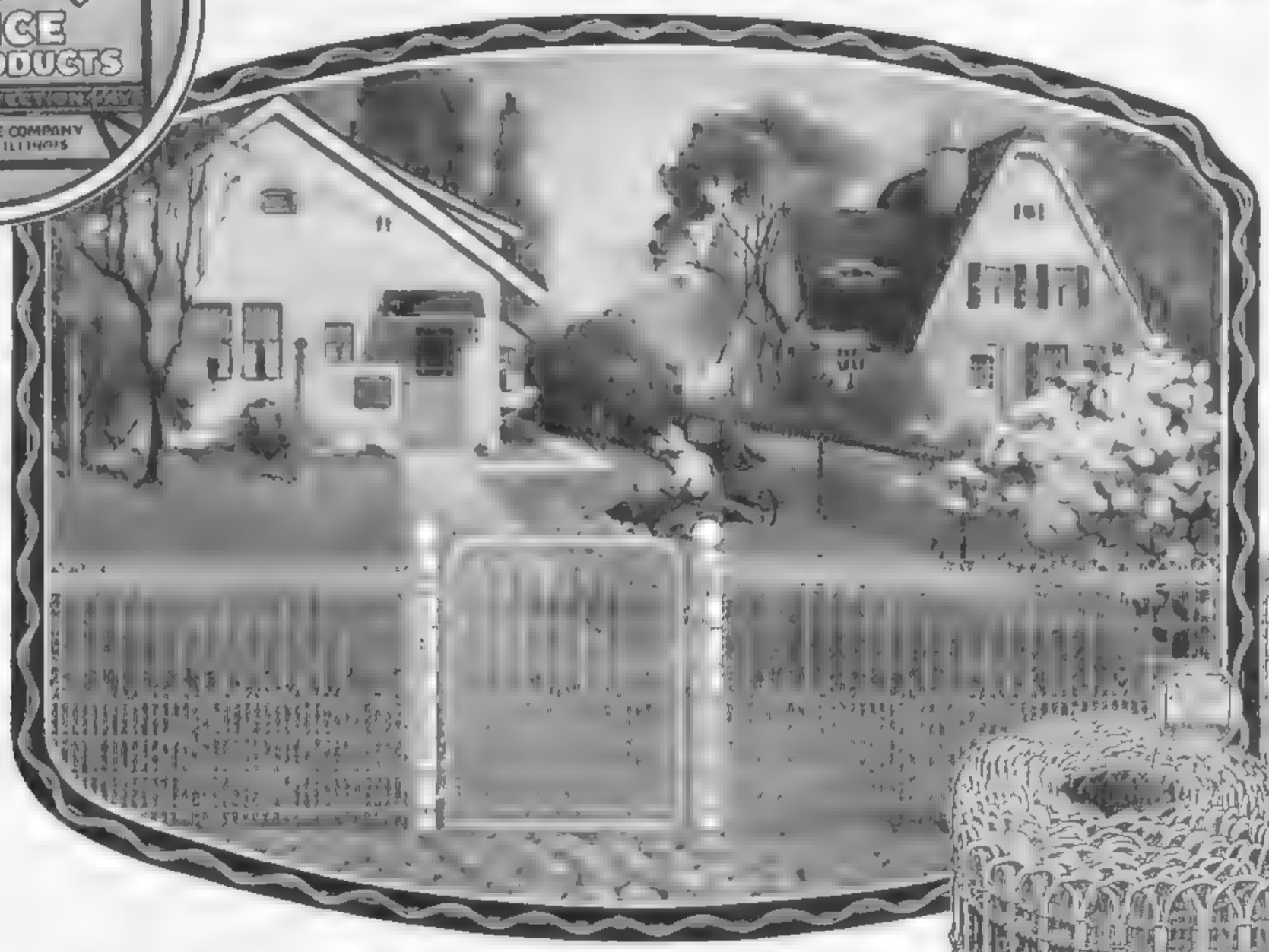

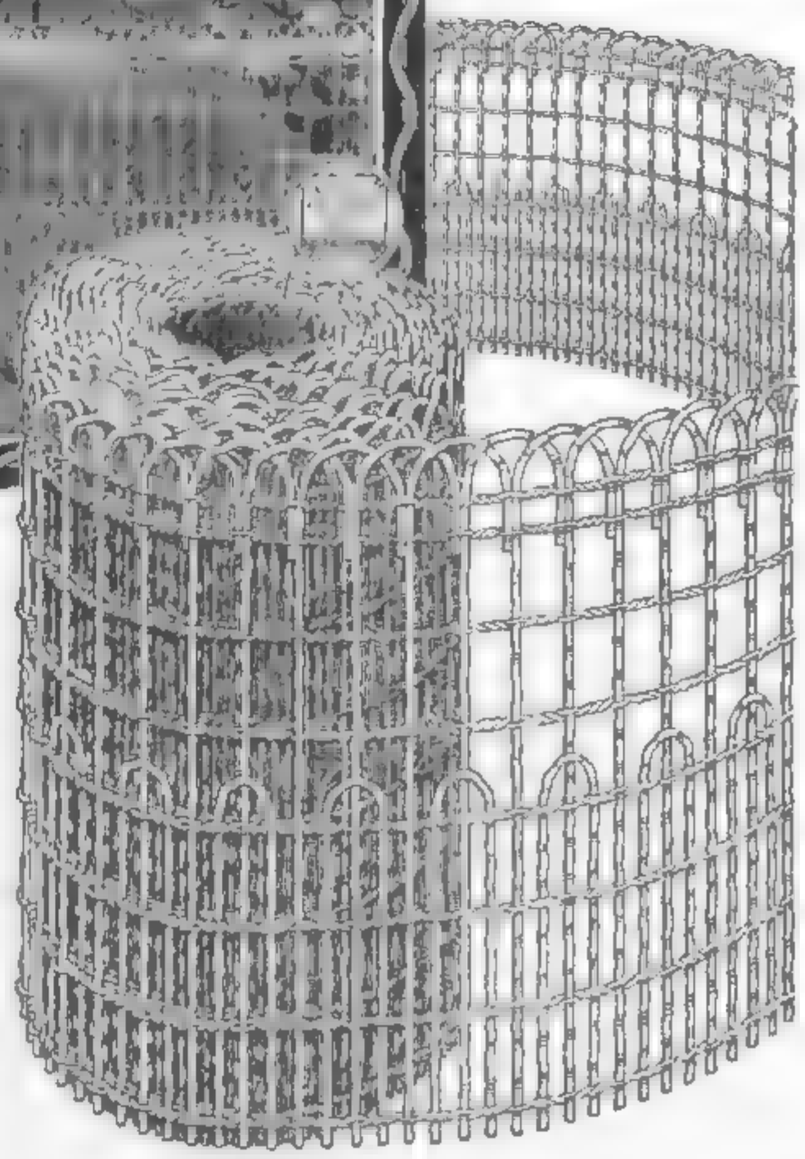

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Your Cyclone dealer can furnish Cyclone Fence in a variety of attractive patterns, in several heights in either wire or iron. Cyclone Lawn Fence Fabric and Gates may be purchased for erection on wood posts and 2x4 top rail. Or "Complete Fence", including tubular steel frame work, fabric, gates and fittings will be supplied. Cyclone Service insures that "Complete Fence" will be made up exactly to fit your individual requirements.

When you buy fencing, gates, trellis wire or flower bed border, be sure to look for the Cyclone "Red Tag". It prevents substitution and is your assurance of genuine Cyclone products of Standard Cyclone Quality, known the world over.

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Cyclone "Complete Fence" with Tubular Steel Frame Work

(Continued from Page 138)

"Yes," he remarked grimly, "that's what you'd think in theory; but it works out the opposite in fact—as a whole lot of things in industry do. The labor representatives will vote solid to discharge a man sooner than the employers will. They are more severe. In industry firing a man is the capital punishment; it's the worst we can do to him, and we don't apply it save as the last resort. For petty offenses there are fines, censures and temporary lay-offs. As a matter of decency we like to give an offender a chance at a come-back. But to our astonishment, our labor representatives handed out stiffer punishments than we did. They'd vote to give a man the limit for a petty offense. There's mass democracy for you! The trouble is that most of the brainy fellows, the guys with real leadership gifts, climb right up out of the general ruck of workers and get into the governing bunch. You can't help that. But outsiders don't take into consideration that there's this constant sifting process going on; that it's all fluid as the dickens, the smart fellow boiling up to the top and the boob sinking down to the bottom, where by natural gravity he belongs.

"Well, in this joint board we discuss any old thing that comes up: wages, hours, conditions; how much the employer down the road pays his men; production; and how the devil we are to meet our contracts, pay our bills and still not cut the weekly pay roll. We have a special committee on machinery, and we pay for practical, workable suggestions on how to better our lighting, heating, seating arrangements and other conditions of work. Then we have a profit-sharing plan, and our books are open; no secret diplomacy. In my private judgment, any profit-sharing scheme which does not include a free and frank showing of the firm's books is not worth the paper it's written upon; for the worker is dead sure to suspect that the employer is profiteering and fobbing him off with less than his rightful share. That's human nature, and if you don't take human nature into consideration in industry you're beat from the start."

"And how does your whole scheme work?"

"H'm!" He rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Fair. We-ell, let's modify that and say just middling fair. You see," he added, "this whole business of democracy—the noble, highfalutin', Simon-pure article, I mean—whether in politics or business or in plain little old family life, I'm not sure but that it's one of the magnificent illusions of humanity; like pure happiness. Maybe we've been gold-bricking ourselves all the time, kidding ourselves along. How much do the people at bottom really want this ideal thing they call democracy—outside of the politicians at election time? There's the real question—not how much we want them to want it. That's a vastly different thing. How much are they willing to pay for it in terms of self-discipline and sacrifice?"

### The Petrified Truth

"Look at Ford! A benevolent tyrant; imposing his will from on high; practically no democratic government in his plant. And yet his people eat it alive. Why? Because they're getting something for nothing. They have no bother, no responsibility, and they reap all the advantages of his fine organizing brain; short hours and fat pay. It's a cinch—but it's not democracy; and yet it works.

"You see, what I'm trying to do is to check up our book theories about politics and industry with the hard actualities that we bump up against every day; and I find a gulf between theory and practice that you couldn't pitch a stone across. Now, you can jettison your fine-spun theories and stick close to the actual—as some of our hard-boiled industrials do; or you can jettison the actual and stick close to your fine-spun theories—as our parlor reformers do; or you can fumble and grope for the hidden law that knits up the two—as our modern scientists do. As for me, I guess I'm one of those fellows they call behaviorists. I'll deduce my theories from practice—the way the thing actually behaves when you try it out—and not the other way around.

"In this plant we're up against a heavy percentage of foreign-born workers—Italians, Poles, with a smattering of Russians and Germans. Democracy, they say, is operable only in a small body of homogeneous and like-minded folks. If that's true we've not the proper ingredients here. As a matter of fact, even with our labor representatives elected directly by the workers in the shop, what we actually get is not representative government, but a flourishing little dictatorship.

"Here's how it works—now see how actuality puts theory on the skids: The workers elect their representatives to the trade council. Good! They elect them by secret ballot. Good! But one of them, an Italian, bosses all the rest. What he says goes. His name is Nuzola. Now, Nuzola's a smart fellow. Lots of animal magnetism, and in a showdown not so short on brains. But that's neither here nor there. The point is that in the trade meetings Nuzola swings the entire bunch; he's the whole works; the other labor representatives follow him like sheep. He's the dictator, and except for the looks of the thing, we might as well deal with him alone. Which fact nobody knows any better than Mr. Nuzola himself!

"Do you see what I'm getting at? This business called democracy, when you get right down to hard, rock-bottom fact, is a rather peculiar thing; it's like quicksilver; just when you think you've got it under your finger it slips and slithers right out from under your grasp; and when you look again, by Jove! it's not democracy at all, but a rank little tyranny you've got on your hands. And that, as Mark Twain says, is the petrified truth."

These two examples of coöperation and trade agreements, one in a strongly unionized industry, the other in a nonunion plant, are fairly representative of what is going forward in a thousand separate instances in American industrial life today. It is an idea, a principle; and that principle has taken firm root and is establishing itself both in union and nonunion soil. None of the firms in which I found these trade agreements and labor representation could be called radical. Most of them had installed the system much as they would install new machinery or a new sales plan, and for the same reasons—to obtain an efficient, smooth-running business whole. They were simply proceeding on the modern principle of coöperation with their labor instead of the old principle of destructive warfare.

### A Backward Glimpse

It is worth while at this point to pause a moment and take a brief glimpse backward over the rough, turbulent stream of our industrial life in America; to note its early beginnings, its trend, and see how far we have progressed from those first strong, picturesque and violent pioneering times when every employer played a lone hand and was absolute monarch in his own concern, responsible only to his conscience and his God.

In those early days, before big-scale industry with its consolidation of power and interlocking financial directorates began to shape and channelize the course of the business stream, independent employers ran their shows pretty much to please themselves. The leaders of that pioneer period were rampant individualists, and rampant individualism always connotes autocracy. So, in industry, we began with autocracy. The bulk of the power centered up in one man. That is bound to be true in a pioneering, developing age. Men must have freedom, scope, swing, in order to put over big enterprises.

"A bunch of little czars," a labor leader contemptuously dubbed these first empire builders.

But such characterization falls far short of the truth. They were, indeed, a bunch of czars; not little czars but great ones, comparable to the first Cæsar, to Hannibal, or to Alexander the Great—for their enemies were not mere human pygmies like themselves, or marching columns of vulnerable flesh, but stupendous, snow-pinnacled mountain ranges, raging torrents, incredible chasms and bleak frozen wastes inimical to man. They were czars of imagination.

"How far eastward shall we go?" a bunch of chainmen on the Nevada desert who were surveying for a transcontinental railroad telegraphed to their chief in Carson City.

The laconic wire came back: "To the Atlantic Ocean, blast you! And then bridge it and go on!"

And feats well-nigh as difficult as that were constantly being met and overcome by these hardy pioneers. Czars? Well, let it go at that. But czars with a broad vision and a constructive leadership that held


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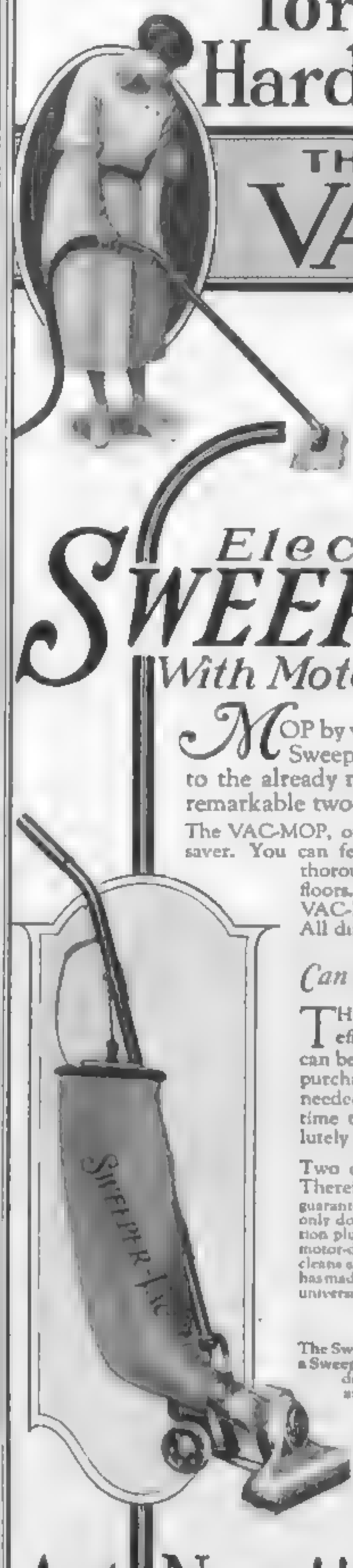

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The VAC-MOP, our latest invention, is a marvelous labor-saver. You can feel the bite and pull of the vacuum as it thoroughly cleans tile, linoleum and hardwood floors. While cleaning and polishing the floors the VAC-MOP is cleaning itself. No shaking it out. All dirt is sucked up into a non-spill dust bag.

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THE astounding thing about this valuable, efficient and sanitary VAC-MOP is that it can be obtained absolutely without cost when you purchase an Electric Sweeper-Vac. You have always needed this two-in-one Sweeper-Vac. Now is the time to get it and with it this VAC-MOP absolutely free.

Two cleaners in one at the price of only one. Therein lies the great advantage of owning this guaranteed and approved Electric Sweeper-Vac cleaner. Not only does it clean by the ideal combination of powerful suction plus the gentle sweeping action of a correctly speeded motor-driven brush but by a simple move of "that lever" it cleans also by powerful suction alone. This two-in-one feature has made the easy gliding, deep-cleaning, Electric Sweeper-Vac universally famous.

DEFERRED PAYMENTS

The Sweeper-Vac time payment Plan makes it easy to own a Sweeper-Vac and Vac-Mop—at once! Phone your nearest dealer. He will gladly explain the matter of payments and will arrange a free home demonstration for you.

"A tribute to those lighting companies whose unceasing service makes electrical conveniences possible and whose unhampered development assures rapid growth to their supporting communities."

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164 Fremont St.
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*With no obligation other than that which I owe myself to know about this marvelous invention, kindly send me descriptive literature of the Sweeper-Vac and Vac-Mop and also the name of your nearest dealer.*

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With all their refinement Florsheim Shoes are sturdy—enduring. Style is a part of them—not merely a surface finish.

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neither class nor caste, and a stake that was nation-big.

Iniquities, injustices there were bound to be under this autocratic régime. And the idea of cooperation, copartnership with labor was not yet hatched; it had not even pipped the shell. So the autocrats conceived themselves to be well within their rights and marching with their times. Hard on labor? Yes; but equally hard on their wives and their sons and their daughters, and equally hard on themselves. Perhaps the greatest injustice of all was that under such a system the workers themselves did not, in the very beginning of industry, learn those slow and painful lessons of self-government, self-discipline, and the imposing of checks and restraints upon the unbridled passions of the mob, which same slow and painful lessons are the very bulwarks of a democratic civilization. But there's no use being too sniffy about our ancestors, either in industrial or in private life, since we cannot alter them, good or bad; and the main proposition after all is, things being as they are, where do we go from here?

### *The Era of Consolidation*

Well, in business we went from the first period of isolation and the lone hand to the second period of organization—consolidation of great interests and large-scale industry. Both capital and labor began to organize, to build up strong militant oligarchies with centralized powers for purposes of offense and defense. Organized warfare—that was the dominant note of this second phase; each side fighting for power. Labor was tired of being under dog and had decided to be top dog for a while. It wanted justice, but it wanted a jolly sight more than bare justice. Who of us is content with that? It wanted all it could lay hands on and wring from capital by strategy and by war. So capital organized and labor counterorganized, and the idea behind both organizations was the same.

"What do you fellows want anyhow?" snapped a badgered employer of the old régime to a labor leader. "If we give you an inch you grab an ell. You're whole-hoggers, that's what you are! You're trying to wipe us out."

"Sure we are!" grinned the labor man unabashed. "You said it, Mister Employer. That's just what we're out to do."

Now, there were certain indubitable rights on both sides; but the idea of getting together on the common ground of these rights and of working the problem out with their heads instead of with brute force did not seem to appeal. Neither side wanted arbitration or the rule of drab reason, for they were not yet fed up with war; and so war it continued to be. They met strategy with strategy, chicane with chicane, and there were bribery and corruption and buying and selling in both camps. At first the employers had more dollars, and dollars are the sinews of war. So the labor organizations got busy and provided themselves with the same; they levied stiff assessments, started war chests and cannily invested their cash—which, in some cases, ran up into millions—in the very corporations which they were fighting tooth and nail to destroy. In the year 1921 they expended not far from $10,000,000 for strikes alone.

In the meantime, where was the workingman in this stern conflict between two oligarchies, each sparing no pains to win? Like the grain of wheat between the upper and nether millstones, he caught it both ways. For the necessities of life forced him into industry, and the unions snatched him out on strike. He caught it both coming and going, and between his two masters he had neither money nor peace, and precious little say as to how the war should be waged. That was big-league stuff, engineered by the guys higher up.

"See here," says the big fellow the world over to the little fellow snared in the net of life, "I'll fight your battles for you; leave it to me; but you got to put up the jack."

"Fair enough!" says the little fellow, and so he puts up the jack, and then sticks around for results.

And sooner or later he makes the grievous discovery that they are not fighting for his rights at all but to satisfy their own private passions and greeds—for power, vainglory, or for primeval lust of battle itself, the ancient desire to raise hell. And when the little fellow gets this thoroughly battered into his skull rebellions begin to arise and governments to fall.

So it was with some of the oligarchic labor unions. The men began to drop out; to desert; to resign; to cuss the unions out among themselves. Instead of one they had two masters, and between them they couldn't call their souls their own. Some grumbled and stuck; some, with more initiative, began to break off from the oligarchic parent stem and to form independent branches, with freer, more constructive ideas.

And so, out of this harsh and bitter struggle, based on the false idea of class warfare, extermination and hate—Gott strafe the employer!—good began to come. For one thing, the unions put the right of the worker to organize and to be represented by his own delegates in matters touching his job fairly and squarely on the map for all the world to see. Nor was that all. For certain independent unions, as well as nonunion groups, wearied of the ceaseless strikes, began to come to terms with their employers. And certain employers, on their side, began to reach out for a more constructive doctrine, some method or system or device by means of which brain worker and hand worker, foreman and plant manager, director and department head, master and man, all toiling together under the same roof, might labor in peace and harmony, with certain rights and agreements, and not be forever flying at each other's throats. For the wastage under the destructive régime was appalling—appalling on both sides. Thus the idea of coöperation sprouted—sprouted on both sides at about the same time, springing from the same root—the desire for peace. Forward-looking employers, and independent, constructive-minded unions or nonunion groups began to get together. They began by discussing and ended by drawing up agreements binding on both sides. It was the installation of law and order within the industry itself, the substitution of brains for brute force.

This is evolution; evolution from within, not imposed from without.

### *Rock-Ribbed Opponents*

Of this idea of coöperation it cannot be said that it came and saw and conquered all in a single night; both sides did not straightway fall down in adoration as before a splendid vision of peace. But some, a few, turned it over dubiously, turned away, then returned to it again and said, "Well, we can't be worse off than we are now; let's try the darn thing out." It was as tentative as that.

Emerson says that one of the most painful things in the world is the penetration of a new idea to the brain. The idea of coöperation as a practical substitute for labor warfare was substantially a new idea, and it is not astonishing that in both camps there were boneheads whose skulls were too thick to penetrate. Certain rock-ribbed reactionary employers of the old-time school of thought were scandalized to their marrowbones at the bare idea of workers having any rights. Certain equally rock-ribbed and reactionary labor unions, born and brought up on the claptrap of class consciousness and like catchwords, still lived only to bring the employer to his wicked knees and force him to feed out of their hands. They admitted no rights to capital, nor yet to labor outside their ranks. Tight, hard little oligarchies. No democracy or vision there. In addition, there were certain red organizations which were out to bust up all capital and the whole social régime. They also still hung on to the idea of violence, direct action, brute force.

All these factions—reactionary employers, oligarchic labor unions and red extremists—were bucking the selfsame idea; the idea of representative government applied to industry as it has already been applied to politics for over a hundred years. Strange bedfellows! Industrially, they rarely met; socially, they trained with far different gangs; but intellectually, in their imperviousness to ideas, they were blood brothers, whole-hoggers, every one. Profiteer, red, or hardshell union zealot, each was out for the selfsame thing—the earth with a fence around it for his own crowd, and the devil take the rest.

But between these reactionary and revolutionary extremists, a big, solid, sane-minded group of employers and employes began to get together on a constructive basis, agreeing to submit their differences to representative boards composed of leaders chosen by either side. There is nothing

(Continued on Page 144)

Room designed by Frederick L. Ackerman, Architect, New York
Furnishings by Carl Heck, Decorator, New York

# Why tolerate cracking, brittle plaster?

BY UPSONIZING you can have walls and ceilings of enduring charm that can never crack or fall.

Nearly every home—probably your own—has one or more rooms that are a source of embarrassment because of their appearance. For plaster inevitably cracks or falls! It can *never be patched* satisfactorily.

In a few days you can easily transform such a room—just as the beautiful colonial room pictured here has been transformed—by having your carpenter apply Upson Board right over the old plaster.

Upson Board is the *nearest*-perfect wall and ceiling material for every kind of building, new or old. It has the enviable record of less than one complaint to every 5,000,000 feet sold and used.

Although fittingly used in the finest of homes, as well as the modest cottage, it is not expensive. For about $9, east of the Rockies, you can buy enough ⅜" Upson Board—*stronger*, harder and stiffer than the ordinary board—for the ceiling of a 12' by 16' room. For only $2 more, you can have *Extra Thick—Extra Strong* Upson Board (¼") which gives even greater strength and durability. These prices do not include labor—nor the trim which may be varied to meet your ideas.

Upson Board is *different!* It is neither brittle nor absorbent like some boards—thus it reduces waste in handling and saves $5 to $15 per room in painting.

Applied with Upson Fasteners, Upson Board is the only board held securely in place *from the back.* Disfiguring nail holes are eliminated. The use of Fasteners, too, usually cuts the cost of applying Upson Board in half.

Write for portfolio of Upsonized interiors and finished samples of Upson Board or Upson-Fiber-Tile.

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Contrast the shabby, cracked plaster of the room below with the same room—shown above—after ceiling and walls have been Upsonized and decorated in harmony with the furnishings.

# UPSON PROCESSED BOARD

Upson-Fiber-Tile makes snow-white, sanitary bathroom and kitchen walls. It looks like expensive ceramic tile, but costs only one-tenth as much.

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# "What Do You Eat?"

THAT is one of the first questions the doctor always asks. For what you eat has much to do with how you feel. And medical science in recent years is attaching greater importance to proper foods.

Among the simple vegetable foods which have now been found to have great value as natural conditioners and regulators is an old favorite with millions—sauerkraut.

Everyone has always known how good sauerkraut *is*, but few have known the good it *does*. Although those nations with which it has always been an important food have long been known for their health and long life.

Science has now found that sauerkraut is rich in lactic ferments. And lactic ferments are among the most valuable of intestinal cleansers and disinfectants. They free the intestinal tract of the harmful germs which so often cause disease. They restore normal functioning.

And with intestinal cleanliness and normal functioning come increased appetite, restful sleep and marked improvement in general health. Many physicians are now advising sauerkraut as an article of diet in such ailments as diabetes and serious digestive disturbances.

All these interesting truths about the value of sauerkraut as a natural conditioner and regulator are interestingly told in detail in the free booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food." It contains also new and tested recipes. Mail the coupon for your copy now.

(Sauerkraut may be purchased at grocery stores, meat markets, delicatessen stores)

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(Continued from Page 142)

dramatic about self-discipline; whereas revolt, violence, bloodshed are gratifying to our lusts—to the jungle beast in us all. So the third period, the constructive, coöperative period, which we have but recently entered upon, slowly, tentatively, with much groping and doubt, has not attached to it the same passionate, spectacular interest as have the two more turbulent periods of autocracy and organized destructive warfare.

Who would go to see a dull civil suit when he could run to witness a lively little street riot with a hail of bullets and bricks and stones, and maybe Bill Jones shot dead in his tracks, and Mrs. Bill down on her knees by the crumpled corpse, screaming curses at the murderer of her man? One's blind red passion; the other's cool-headed sense; and the only thing to be said in favor of the latter dull method is that it works, whereas the picturesque one won't.

But the dawn of a perfect day in industry did not come up like thunder—not by a long shot. It is not even yet sunup in the new régime. By a conservative estimate it's somewhere around five A.M., a clear but chilly twilight, with about equal prospects of sunshine, snow or blowing the hair off your head. But one thing we do know: Trade agreements and arbitration are here to stay. The first one was made in 1865, between the iron puddlers and the associated iron manufacturers. Then, in 1869 came along the coal miners, with the railroads close behind. Now, thirty-two states have arbitration laws, and there are five Federal acts for the settlement of labor disputes. But laws are merely solidified public opinion, and I'm showing you public opinion in the making—a little cross section of the row from the inside. Employers did not turn into plaster saints overnight; nor the workers either.

### The Suggestion Box

Little by little the employers started to bind their employes to them, to yield concessions, to make it worth their while to stick with the plant. And first of all these activities took the form of welfare work. There were sports, dances, needlework and millinery for the girls, and trade schools for the boys. The bitter-enders and die-hards in the labor unions gave the ha-ha to this sissy movement. But the idea, at bottom, was sound. It meant arousing the interest of the workers, leading them along the easy lower trails of culture and self-discipline.

What is welfare work anyhow? The radicals will sneeringly tell you that it is a sop flung to slaves. But the trouble with most of their definitions is that they are dictated by their passions instead of by their heads. A bulletin of the United States Labor Department soberly defines it as "anything for the comfort and improvement, intellectual or social, of the employes, over and above the wages paid, which is not a necessity of the industry nor required by law."

For a while this idea of welfare work bit deep into the employers' minds; it seemed the way out of the wilderness into the promised land. So they went at it hammer and tongs.

I visited several of these plants that have installed elaborate welfare schemes. A glimpse of one such system may serve for all. This particular sample is in a company which employs 18,000 workers in the field and home plant. Here we find schools cultural and trade classes; health courses, with doctors, nurses, free dental treatment, hospitals, and rest and vacation camps; free libraries and free restaurants; bonuses, insurance and profit-sharing schemes. In its last yearly report the company gives as a reason for the expenditure of these vast sums: "The company has always felt that the amount expended is a justifiable expenditure, and that it brings large results in increased efficiency, permanency and loyalty."

It was an easy step from these welfare schemes to collective bargaining, trade councils and arbitration set up inside the industry itself between employers and employes without using the unions as a go-between. And this went on apace until the war, when everything slackened off inside of industry and out. It need hardly be said that not all welfare schemes, or profit-sharing and labor-representative systems set up inside plants are equally valuable. Some are pure fads, some are sentimental or experimental. In not a few cases they are sheer flimflam and bunk, installed by insincere employers who covet the name of being liberal without actually giving way one inch on their hidebound autocracy. One such hard-boiled old-timer was bemoaning to a factory inspector, who told me the tale, the ingratitude of the workers and their inability to appreciate what was done for them.

"Why," he exclaimed, "I even installed a suggestion box! The workers were to put in any suggestions they liked. It was to be anonymous, in order to make them absolutely frank and free. Well, I called them together, made them a speech, told them my profoundest desire was for their happiness and welfare—and then I awaited events. When I opened that suggestion box at the end of the first week I assure you it was with an actual thrill of the heart. I expected something big, something er—fine—extra special, you know. But ——"

He broke off, wagged a solemn head and heaved a deep, gusty sigh.

"Go on," urged the woman inspector. "What were some of the suggestions?"

"None that I could use at all."

"But—please! Give me an example."

"Well, as I said, I opened that box with an actual thrill, and right off I got a nasty shock."

"What did the suggestion say?"

He gazed at her with heavy solemnity. "It said 'Go to hell!'"

The inspector suppressed a smile.

"Well, of course, you couldn't be expected to use that particular suggestion. But how about the others?"

"Every bit as bad."

"But specify!"

"Why, they all had to do with wages or working conditions or hours; things that couldn't be changed. I tell you, it's no use doing things for some folks."

The flippant worker who had written as his suggestion "Go to hell!" had sized up his man about right—and there are a lot of such whited sepulchers going about. Honesty, integrity of purpose, the intention to play fair and square—these are the prime requisites in dealing with mankind; and no substitutes, no matter how fair seeming, can take their place. The underlying principle of welfare work—to draw together the various elements of an organization and by closer contacts to promote harmony and understanding—is based on sound psychology; but no such schemes can ever be substituted for justice and fair, open treatment between labor and capital in the fundamental relationships of hours, wages, conditions of work and the absolute right of the worker to be consulted in matters touching his job. It is, moreover, these whole-hog profiteering employers, who, in order to cover up their greed, erect a false façade of welfare work, that have brought the entire system into bad odor, the effect of which is that a large group of employers will not touch it with a ten-foot pole. Asked why, they reply bluntly "It stinks." For which, of course, not the idea itself but its rank abuse is to blame.

### Purpose of Welfare Work

In my visits to the various plants I asked the directors what was the object of all this extensive welfare work. The replies revealed the man. One vice president said that it was to humanize industry. Phew! Just exactly what did he mean by that? My own private notion was that the chief trouble with industry was that it was too human already to suit some folks; that it had too much of the violent old-Adam apple juice fermenting in its blood; and that what society was trying to do was to tame it, denature it, get it down to a Volstead basis and extract its primitive kick.

Another plant manager said frankly it was to combat the labor unions and cut down his labor turnover. He added, moreover, that it worked. Still another said he believed in coöperation. Nobody, he declared, who knew anything about the inside of a big business could draw a dead line and say: "On this side of the line are the real guys who keep the works going; on the other side are the dead beats and parasites who live upon our backs." For a business, he said, was like a live organism. Automatically it sloughed off inefficiency, dead matter, waste, whether that waste was poor officials or poor clerks or poor factory hands. If it didn't it presently ceased being a live organism and became a dead one; it financially passed on. So business ejected dead beats and deadheads, whether bigwigs or factory hands. It fired the little fellows more or less openly and the big fellow more or less *sub rosa* so as not to hurt his vanity; but the result was all the same.

Coöperation, he went on to say—and I need not tell you it was a chemist speaking here—was the underlying principle of business, just as it was the underlying principle of matter, of all creative life. Elements had to fuse—often hard, contradictory, explosive elements—before you got anywhere. And so, for himself, any welfare system, any trade agreement, inside of unions or out, which fused the various elements in a plant into a harmonious whole, was functioning along the right line, and he was for it strong. Representation of labor in industry? Certainly! Constitutional government and binding agreements and people selecting their own members to sit in trade councils and committees marched exactly with the whole spirit of Anglo-Saxon history. Thus the chemist.

Two questions arise as to this whole business of democracy. First, how much the people really want to rule themselves; and, secondly, how much mass capacity they have for the task. In politics and in industry I found the men nearest the people extremely cynical of the ability of the masses to rule themselves.

"We just can't get 'em out to vote," said a politician. "A few stay up late at night, mapping out schemes and plans. They stick on the job. And presently the mob are calling these few bosses and hollering for a new deal."

### A Big Problem

The testimony of a union man was along the same line. Leaders, said he, had to be carefully picked for leadership qualities and more or less guarded from mass emotion and mass fluctuation of choice.

"Give them a fight, a special cause," said he, "and we can get them out. But for routine business—well, the truth of the matter is we don't need them; they just bull things up. The leaders decide; the rest ratify."

"What is your biggest problem?" I asked a certain labor representative of a trade council who had not been elected but designated by his union to represent the workers in collective bargaining.

He answered like a shot: "To keep the men from breaking their agreement and going out on strike. That would smash everything we're trying right now to build. But when a man's got a grievance he wants to rip things up. To submit his case, and then stand by the verdict, even when that verdict goes against him—well, that sort of gets his goat. And the redder the tone of the members, the more goat there is in their natures to get. We've simply got to go slow."

Mr. Gifford Pinchot, governor of Pennsylvania, said to me last year, commenting on the hot primary contest in that state: "Do you know what was in my estimation the most significant feature of the entire fight? It was that, despite the fact that it was one of the most bitterly contested primary elections in the history of the state, with the widest publicity, yet the election returns showed that one-half our voters did not even go to the polls."

Apathy, indifference, yelling for the perfect harvest, but refusing to take part in the humdrum business of plowing and sowing the seed—that seems about to sum up the sentiment of the masses, high and low, according to leaders in business, politics and labor organizations. Here again, the theory and the fact conflict. What are we to do? Abolish the direct primary in government, or the direct voting by workers in industry for the leaders in their shop? By no means. The designation of leaders in political conventions or by an inside clique in labor unions is a bad thing; bad because it blocks the way to self-education and self-discipline, which are the key arches of democracy itself.

"Mankind," said the impartial chairman, "does seem to have a passion for liberty. Over and over again we have seen men prefer an imperfect government for which they are responsible to an excellent government imposed upon them from the outside."

True. But there's no dodging the fact that the big job, both in government and in industry, today is to get the people themselves interested, to make them realize that privilege and obligation are but two aspects of one and the same shield. And the way of self-education and self-discipline, as the chemist remarked, is a heavy uphill grade.

*Send for Our Book*

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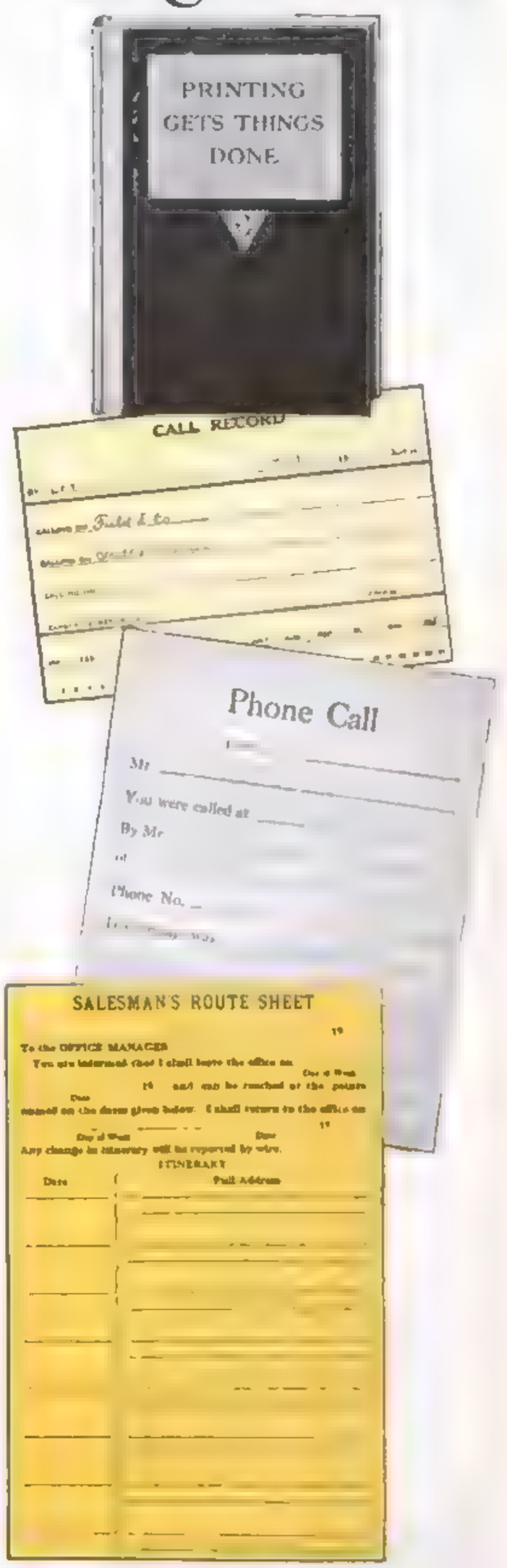


# Pieces of paper that find men

Mr. Ralph is not at his desk.

There is a phone call for him. A gentleman has called and inquired for him. The General Manager has asked to see him—and nobody seems to know where he is or when he will be back.

At the right are three simple forms intended to serve in just these emergencies. Blank paper won't do. When printed forms are used, there are standard methods for doing things that otherwise would not be done at all.

This is a fact easily understood, and yet our book, "Printing Gets Things Done," has been enthusiastically received by executives who have used this book to instruct their organizations in the proper use of printed forms.

The kinds of printed forms that get work done deserve respect because they represent value.

Hammermill Bond is the proper paper for this kind of printing because it is sturdy and durable, easy to write on with pen, pencil, or typewriter.

Forms should be easily identified, and Hammermill Bond is obtainable in twelve colors and white. Forms should be easy to order, and where all office and factory printing is standardized on Hammermill Bond, deliveries of printed forms in large or small quantities are usually prompt.

Every printer knows Hammermill Bond and has, or can quickly obtain, ample stocks of it in any desired color.

The widespread acceptance and general use of this paper have made it possible to sell Hammermill Bond at a little lower price than is asked for any other standard bond paper. Some firms using enormous quantities of forms and stationery and buying all supplies with care and forethought have standardized on Hammermill Bond for all the writing paper used in transacting business. Even their checks are printed on Hammermill Safety Paper.

The book, "Printing Gets Things Done," is free on request. It shows how to use forms and contains a variety of forms in different colors applicable to almost any type of business

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA

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# HAMMERMILL BOND

**The Utility Business Paper**

THE three forms shown here are typical of those explained in our free book, "Printing Gets Things Done." The phone call form gets written down every detail of the call that came in your absence. The others make it easy to locate the man who is away from his desk, whether for a few hours or for several days.

# *The remarkable record of* KLEARFLAX *in the California Theatre*

LOS ANGELES is, quite naturally, the home of one of the most beautiful moving picture theatres in the world—the California.

Not the least of the interesting things about it is the record of the Klearflax carpeting used in the aisles.

6,000,000 people walked upon this carpet during a period of 135 weeks—an average of 50,000 a week. And not one cent of expense for mending or repairing it! Moreover, the manager estimated a continued wearing service of two more years.

As Mr. Miller says: "We have never seen a floor covering perform like Klearflax. Its coloring is beautiful; it is sanitary and easy to clean and keep clean."

The explanation of this remarkable record lies in the very qualities that have given Klearflax its great vogue both in attractive homes and fine public buildings. For Klearflax is made of the strongest and most durable of fabrics—linen. Reversible, it has a double opportunity to serve.

As for beauty, Klearflax shares the affinity of linen fabric for lovely colors, as you will see in the soft Klearflax shades of sand, chestnut, green, blues, gray, rose, mole, taupe, mulberry and beige. And now every one of these colors is obtainable in a bordered effect—a delightful new addition to the Klearflax selection.

You will also find the new Picwick mixtures very pleasing. They are handsome color combinations which are extremely practical as they present a mingled surface effect. Highly artistic results are possible with these quite original mixtures.

You know that "feel" of roughness and stiffness that all *new* linen has. And you know how soft and silky it becomes with use. You will notice, when you take hold of Klearflax, a quite pronounced roughness in texture. This is because into Klearflax are woven the coarse outer fibres of the linen plant as well as the silky inner ones. These stiff strands, however, soon soften with use and, like all linen, Klearflax becomes finer and more beautiful.

These same tough outer fibres give Klearflax a very thick, heavy body that lies flat on the floor and wears indefinitely. You can clean it so easily, for, being linen, it is mothproof and does not readily absorb dirt; you can redye it and rebind it and have a perennially new rug that daily grows more beautiful and seems never to wear out.

Klearflax is very moderately priced; a 9 x 12 rug is $45; other sizes priced accordingly—somewhat higher in the far West and Canada. The all-over carpeting is also very popular, especially in the extra widths, for large spaces. It is priced $3.75 a square yard. The Klearflax trade-mark or label on every rug is your guarantee of genuine Klearflax, pure linen, both warp and woof, and protects you against cheaper imitations. You will find Klearflax at one of the better stores near you. If you do not know which one, write us.

Send for booklet showing complete size and color range of Klearflax rugs and carpeting and giving interesting information on home decoration. The Klearflax Linen Looms, Inc., Duluth, Minnesota; New York, Textile Bldg., 295 Fifth Ave.; Chicago, Lytton Bldg., 14 E. Jackson Blvd.; Boston, 1058 Little Bldg.

*Klearflax*

**LINEN RUGS & CARPETING**

*from The Klearflax Linen Looms, Inc.*

DULUTH, MINNESOTA

# A MATTER OF ORGANIZATION

(Continued from Page 11)

he was filled with speech. If he said anything more this evening it would mean a quarrel or a cry for Linda. He couldn't risk either. So he merely muttered "Darn this old collar button," and ignored the issue.

Nor did Linda press it. She was intent on brushing into silky smoothness her thick light hair. Presently this was done, and she tied it with a wide pink ribbon, making her look like a very little girl indeed. Roddy, gazing at her with the abject tenderness which the sight of her like this always produced in him, was curiously conscious of a revolutionary thought.

"Loving's not enough when people are married," Roddy evolved, slowly and painfully. "There ought to be—there ought to be a—a"—he fumbled for the phrase—"a satisfactory organization."

There it was; there was what he lacked, he and Linda—a satisfactory organization. Slipping off into a delicious drowsiness, he reminded himself that he must quietly, seriously and sensibly talk to Linda about it—soon.

The chance, however, to talk things over, quietly and seriously and sensibly, did not materialize. They seemed to live in such a scramble. In the mornings they scrambled through dressing and breakfast; and though he helped valiantly, they never could get the dishes cleared away and the place in any sort of order before Linda looked at the clock and announced with a little gasp of dismay, "Oh, I'll have to fly! Old Peffer is so hateful these days."

At night they would go out for dinner, and if Linda was not so tired that she wanted to go to bed at once—as sometimes happened—she seemed infected with a mad desire to rush out to the movies, or to see some of the bunch, or to have some of the bunch in to see them. They didn't save a cent—they couldn't.

In his walks to and from the office Roddy had his sole time for thought. Striding along through the slush and slop of midwinter, he would wonder confusedly why life was so unsatisfactory.

"Here I am," he told himself time and again, "married to the best girl in the world, and we've got a nice little flat, and I've got a good job and the chance of the managership; and yet we don't seem to get much out of it. It's all rush and scurry, rush and scurry."

It occurred to him that he had been much better oriented and had possessed a vanished but very desirable quality of content when he was a bachelor; but this was heresy and schism, and he put the thought away from him violently.

And yet the doubt faintly persisted. When they were first married he had not minded. It was so strange and wonderful to have Linda with him; to see her in her blue negligee, with her mop of curls in delightful disorder; to hear the scuffle of her little mules, with the roses on the toes; to talk with her endlessly about what they would buy for the flat, and then shop with her for it on blissful Saturday afternoons; to build shelves, put up curtains, shift furniture at her imperious bidding. But now the flat was furnished, the shelves built, the furniture in place. But they didn't seem to be any more settled. Why was it?

If he could only talk it all out with Linda! But she eluded him when he tried this; sometimes with a joke and a kiss; sometimes with an impatience that was almost fretful. He wondered sometimes if she might be the least bit unsatisfied too—and this fancy worried him unspeakably.

Then, over at Rufus and Cathleen Crisp's one night, the subject came up without his volition. They had had a game of cards, and Cathleen went out to the kitchen and brought in coffee and a heaping plateful of sugar-dusted fat rings, at sight of which Roddy gave a shout of joy.

"Doughnuts!" he cried. "My first, last and middle name; also my two best nicknames and alias. I'm the original Doughnut Kid! You made 'em yourself, Cathleen?"

"Yeah," said Cathleen, beaming. "Fried 'em in the spattery grease and sugared 'em 'n' everything. Fly to 'em, Roddy."

"Cathleen makes the best doughnuts in the whole world," said Rufus proudly. "She's a bully cook, anyway. Gosh, what eats we have! When I think of the poor fish who eat in boarding houses and restaurants ——"

He stopped, a little confused.

"Oh, go on; don't mind us," said Linda. "I don't care for your rude aspersions. I could make just as good doughnuts as Cathleen if I had the time."

"Of course you could," said Cathleen. "But a girl who's going to office simply can't keep house; I mean, really keep house. I tried it—I know. It's doing two jobs at once."

"I don't care," said Linda willfully, munching her doughnut. "I want my own money. My goodness, when I remember what my mother had to put up with to get two cents for a postage stamp out of dad, and how she had to pinch and scrimp and cheat—oh, I'd never give up my job!"

"Now, look here, Linda," broke in Roddy, "don't you make me out anything like your dad. He was your father, all right, and I don't want to say anything about him; but he was not a good egg in any sense of the word, if you get what I mean. Do you think I'd niggle with you about postage stamps, or anything else?"

"But it's the idea. I don't want to take your money, Roddy. I want my own. I want to be able to buy a pair of silk stockings and throw away my old ones when they've got a run in 'em; and I want to pay twenty dollars for a hat instead of five ninety-five, and to get me a fur coat, and ——"

"Yes, but look here," broke in Rufus the untactful; "that isn't being married—or having a home. You might just as well be living with Roddy and not married."

"Hi, Rufe, hold on!" broke in Roddy hastily at the sight of scarlet flags of anger flying in Linda's cheeks.

"I mean it," said Rufus. "A man wants a place he can come to for comfort and sympathy and understanding and home cooking—don't you discount that. One of these days Roddy'll be vamped away from you, Linda, by some little domestic creature who can make doughnuts. Gee, I'm a dub at talking; but I think you two make the greatest mistake. Roddy ought to put his foot down."

Linda got up, furious.

"Hire a hall, Rufus. Woman's place is in the home, and all that. Much obliged for your kind words of warning, but Roddy and I are quite competent to manage our own affairs without your butting in."

"Now, Linda, don't get sore," begged Cathleen. "Why pay attention to Rufus? You know he hasn't any sense."

She gave her husband a twinkle of comprehension and rebuke.

"He needn't be rude," said Linda. "He needn't deliberately insult people in his own house."

"I didn't insult you," said Rufus doggedly, "unless common sense insults you. You can take it or leave it."

"We'll leave it, thank you," said Linda. "Good night, Cathleen. I'm sorry to break up the nice party. Are you coming, Roddy?"

"Yes, I'm coming," said Roddy drearily.

"Oh, don't go away like this," protested Cathleen, distressed. "Please don't. Why, Linda, you've always been my closest friend, and Rufus thinks the world and all of both of you. Please ——"

Linda stalked out silently, and Roddy, after a moment's hesitation, followed her.

"There now, you've done it," said Cathleen to Rufus. "Linda'll never forgive you. Why did you, Rufe? Why did you?"

"I don't know," said Rufus. "I didn't mean to stir up such a mess, but she made me so irritated with her silk stockings and her fur coat, and poor old Roddy so delighted with something decent to eat. He ought to beat her, silly little nut! If she had but half the sense you've got, Cath——"

"Oh, well," said Cathleen, laughing, "you can't expect that. But I do hope she'll come round. I'd miss them awfully if they stayed mad."

Roddy and Linda had returned home in silence; but once inside, Linda's wrath burst.

"I don't know why you sat there and let Rufe say things like that about me—and about you too. He and Cathleen think they know it all; but he doesn't care how she looks so long as he has good meals. She hasn't had a new dress for six months—give you my word. And that old thing she had on tonight! Well, if it isn't a relic, I ask you."

"But they're happy," said Roddy, trying to puzzle it out.

Linda flared higher than before.

"Oh, yes, they're happy, because she gave up her own life and her own independence and knuckled down to Rufus' every whim and fancy. They're happy because she pretends not to mind being a cook and a drudge. If you wanted to marry a nice domestic creature, you should have got somebody else than me, I tell you right now. I don't intend to submerge my personality and—and lose my identity—and my economic independence. Marriage isn't slavery to me."

Roddy sighed and stiffened; then laughed.

"Why, you funny little thing!" he said. "What are you slanging me for? I'm not old Simon Legree, I guess."

"You needn't try to coax me round," pursued Linda darkly. "Look here, Roddy, would you rather have somebody else somebody who'd cook and keep house, and not go to business, and keep your buttons sewed on, and have dinner for you when you got home? Would you rather have that kind of a wife than me? Would you? You've got to tell me!"

Roddy's arms came round her.

"Honey, I'd be an awful liar if I said I didn't want you to quit going to business and be rested up and not nervous and tired all the time like you are now. It's a double job, as Cathleen said; and a double job's too much for anybody. And I'm awfully sick of eating at hasheries. All the same, whatever you do, you're the one and only for me. Me and you, Linda, always!"

"Oh, Roddy, you're such a darling!" This was the Linda of old, loving and gentle. "I suppose it's wicked of me to want nice frocks and silk underwear and things like that, but I can't help it. And you know you can't afford to buy them for me. And I couldn't help loving you and wanting to marry you. And Rufus Crisp's a perfect pig, and I'll never forgive him—never, never! Let them live the way they want to, and we'll manage our own lives; don't you say so?"

There seemed to be nothing to do but assent; but next morning, on his way to work, Roddy was cognizant that Linda's "we" meant Linda alone, and did not include his wishes or preferences at all. It did not seem—he could not make it seem—quite fair. "Hang it all, even a married man has some rights," ran the tenor of his reflections. Everything depended now on this managership of the store. If he got that he'd be in a position to talk turkey to Linda. He'd be, he thought, with a wry little smile, in a position of economic independence himself. It would be decided any day now.

He was at the store before Mills—he always was. There was plenty to do; a line of new goods had come in late the evening before, and must be unpacked, marked and placed. Moreover, it was Roddy's turn to dress the windows. This time he intended to have them all blue. A funny thing about blue—it drew and held the eyes a great deal more imperatively than red or yellow. Blue—deep, entrancing, fascinating blue! He would put one of the blue dressing gowns at the side; and then there were some excellent-value blue-striped madras shirts—he'd set them off with one silk shirt in solid color. Blue-bordered handkerchiefs, blue ties, figured smartly in gold, to give a fillip of contrast—and there you are. With a cry of joy he fell upon some dark-blue socks, silk and wool, featherweight, with delicate clocks of black.

While he worked he sought for ideas of what he would do when manager. An amusing little window bulletin perhaps, friendly and inviting, about styles and prices and materials. And one thing he would do: He'd start a modest renovation department—shirt cuffs turned, ties steamed and pressed, buttons sewed on.

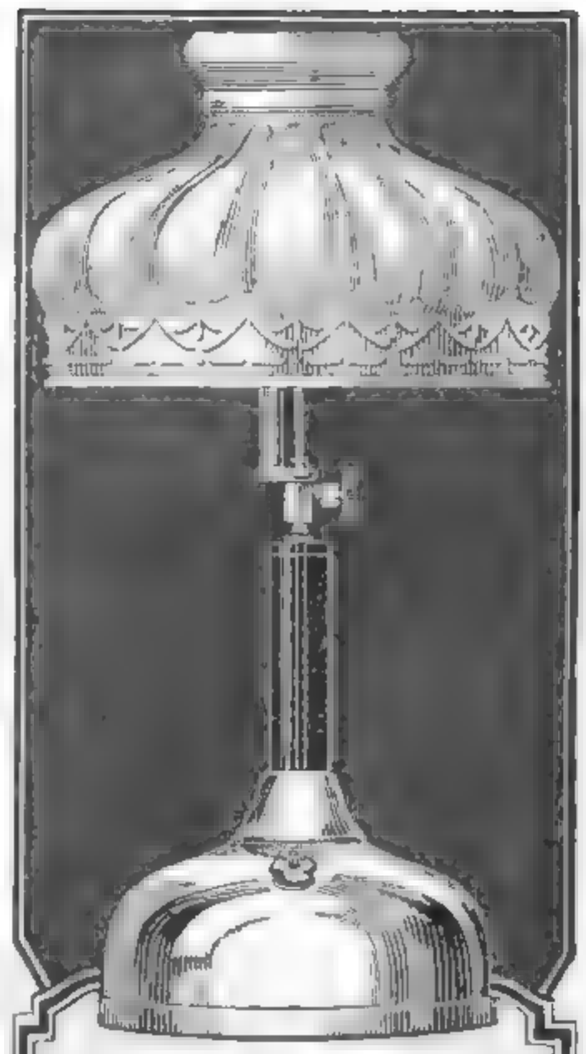
"I'd be its best patron," he told himself a bit ruefully. Linda never seemed to have time to do any mending.

Talbot and Mills came in together.

"Here's the early bird," said Talbot jovially. "Going to have a blue window, eh? That's nice. I like blue, and so do the women. We'll have every dame for blocks buying a new tie for friend husband."

Roddy went on with his work, whistling "Don't buy me posies when it's shoeses that I need." One of his window bulletins would be: "Do you belong to the Black Silk Knitted Tie Club? It's a fine club for

(Continued on Page 149)

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1 **It Brings You 300 Candle-Power of Beautiful, Pure White Brilliance**—20 times the light of an old style oil lamp.

2 **There Is No Glare or Flicker** about it to hurt or strain your eyes. Your Quick-Lite always gives you a clear steady-shining and sight-saving light.

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8 **Standard in Price Everywhere**—Style CQ329, $9.00; West of Rockies $9.50; in Canada $11.50.

9 **Inspected, Tested and Guaranteed.** Will last a lifetime.

10 **More Than 30,000 Dealers** sell Coleman Quick-Lite Lamps and Lanterns. If yours doesn't, write nearest house, Dept. P.15.

The Quick-Lite is just the light for the evening "get-together"—for your reading, studying, sewing, for games and at piano. Carry it anywhere, any time—[illegible] down in the cellar. Use it in the living room, parlor, in your kitchen, bedrooms, halls, etc. Brighten the home circle with it every night. Flood every corner with cheery radiance.

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In the two San-Tox products illustrated here, and in the many other preparations for toilet and hygiene that make up the extensive San-Tox line, you will find a standard of purity and goodness far surpassing the ordinary.

That standard is never changed save to be raised. Should a higher standard than that of the United States Pharmacopoeia be practicable, it is the business of the San-Tox chemists to lift the San-Tox product to the

Take a simple thing like Witch Hazel. The U. S. P. requirement is 8⅓ pounds of Witch Hazel brush to the gallon. The San-Tox requirement is 20 pounds. There is no finer Witch Hazel to be had than San-Tox.

Or consider Epsom Salts. The San-Tox standard insists upon the finest quality to start with; then the salts are re-crystallized again and again to refine away the slightest trace of harmful foreign matter—a costly, careful process that typifies San-Tox

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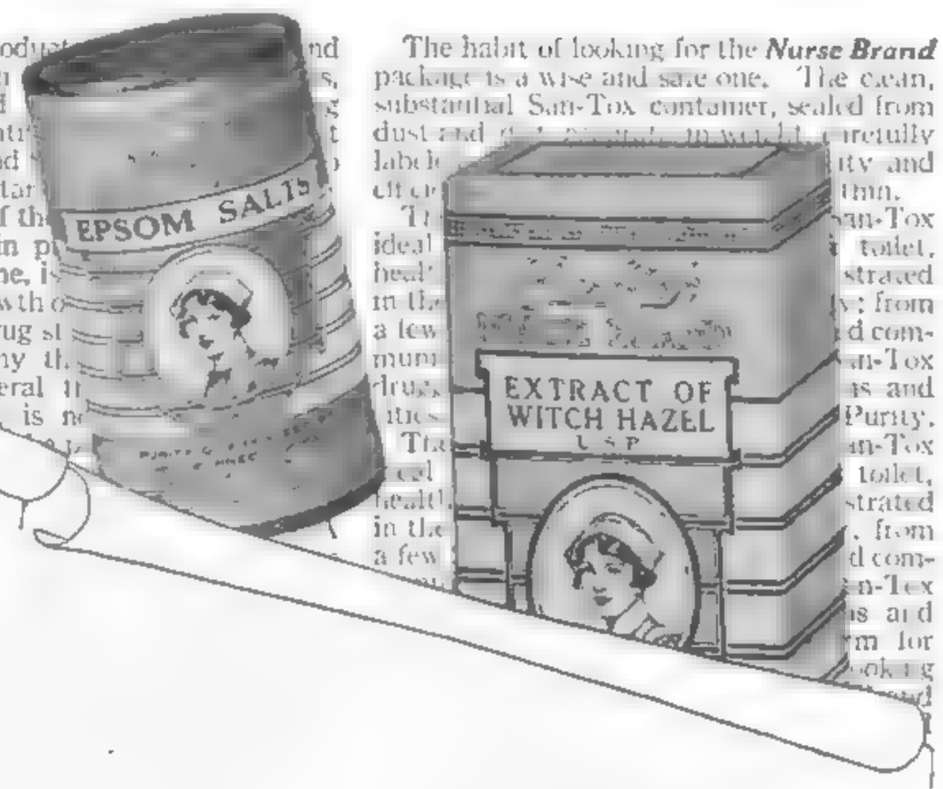


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*Who is* your San-Tox druggist? Find the one in your neighborhood—there will be only one—and make a note of him. The well-known face of the San-Tox nurse on his window or on the blue and white packages on his shelves is a mark with a meaning. It identifies not merely a single trustworthy article but a whole line of articles for toilet and hygiene—all linked and distinguished by the common attribute of unquestionable purity and goodness

THE DEPREE COMPANY
*New York Holland, Mich. San Francisco*

San Tox

SAN-TOX FOR PURITY

(Continued from Page 147)

Thursdays, and you can buy your emblems here." Would that be too cryptic, he wondered?

"This time two weeks," went on Talbot gloatingly, "I'll be marking goods for the opening day of my own store. It's a grand and glorious feeling, boys. I've worked and saved for it fifteen years, and now I'm going to get it. Couldn't have done it without the missus. She's been a regular sport. I tell you the girl a man marries can make or break him. You ought to get married, Mills."

"I know when I'm well off," said Mills.

He was a rosy, round chap with an irresistible smile. He could sell anything to anybody, but there he stopped. He did not want—and would not take, if he could avoid it—any responsibility, and in the least flurry he lost his head completely.

Roddy shrewdly considered him as he finished with the window. He could hear Mills protesting to Talbot: "I didn't put those boxes of underwear there. I never knew they were there."

"You put them there yourself last week; I saw you," Talbot told him good-naturedly. "And I knew you'd forget them. I think they're better on the high shelves myself."

"Yes, I do too," agreed Mills, and began to rearrange the stock at once.

Roddy was silent, but he had long ago made up his mind that when Talbot was gone he'd take down every bit of the underwear stock and put it back of the farthest counter, and devote that counter solely to its sale. Then it wouldn't be so obtrusive. A man doesn't want to buy his lingerie right up beside a lady buying scarfs, Roddy wisely opined. It was embarrassing. But there—he'd never been able to convince Talbot of the finer nuances in placing stock, never. Soon, oh, so soon, it all would be different.

The morning run of customers put an end to speculation and plan. He was busy with a man who wanted a blue-silk shirt like the one in the window, but demurred at the price, when Talbot was called to the telephone. After Roddy's customer had gone—with the shirt—Talbot beckoned him aside.

"You're to go over to the head office and see Drake," he whispered. "He wants to talk to you. Go right along; I said you would."

Roddy seized his hat and coat and made the Subway on the run. This was the preliminary interview with the head of personnel. All the way over he thought anxiously of his record and what he would say. What had Talbot reported of him? Talbot was very genial, very friendly; but he had a cool way of sizing a fellow up. Well, that was part of his job. His heart pounded, but he tried to seem cool and calm, and gave his name to the office boy nonchalantly.

The general offices were plain and businesslike, but the names on the glass doors awed Roddy; awed him, but fired him. The head of the firm had himself started as a salesman. Why shouldn't Roddy have a private office at headquarters, and a say in the running of the shop some day too? No reason at all.

Mr. Drake was elderly, kind and not at all terrifying. He said not a word to Roddy about his sales, his methods, his ideas; but he asked him a number of personal questions.

"You're twenty-five, I believe just the age when I came to the city. How long have you been here?"

Roddy admitted five years' residence and five years' working, three of them with the American Haberdashery Company.

"This is a lively town; takes a good bit of money to see the sights," smiled Mr. Drake. "But it's good to save a little against a rainy day. Don't you think so?"

Yes, Roddy thought so emphatically. Another question from Mr. Drake brought out the truth—that all his savings had gone to buy furniture for his flat, and that since his marriage he had not been able to put aside anything. The rent of the flat was mentioned too. Mr. Drake considered this.

"Housekeeping's high; everything's gone up so. Mrs. Drake complains about the kitchen bills continually."

"We don't keep house," blurted Roddy. "My wife—my wife—well, she's got a job as bookkeeper in the Peffer Toy Company."

Then he shut his lips. He wasn't going to tell how Linda had made their marriage conditional on keeping up her work, and he wasn't going to tell how often he had begged her to quit it. It wouldn't be loyal. It wouldn't be fair.

Mr. Drake asked more questions. He didn't seem quite to understand why, if Linda was working, the Bryants couldn't save something; and Roddy wouldn't tell him that Linda spent all her own money on herself, clothes and trinkets and bits of jewelry that she loved. It might seem queer to Mr. Drake; it might make him think less of Linda.

At last Mr. Drake summed up, crisply and curtly: "As you know, Talbot's leaving us, and we must have a new manager for Number Seventeen. Your record in the store is excellent enough on the surface, Bryant, but it isn't alone on their store records that our managers are selected. I'll speak to you frankly. You saved until you were married; then you spent all you had on furniture, a sum far exceeding what you actually needed. You live in a flat the rent of which keeps you poor. You have no home life; you take your meals out—always an expensive thing to do. And your wife works. In spite of all the newfangled ideas about women and their economic position, I do not like to see a young married woman at work. It goes far beyond mere surface appearances, Bryant; it is racial disintegration. It means that there is no normal family life; that there are no children. A man who acquiesces in such an arrangement is either a fool or the sort who doesn't mind letting a woman help support him. I'm sorry, Bryant. You've lost the managership. I'm telling you now so that there'll be no uncertainty—and no uncertainty why."

He got up and held out his hand. Roddy got up too. For a wild moment it occurred to him that if he made a clean breast of it, if he told this man that it was not his wish, indeed, but against it that Linda continued working; that she was incapable of seeing the situation straight because she had been so warped by her childhood experiences with a mean and stingy father—the words died on his lips. It occurred to him that Mr. Drake's opinion of him would not be improved if he confessed himself a man who let his wife's prejudices rule him, who would not stand up for the thing he knew was right and honest and decent. How could he explain adequately about Linda without making her seem quite different from what she really was? No, in all fairness to her he must not try it.

Depression rode on his shoulders on the way back to the store; depression such as he had never known in all his young life. It was not alone that he had missed the managership—that was bad enough. But there was the unalterable reason for it. Linda could be so obstinate, so unreasonable. Hard words, both of them, but true. She wouldn't change. But what would she say when he told her? For the first time he saw how fatally our affections can tangle and trap us, and how great is their power to make the right thing incredibly hard to do, even unattainable. It was a bleak prospect, every way he turned; and being young, he had no philosophy to soften it.

It was a long way back to the store, and it was hard to meet Talbot's questioning eyes. Roddy couldn't tell him, but he managed to shake his head in negation. The older man's amazement was a compliment, but it didn't help. It was clear that he had expected Roddy to return with flags flying and the rôle of manager-to-be written all over him.

When Mills went to lunch Talbot asked point-blank, "Why didn't you get it?"

Again Roddy was between the devil of telling the truth and the deep sea of seeming disloyal to Linda.

"He thought I wasn't thrifty enough," he managed at last with a wry smile.

"Well, for Pete's sake! Not thrifty enough! What do they want—a young Russell Sage? And after the way I'd cracked you up to them! It means a new man over here. They're not going to give it to Mills; Mr. Drake told me so."

Roddy felt a throb of comfort at that, though he owned to himself that he ought to be ashamed of it. Mills was an awfully good sort, but Roddy would have hated to have him as boss. It wouldn't be so hard with a new man, though it would be hard enough. His evident distress and disappointment checked any further probing by Talbot, for which relief Roddy was grateful. And an unusual rush of custom in the afternoon saved him from too many gloomy thoughts.

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When time came to close the store, however, he lingered, manufacturing small pottering chores. He did not want to face Linda. He simply didn't know what he was going to say. He wanted to tell her so that she wouldn't know the real reason, but he knew that he couldn't evade or elude her, once she made up her mind to know the truth. He walked home slowly, oblivious of the cold, and as he neared the flat his step became a dead march. The elevator boy looked at him in amazement when he entered.

"My goo'ness, Mist' Bryan', I neva seen you so late befo'! Mis' Bryan' she 'bout raidy to fly off her haid. Ring me up mos' ev'y minute, she has, en ask me ef you ain' come, ner sont no word."

And as he stepped off the car Linda rushed out of the door and seized him.

"Oh, Roddy, I didn't know what was the matter! You're not sick—or anything?" She drew him inside, clutched him, looked at him anxiously. "Oh, you are sick! You look a perfect wreck! Sit down, dear. What is it? What is it?" Her little hands fluttered about him with infinite solicitude; her gay little face was drawn into lines of tenderest anxiety.

"When you didn't come—and you didn't come," she went on, "I didn't know what to think! You're so dependable—like the moon and the stars, old Roddy, darling. If anything happened to you I'd die!"

He looked up at her piteously.

"Something had happened to me, Linda—I didn't get the managership. And I hated to come home and tell you. That's why I'm so late."

Linda flamed with angry partisanship.

"Who got it? Did they give it to that little simperino, Mills? If they did, they're crazy. And why, why didn't they give it to you? Didn't Talbot recommend you? Tell me everything that happened; every single thing!"

He was up against it now.

"Mr. Drake sent for me—and we had a talk—and he told me I wasn't suitable—that was all."

"But why? Why? He must have had some reason. You've always thought he was so fair. What did he ask you? What did you two talk about? Oh, Roddy"—her eager arms went round his neck, she cuddled her head against his shoulder—"I don't really care what happens, now you're back to me safe and sound. If this is the way you worry about me, night after night, I'm surprised you haven't got gray hair."

"I'm surprised myself. This is exactly the way I worry about you, hon, night after night after night."

Linda went back to her muttons.

"That mean old Drake. What did he say, Roddy? How could he object to you? Unless he thought you were too young. Was it that?"

"No, it wasn't my age."

"But what was it? What was it?"

Roddy blurted it out:

"He thought we paid too much rent; that we live too extravagantly. He thought I ought to have saved more; he thought I oughtn't to let you work."

Fire to tow, spark to tinder. Linda stiffened and blazed.

"I never heard anything so ridiculous in all my life! The old fossil! The old never-was! Twenty years behind the times! Thought I oughtn't to work! But what in the world has that to do with you being a good manager for his rotten old store?"

Roddy sighed.

"He says this kind of marriages are the disintegration of the race."

They stared at each other over the chasm left by this overwhelming phrase.

"I suppose he means," said Linda at last, "that we can't—have any children."

"I suppose so."

"But it was all understood, and I've often said—you know it—time enough for that when we get something ahead—when you get the managership ——"

The words died on her lips. Roddy hadn't got the managership. There was a constrained silence.

"I think we'd better go on out and get some dinner," said Roddy. "It's getting awfully late."

"Wait!" Linda would see things clearly. "I suppose he'll never advance you if I keep my job—is that it? But you can go to work somewhere else, Roddy. You don't need to spend your life as a salesman for such an ignorant, behind-the-times old dodo as Mr. Drake. Thank goodness, there are lots of concerns that don't go snooping and prying and nosing into the private affairs of their employes. You can land something a whole lot better somewhere else."

The silence fell again.

At last Roddy said, very gently, "But he's right, Linda."

"He's right! You can't think so!"

"Well, I do, hon. You know I do. I always have." The word he had found to express his need a month before came back to him. "We're not properly organized, you and I—I mean our life together. We are spending too much; we're not getting anywhere. It isn't a home; all this is just furniture. I sort of hoped after we were married you'd feel like I do."

"But I don't feel like you do. I don't! I consider that a woman has as much right to economic independence as a man, and it doesn't matter whether she's married or not."

"I consider," said Roddy, "that a woman who makes a home, and brings up two or three children, does a lot bigger job than a bookkeeper in a rubber-toy house. And most of this talk about economic independence is just a convenient screen for wanting not to have children, or a fondness for pretty clothes that are a good deal more luxurious than she needs."

"How dare you say such things to me, Roddy Bryant!" cried Linda. "You don't love me—you never did love me!"

"It's because I love you that I have to say them," said Roddy miserably.

"You're just disappointed and sore because you didn't get that managership. You ought to be ashamed to blame it on me."

"I don't blame it on you. I blame it on myself. I ought not to have been so weak as to give in to you at first."

"Then I wouldn't have married you."

"I suppose not."

This was red revolution. Linda's eyes widened fearfully.

"D'you mean, Roddy Bryant, you'd have rather not married me?"

Roddy plunged on desperately: "We may as well have it out, here and now, Linda. I hated to come home and tell you. I was afraid it would mean a quarrel or a row of some kind; but, anyway, there it is. You know I love you—love you more than anything. But I shouldn't have let you change my way of living from what I knew was right to what you wanted; no, I shouldn't. That's it, cold."

"All right," cried Linda fiercely, "I'll leave you! I won't be a blight on your career. I'll—I'll set you free."

"You're talking like a movie," said Roddy. "Oh, Linda, can't you get away from all those silly notions of yours about your father being the champion tightwad, hence all men are tightwads? And that having a little unimportant job that just pays for pink silk fluffery and such is economic independence? Look here, Linda, let's reorganize, and you go into partnership with me, right. I'll work my teeth and toenails off if you will. You know that."

"Well, I won't! Reorganize, indeed! You say the queerest things!"

Roddy picked up his hat.

"We'll go along and get dinner," he suggested. "I'm hungry."

They went out in a state of armed peace. Roddy did not feel like talking. It seemed to him that this long and dreary day would never end. Linda, too, kept still, but her thoughts nibbled vindictively on Roddy's last speech. Pink silk fluffery—the idea! But then—Roddy cheated out of the managership! She wavered perilously between resentment and pity.

"Roddy," she began tentatively as the waiter set food before them, "you don't seem to realize that it wouldn't do you a bit of good even if I did give up my work. It wouldn't get you the manager's place—now."

Roddy didn't answer, but he squirmed. This was salt in his wound.

"Will Mills get it?" pursued Linda, nibbling celery.

"No, they'll send a new man."

"I'm glad Mills won't get it."

"Don't let's talk about it," burst out Roddy. "It meant a lot to me, hon."

Linda thawed at this. Pity came uppermost.

"If I didn't work, but just kept house, we'd have to get a less expensive flat."

"We wouldn't. I pay the rent, don't I? You'd have less expensive clothes; that would be all the difference." The exceeding bitterness of his feeling welled up in him and found utterance: "You love your fancy clothes better than you do me."

"I do not! It's the principle of it."

"Don't let's talk about it," said Roddy again. He could not bear this squabbling, this striking at Linda, and having her strike back at him.

The meal crept on. Over an éclair, which she was pretending to eat, Linda's blue eyes came up to Roddy again.

"You could leave me, Roddy. We could part, you know."

"Oh, cut it out!" cried Roddy, in torment. "What d'you think marriage is—a fox trot in a cabaret? Change partners with the couple at the next table if we don't like each other's step? You're my wife—and I love you, and I'm bound to stick to you, no matter what happens. Linda, you're my girl—nothing changes that."

"Then what are we going to do?" She looked at him in wonder, this strange, wild Roddy, whose very voice had sharpened and roughened—was it with tears?—and who, for the first time, did not speak to her as if she was something dear and precious, but as a hurt and sorry human calls out harshly to another for understanding and for sympathy—yes, and for help.

"We aren't going to do anything. What can we do? I'll be a salesman all my life, I suppose, and you'll have your job. You want to be economically independent, with silk underwear and fur coats. I suppose when two people are married, one of them has to give up something he's awfully keen on. I love you enough to give up what I want, Linda—yes, I do. Oh, please, don't let's talk!"

And now she was sure there were tears in his throat. And that little hoarse catching breath did something to her heart. She said nothing more, but walked by his side, back to the flat.

He had wanted that managership. It was his by right. She had kept him out of it. He hadn't reproached her, really. Only told her what she knew, in her heart of hearts, was perfectly true.

She took off her fur coat and hung it away carefully, patting its soft smoothness with a caressing hand. She did like that fur coat. And she liked the sheen and shimmer of her pink silk fluffery too. It gratified her intensely; gratified a little purring streak of vanity that was half love of beauty, half an exaggerated daintiness. She sighed and stiffened her back, looking at herself in the mirror. Then she walked resolutely into the living room. She was resolved.

"I don't know where you got the idea that you're such a noble being," she began crisply. "I don't know why you should think you have a monopoly of all the fine feelings in this family, or why you should think you know so much more than anybody else. I don't know why you should think you can do such hard things"—her voice began to falter—"because—because you—I-love me—and I do nothing at all for you. I guess I love you, too, even if you don't think so. I guess I don't care such a lot for silk undies and coats and things—when they cost you your step-up and your peace of mind. And I—I am—your girl, Roddy, and I'll do—whatever you think's best."

"Linda!" he cried, jumping up, trying to put his arms around her. "Linda—not ——"

She held him off.

"I mean it. We'll—we'll reorganize, as you say, on a sound business basis, for a family partnership, old Roddy; and oh, I can't make it up to you—losing the manager—Talbot's place." She tried to be calm and judicial. "Now, I don't say this is permanent; but I'm willing to try it for a year and see—if I can stand it."

"But, Linda, what made you turn around so, all of a sudden, hon? You've always been so set—on your job, I mean."

She pushed him down into a chair and stood beside him, smoothing his hair, holding tight to him.

"I don't know. I think it was when you said you loved me enough to give up what you want. And I saw that I wasn't half as good as you. Roddy, you're good. Anyway, I'd been thinking—sometimes—there's nothing to this way of living. It's uncomfortable and it's foolish. I knew it, only I hated to give in. Well, there, mercy—I don't want to give in too much, you'll be all swelled up with yourself."

There was a golden silence. Roddy broke it, a Roddy from whom the burden of the day had miraculously rolled away.

"Well, Mrs. Bryant," he said, "I've got just one request: The first month after you give up your job, please make me a million doughnuts every day."

*Sunshine*
*Sunday Dinners*

∴

**Dinner, March 18**

Oyster Cocktail
Tak-hom-a Biscuit
Broiled Porterhouse Steak
Scalloped Potatoes
String Beans
Shredded Cabbage and Celery Salad
with
Sunshine Krispy Crackers
Baked Custard
Sunshine Hydrox Biscuits
Coffee

**Dinner, March 25**

Beef Bouillon
Tak-hom-a Biscuit
Roast Beef
Potatoes in Half Shell
(Baked mashed, put back in shell and browned
Asparagus
Sliced Tomato Salad
with
Sunshine Krispy Crackers
Ice Cream
Sunshine Clover Leaves
Sugar Wafers
Coffee

**Dinner, April 1**

Noodle Soup
Tak-hom-a Biscuit
Steak Smothered with Onions
Creamed Potatoes
Fruit Salad with
Sunshine Krispy Crackers
Lemon Ice
Sunshine Hydrox Biscuit
Coffee

**Dinner, April 8**

Potato Soup
Sunshine Krispy Crackers
Roast Chicken with Dressing
Olives and Celery
Mashed Potatoes
Spinach
Pineapple and Date Salad
with
Tak-hom-a Biscuit
Floating Island
Sunshine Afternoon Tea
Coffee

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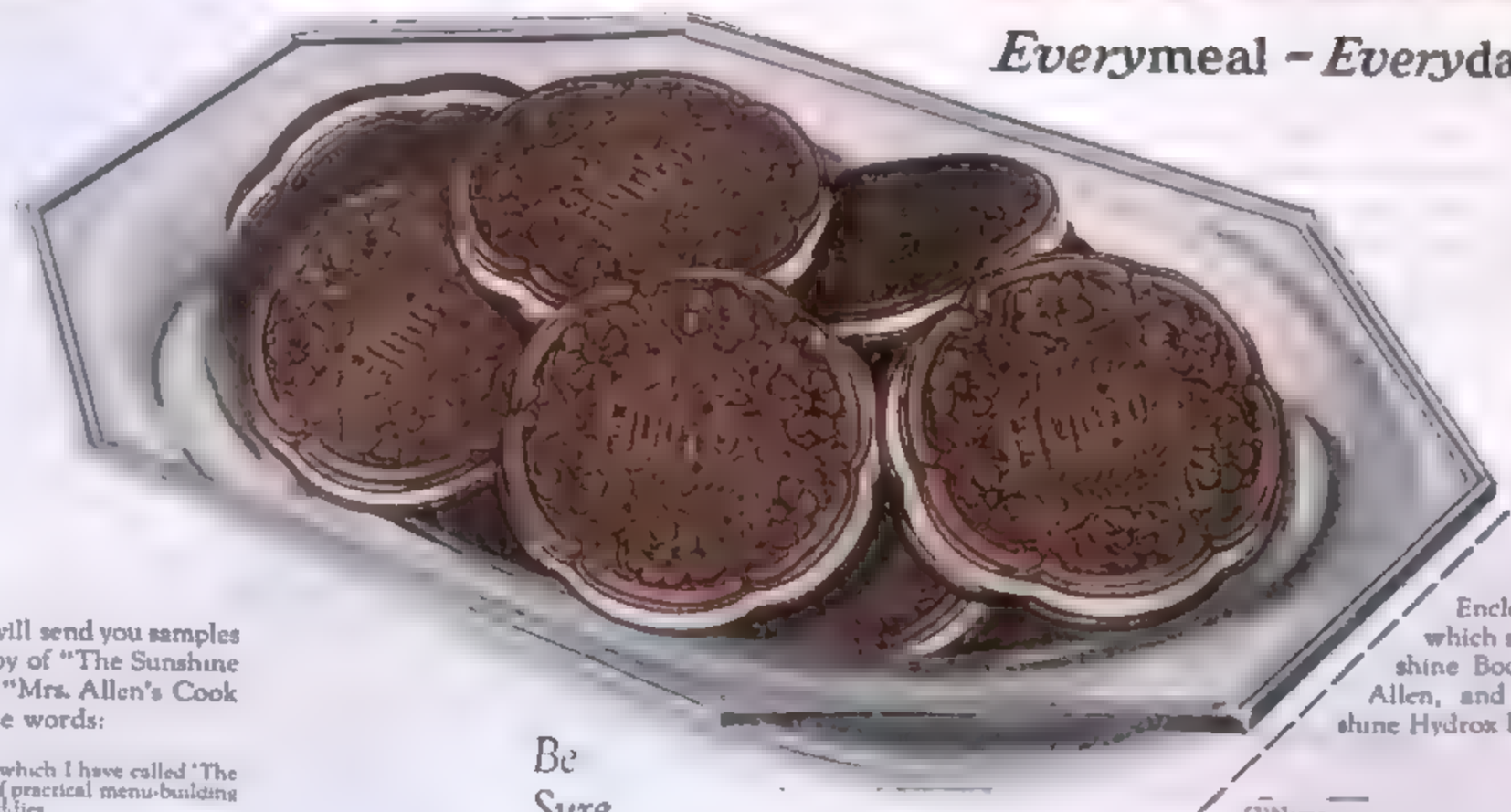

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FLORENCE MANUFACTURING CO., Florence, Massachusetts

*"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"*

# IN TRUST

(Continued from Page 16)

She heard him to an end, frowning a little in attention, yet with the ends of a smile showing about her lips.

"So that's the idea!" she commented when Mr. Semlin had done. "Your notion, of course, Brian? You poor old idiot. But say something, can't you?"

"Not much, I'm afraid," answered Wellwyn. "Mr. Semlin has told you all of it except that the whole horrible business was my fault. But for me, for my indolence and ignorance, it couldn't have happened."

"Bosh!" said Wilhelmina forcibly. "Your fault be blowed! And you've arranged everything beautifully, haven't you? You'll sell your books, too, I suppose, and I'll buy silk stockings with the proceeds! But I'll talk to you presently."

She turned to Mr. Semlin. But that gentleman was ready for her.

"You must—you really must get a solicitor to advise you and act for you!"

"Damn solicitors!" retorted Wilhelmina. "You're my solicitor, if you like, and now I'll give you instructions. Wilks is a thief; catch him and get my money back if you can. Brian isn't, and he's to be let alone. I won't have a farthing of his. Understand that clearly! I'd rather go and be a housemaid. Why," she cried, as though captured suddenly by an inspiration, and darting a rigid, pointing finger at Wellwyn—"why, he taught me golf!"

She rose, swishing her stick over her shoulder.

"Let's go somewhere for lunch, Brian," she suggested. "Yes! 'Let me have men about me that are fat,'" she quoted. "There's famine in your eye—and we can talk."

Wellwyn rose with a tired uncertainty of movement.

"Ha!" remarked Mr. Semlin. "Very pretty; very girlish and delightful. But—I have your instructions, Mr. Wellwyn?"

"You have my instructions," replied Wellwyn.

"And don't forget mine," put in Wilhelmina from the door. "I'll take away my custom if you do. Come on, Brian!"

They went down the stone stairs together to the raw autumn damp of the street and turned up towards the Strand. It was not till they paused opposite the Gladstone Monument that Wilhelmina spoke again.

"Have you got lots of money, Brian? Because I'm not going to a tea shop to lunch, you know. You wouldn't put me off with buns and milk after offering me your whole fortune, would you?"

He smiled faintly down at her.

"Savoy?" he suggested.

"That'll do," she consented. "Quick! Stop that taxi!"

They found a table in a corner with no near neighbors, and Wilhelmina selected a lunch on the main principle of looking for the most expensive items on the menu.

"Squandering!" she remarked. "I like squandering. I was rich once and I can't break myself of the habit. Now, Brian, eat these oysters and buck up. Tell me, do you think they'll catch Wilks?"

"No," said Wellwyn. "He's clever. He'll make no mistake. And"—he smiled sourly—"he's got money."

Wilhelmina nodded in a matter-of-fact way

"No, they won't catch him," she agreed. "But I nearly did—a year ago." She met Wellwyn's eye. "He asked me to marry him."

"Eh?" Wellwyn was surprised.

"Yes," said Wilhelmina, "he did. He had the good ideas for both of you, hadn't he? You never thought of doing that, Brian!"

"Certainly not," answered Wellwyn. "You should have told me, Bill."

She smiled at his use of the old nickname of her childhood.

"You might have flattered yourself that I was giving you a hint," she said. "Queen Cophetua and all that, you know. But now it's different, isn't it?"

"Don't!" said Wellwyn. "This lunch—it's paid for with your money. Even with every penny I can scrape together, I've lost you three-quarters of what belongs to you."

"Poor old Brian!" said Wilhelmina. "But you're talking rot of course."

"No, I'm not," protested Wellwyn. "Be sensible, Bill! It's not only the law that requires it of me; it's I that require it of myself. I couldn't bear to live if I didn't pay you what I can. It's—it's a matter of honor, Bill, my dear."

Wilhelmina's face was serious as she listened.

"But you, Brian? What would you do?"

"Oh, I shall be all right," he said. "Don't worry about me. I'm good for a decent livelihood anywhere. And by the way, you've probably got some bills here and there. Semlins—my solicitors, you know—are paying in five hundred pounds to your bank account this afternoon. Luckily, I happened to have that by me."

"Oh!" Wilhelmina leaned back. "You had, had you? And Semlins are paying it to me?"

She flung down her napkin in a manner that suggested she would have stamped her foot had she been standing up.

"Then you thought I was just—prattling this morning in that office? 'Very pretty, very girlish'—all that kind of thing? It didn't strike you, Brian—I suppose it never struck you—that a thing can be a matter of honor to me too? Wilks robbed me—Wilks and Wilks only; but the law will—er—hold you down while I repay myself out of your pockets. It'll let me rob you; only I happen not to be a robber."

"But, Bill," urged Wellwyn, "let me explain. Let me ——"

"Shut up!" said Wilhelmina. "Listen to this! I swear—do you hear me, Brian?—I solemnly swear that I'll not take one penny of your money! Mind! I've sworn it! I give you my word of honor I won't! I'll die first! And I won't argue! I've sworn and given you my word and there's nothing to argue about. And since your Semlin man is both deaf and silly, I will get a solicitor and have it told to him in a language that he can understand."

"But, Bill ——"

"Enough!" she said. "Give me some of that yellow wine, Brian. Are you afraid I'll take to drink? Here's the waiter coming; don't sob in his presence."

He was helpless. Through all that freak of a costly meal she fenced herself from his pleadings and protestations with a barbed-wire entanglement of cheery drivel through which he could find no path. When he rallied his forces she declared that he had promised not to renew the matter, and squabbled with him till the end of the lunch about it.

"Shouldn't ever break promises," she was saying as he took her to the door. "I never do," she added, looking over her shoulder at him with a meaning eye. "Never!"

And that was the devil of it. She never did! Under her plumpness and assumption of frivolity there was a steely tenacity of resolve that went for strength or mere obstinacy, according to how it took one. Her word was more than her bond: it was her doom, self-pronounced. And now she had with her oath, her word of honor, sentenced

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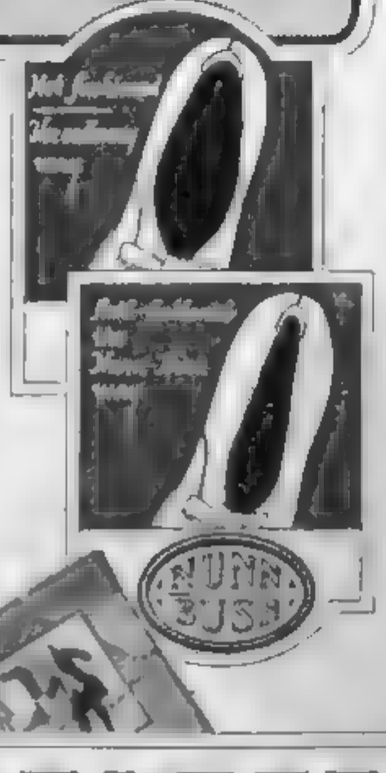


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# NUNN-BUSH


him to a condition which he found intolerable.

The early evening found him brooding over the matter in his rooms in Museum Street. Pleasant rooms, they were. They had grown into shape about him, with their lining of bookshelves, their simple comforts and conveniences; they had all the character of a home. A good school would give him a bedroom and a study, far apart, the use of a bathroom and a footing in the common room. A tutorship would give him less; and neither would give him the command he had enjoyed over solitude, the happy leisure, the nourishment of brain and spirit by congenial work. And he had only to acquiesce and all his amenities, his powers, his resources would remain to him. After all, Bill had friends and relations in plenty; she wouldn't starve. And it was she who had refused the money, not he who had withheld it. It was that which stung him from the chair in which he sat, fruitlessly chewing the matter over.

He rose with a spring.

"No!" he cried aloud. "Not me! Not that!"

He walked to the window and stood there, looking out unseeingly at the little street with its lights and the thin drizzle of evening rain that burdened the chill air. His stoop for the moment had gone.

For half an hour he stood, not moving. Then he sighed, the gusty exhalation of a man who relaxed from a strain. The room was all but dark by now; when he took out his watch he had to lean close to the pane to see the dial. Half past seven!

"That will do very nicely," he said, still aloud. "It must be an accident, of course. Everything for the best!"

He switched on the light and sat down at his desk. He wrote:

*Dear Bill:* I am very worried about you. I have never asked anything of you in my life, but now I must. You must save my honor for me and you can do that only by taking the money. Yours, BRIAN WELLWYN.

An innocent letter; it told nothing. He posted it at the pillar box close by, heard it fall irrevocably into the container, and turned towards Oxford Street in search of his accident, his redemption.

He had a space of time, as he went westward, to look about him. There was a novelty in the drab world that he had never marked before. The shine upon the wood pavement was iridescent under the tall arc lamps; here and there it glittered like a floor of opal. The sky in the distance took up the lights of the city and glowed with dull fire; the headlights of the taxis oscillated like the lanterns of ships in a roadstead. Of Wilks, of Wilhelmina Ames, of himself and his affairs he thought not at all; they were things of the past; the present loomed before them and blotted them out.

Down Wardour Street, and so to Piccadilly Circus, the native land of accidents, was his plan. He turned to cross the road in fulfillment of it. He was smiling to himself now. Both trustees missing—there was humor in it; or he thought so. Gone different ways though; one possibly to Monte Carlo, the other ——

He never completed the speculation. Whimsical fate made him a gift of his accident. He had stopped in mid stride, as some thoughtful men will, to dwell on his idea. He heard the frantic shout, the scream of brakes, a cry from some onlooker on the pavement. Then a blow—a blow that enveloped him as though every part and member of his body were smitten at once—and then, perceptible for a fraction of an instant of sensation, the great balm of darkness and nothingness.

There was the dull light of a dreary afternoon in the white room in which he opened his eyes, conscious, first of all, of the discomfort of tight bandages about his head and others here and there about his body. Pains, too, woke in him at the same moment as consciousness. He was in a bed, looking up at a high ceiling. He saw nothing else. Then a voice breathed at his side:

"Brian!"

A head and a face came between him and the ceiling; he recognized the face. Out of the maze of his memories one word pushed.

"Accident," he said feebly.

"Hush! You mustn't talk, Brian. I got your letter this morning and went round to your rooms, and heard of your—accident. Everything's all right, dear. If you won't talk I'll tell you the news before I call the nurse. Oh, Brian, I don't believe it was quite an accident!"

He could manage no more than the one word "Accident!"

Something wet dropped on his cheek. The voice, a little tremulous for once, continued:

"Very well; I believe you, Brian. But if you had stayed at home you'd have heard something good. They've caught Wilks."

He did not speak, but his eyes answered.

"Yes; caught him in quiet lodgings in Hampstead. I've lost nothing at all; he had it all with him. So he wasn't so very clever, Brian. Fancy him asking me to marry him! You'll never do that, will you, Brian? Don't speak, though; I know you won't. But, Brian—Brian!" The face, rosy and roguish still, sank near to his. "Why don't you?" it whispered. "Is it because it hurts you to speak? Is that it? Well, then ——"

The lips touched him, and waited. He managed to do what was required of him.

"Darling!" said Wilhelmina.

She receded, but he was able to hear her report to the returning nurse.

"Perfectly conscious," she declared. "And sensible—sensible at last."

# GENERAL GRANT AT GALENA, 1861

(Continued from Page 41)

of fifty-five hundred population, was a Mr. Freisnecker, a Democrat. He was proprietor of a grocery store. It was Mayor Freisnecker's first public function. When he faced the thousands in the park he cautioned a half dozen small boys sitting on the grass in front of the speakers' stand: "Now, poys, you keep qvuiet or out you go. You hear dot?" Turning to the audience he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, the Reverend Mr. Yundt will bray a little."

When Mr. Yundt, the pastor of the Methodist church, finished his prayer the mayor again admonished the small boys to keep quiet, and turning to the crowd he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, Chauncey Debew!" With his famous chuckle, Chauncey Depew congratulated the mayor on his brevity and commended it to other chief executives.

After the exercises Mr. Depew was congratulated by all who could reach him on his splendid speech. He was standing near the edge of the platform, which was some three or four feet high, without any rail guard.

He nearly lost his balance when someone tugged at his coat tails. Turning around, he was greeted by a husky farmer's lad with "Chauncey, old boy, shake hands with my gal."

Three years ago I saw Mr. Depew waiting for a street car on Madison Avenue in New York. I walked up to him and said, "Kohlsaat, Mr. Depew." He held out his hand and with a hearty laugh recalled his Galena Grant speech of 1891—"The Reverend Mr. Yundt will bray a little."

I was a boy of twelve when General Grant returned to his Galena home in 1865. A large banner was strung across Main Street between the De Soto House and Waggoner's bookstore.

The inscription read, "General, your sidewalk is built." It seems when he secured a command from Governor Yates he came home to bid his family good-by. The street his little unpretentious house was on was unpaved. After a storm it was almost impassable.

Grant remarked to a friend, "If I become a general I will build a sidewalk from my house to the depot."

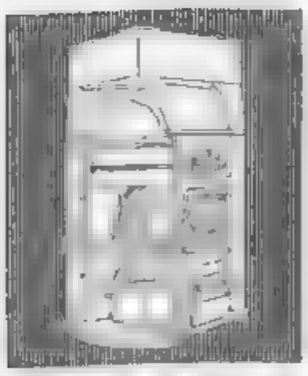
Saturday, April 14, 1865, I was again in the market place with my father when the news came of Lincoln's assassination. A hush fell on the crowd. Men and women wept as if one of their own had been killed. Father sent me home to tell the news to mother. She buried her face in her hands and sobbed.

Finally she said, "They have killed their best friend!"

It was wartime. We had no crape. None was to be had. So mother hung a black skirt out of the window.

*There is no place like a Round Oak heated home*

# *Important!* Decide on your heat before you build



Avoid the expensive error of deferring the choice of your heating system until the last. Otherwise you will be tempted to overspend on something not so essential, and may be compelled to compromise on the one thing that keeps a home comfortable, healthful and economical.

Words cannot supplant quality; promises cannot furnish economical heat; inferior heating, no matter how glowing the "guarantee," is never wise; guarantees cannot make cheap construction endure.

May we therefore suggest that you arrange your expenditures, *now*, to provide for a Round Oak Heating System?

Submit your plans to the Round Oak Dealer. He will be glad to estimate on the proper type of Round Oak for your particular dwelling, without obligation!

Furthermore, he will point out the fine construction which has made the Round Oak reputation—the much heavier castings, the deeper seated joints, the tighter fitting doors, the larger radiating surface, the longer fire travel, and other exclusive advantages.

He will prove why you may absolutely depend upon a Round Oak for a lifetime of clean, healthful heat circulation, at great annual savings in fuel and with less care and attention.

Write for his address and fully descriptive literature. Convenient payments, if desired.

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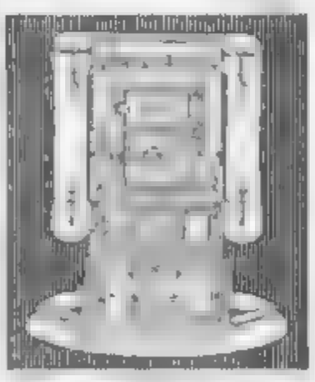
*"Round Oak Folks"* *Established 1871*



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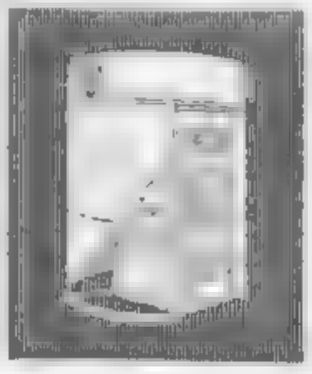
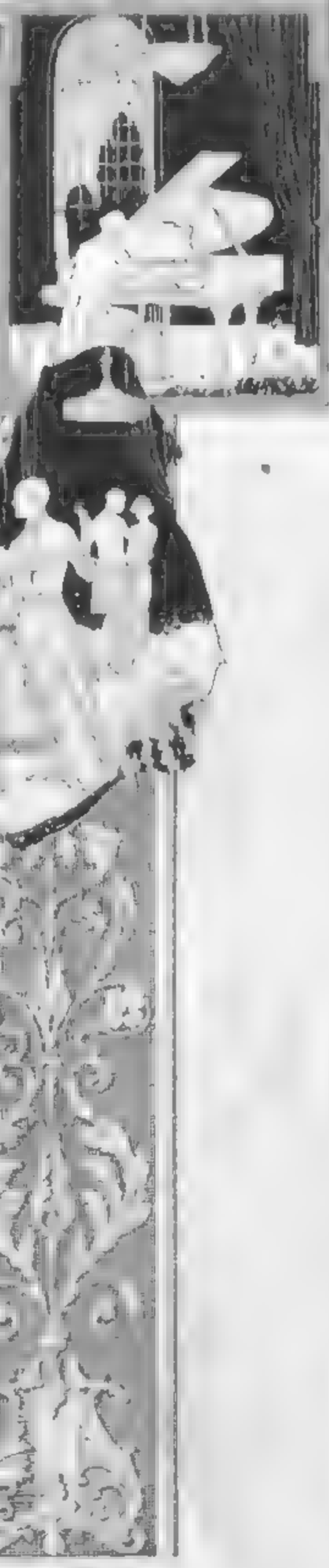


*Memo*

Write to the Round Oak Folks, Dowagiac, Mich., for free literature describing their Heating System and



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LOS ANGELES

Apollo dealers in other cities throughout the United States

*(Dealers wanted in [illegible] not now represented)*

# MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

(Continued from Page 21)

well administered and particularly suggestive in the way that so much thought and planning were given to the matter of providing conveniences and pleasures for the population. On almost all thoroughfares were bicycle paths—it was estimated that over six hundred thousand bicycles were in use, practically one for each person, and across the front page of each newspaper was printed every morning the hour at which bicycle lamps should be lighted. On the opposite side of the street was a bridle path. Riding was also a popular sport. The Langelinie, a park with sea wall and broad walks, extended for miles along the Sound. The National Theater, where two ballets, two dramas and two operas were given each week, was one of the best theaters I have ever known, and furnished one of the most interesting phases of the life of the city, as actors, dancers and singers were received everywhere; and there were musical and literary societies that furnished from time to time prominent figures of the art world from all over Europe. On the whole, I look back on Copenhagen as being, in a way, the most advanced and interesting capital I have ever been in. The fact that the sun disappears in November and does not appear again until spring has no dampening effect upon the gay temperament of the people. They apparently think all the joy possible should be got out of life, and their happy faces surely suggest that they are succeeding in that direction, in spite of their literature being so morbid and pessimistic. If one formed his opinion of Scandinavians from such writers as Ibsen, Strindberg and Hamsun, he would be inclined to think they were a rather depressing, desperately abnormal people; and they are quite the contrary.

The diplomatic corps assembled the first of the year—most of them had been, up to this time, in the country—to pay their respects to the king and queen on New Year's Day. Of course this was a tremendously interesting experience for me, as it was my first encounter with royalty. At the appointed hour, eleven o'clock in the morning, the minister and I arrived at the palace in full evening dress. It was one of those moments when one invariably feels the mistake our Government makes in not permitting its diplomatic representatives to wear some sort of uniform. It is not only undignified for us to attend official functions in evening clothes, it is even absurd to be in a dress that cannot be distinguished from that of waiters, especially when every other representative of no matter how small a country is wearing some sort of uniform that indicates his rank and nationality. I do not mean to say that we should cover ourselves with gold braid, elaborate embroideries and fur capes and swords; but at least we might be allowed to wear something that would not give the impression that we had been out all night and hadn't had time to change.

### *Pageantry of the Court*

The royal palace used at that time was one of the four which face on Amalienborgplads. The entrance was not very impressive except for the expanse of red carpet and palms and flowers and rows of palace guards who wore picturesque uniforms. We were shown up to an antechamber, where the Minister for Foreign Affairs greeted us and where I got a first look at the assembled diplomatic corps. It was one of the most typical rooms for such a gathering that could be imagined. Crystal chandeliers, damask curtains, gilded and brocaded chairs and flowered carpets—all made an extraordinarily brilliant setting for the really dazzling uniforms.

I particularly recall the uniform of the Austro-Hungarian Minister, of velvet and silk, heavily embroidered with turquoises and silver, cape and cap of astrakhan, and gleaming sword and boots. He looked exactly as though he had just stepped out of grand opera. Next in effectiveness came the Russian; and of course the German, in white cloth trousers and a great deal of red and gold, was not far behind; even several South American ministers put up a very brave front in dark blue and green much incrusted with embroidery. And in a way each of these men was a distinguished figure of his country; for at that time, when royal families were still a great influence in European politics, Copenhagen was considered a post to which only the best could be sent. It was an exceedingly brilliant and picturesque scene. I had the feeling that I was taking part in—a very small part, however, in my severely plain black and white—a picture of past centuries.

As each legation's turn came—this regulated by the number of years the chief of mission had resided there—the Minister for Foreign Affairs conducted the minister and his secretary into an adjoining room, where the audience with the king took place—a matter of a few minutes, after which they left the palace by a simpler entrance.

King Frederick of Denmark was a rather small man of over sixty, with gray hair, a fresh, fair face and slight figure. He wore a uniform in which light blue was the dominating color. He stood in the center of a small room and came forward cordially to welcome the minister. After New Year's greetings had been exchanged I was presented by the minister, found my hand firmly gripped and held by a delightfully simple, friendly old gentleman. He asked about my trip from America, where I had been before, what my impressions of his country were—the same subjects, I was to learn in later experiences, always broached by royalty. He spoke English perfectly and had the faculty of making one feel entirely at ease. Indeed, I left with the feeling that I should like very much to talk to the charming old gentleman for a long time, and later an opportunity did come in a most amusing way.

### *A Record for Dining Out*

From this audience we went to an adjoining palace to greet the crown prince. He was a great contrast to his father, being exceptionally tall and with not quite the same ease of manner, though the audience with him was given a homelike touch by the presence of his two young sons, mere boys, who stood in the room and talked with me while the minister got through the official formalities. There were no ladies at either of these audiences, though the wives of ministers and secretaries were going through a similar procedure with the queen and crown princess.

I came away from these audiences with the feeling that the rulers of these pleasant people were in every way suggestive of the charm and simplicity of the country itself. There was an almost quaint beauty in the palace surroundings and furnishings, and in spite of the formal ceremony there was nothing oppressive or likely to make one feel ill at ease. Perhaps one of the greatest charms of everything connected with these palace functions was the air of an older time which characterized them. They were so far removed from today; traditions colored everything; so few disturbing modern notes had crept in. In many ways they invariably made me think of old paintings which had become mellowed by time.

New Year's Day was a sort of opening gun of the season, and the reverberation apparently reached every person living in town. Houses that had been hermetically sealed ever since I arrived suddenly showed open doors, with liveried flunkies standing guard; windows glowed with yellow silk curtains—a prevalent use of yellow draperies was due to the belief that they furnished a glow that took the place of sunlight; and boxes of green plants gave a gay note to otherwise somber façades. The whole city suddenly changed into party dress, and invitations poured in from all directions. Each legation seemed determined to entertain more than any other; and the Danes—the most hospitable people I have ever lived among—were evidently not going to let the legations outdo them. Forty-seven nights running in the way of dinners is no small record, and yet I probably could have doubled this if I had been able to be at two places at the same time.

The really confusing part of it all, though, was the unusual fact that no one seemed to have the same dinner hour. An invitation to dinner one day would be mentioned as taking place at four o'clock, another would be at five, another at six, and so on throughout the whole afternoon and evening. Even though the court had fixed eight as the official hour to dine, it was whispered that the royal family always dined, when *en famille*, at six; and accordingly people chose the hour which suited them—or their cooks—best. And those dinners! I had never seen such elaborate


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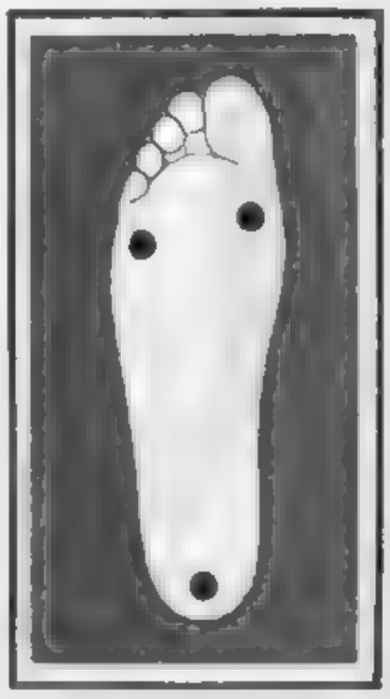
*your nerves must*



Your foot was made to carry the body's weight on the three points shown in the chart. If it does not, the arches have weakened, and irritating pains are daily sapping your nervous energy.

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food, such prodigality in wines, such quantities of everything. Caviar was usually a first course—that delicious, fresh, gray caviar straight from Russia—and not served on little pieces of toast as I had always seen it. Not a bit of it! Huge bowls of it from which you helped yourself with a ladle. And as for the famous *smobro*, which always appeared on a buffet and which you stood and ate and ate before sitting down to the real repast, nothing could possibly equal it in richness and deliciousness and indigestibleness.

Flowers were used in profusion—usually brought from the Riviera, except tulips, which came from Holland; and most tables showed an interesting display of old chiseled silver.

From these dinners we generally went on to dances and balls at other houses, and sometimes to the masked balls given at the hotels—these latter considered a bit *déclassé*, but which were attended even by some of the more distinguished court ladies, who covered their well-known faces with protecting masks.

The minister took special pleasure—and no doubt got great fun out of it—in initiating me into the ceremonies of court life. The first dinner at the palace came soon after New Year's Day, and naturally I was very keen about knowing all details.

"Have you never dined with a king and queen?" the minister asked, simulating great surprise at my lack of experience.

"Very few Americans have," I answered on the defensive.

"It's a wonderful experience," he went on casually, "except that the wines are carelessly chosen—not nearly so well selected as at the American Legation. But, of course, that is the privilege of royalty. They don't have to have good wines, just as a rich man doesn't have to bother about his clothes. However, don't fail to notice the wine servers. They wear flowers on their caps—a relic of old Norse days. And I beg of you, after dinner is finished and the queen sends for you to talk with you, don't kiss her hand. She knows Americans don't do that, and she doesn't expect it of you."

"I don't mind in the least kissing a queen's hand."

He chuckled and I could get nothing more out of him, though the night of the dinner, just as we were going up the steps between rows and rows of guards, he again counseled me not to try to kiss the queen's hand.

It was a diplomatic dinner, and resembled the New Year's assembly with the exception that much more color was given to it by the appearance of ladies. We were given cards at the door, on which were written the names of the ladies we were to take in to dinner, and a small diagram of the table showing the designated place.

### *Saying the Wrong Thing*

After everyone had arrived, a court chamberlain entered, carrying a long baton from which dangled gold cords. This was the signal for a hidden orchestra to begin playing the royal anthem. Then portières were pulled back and the king and queen, followed by several court ladies and gentlemen, walked through the room, bowing as they passed, and entered the dining room. The rest of us followed silently.

The table was in the form of a half circle. In the center sat the king and queen; and the others, according to rank, were placed on the inner and outer sides of the circle. The dinner lasted about an hour; then everyone went into an adjoining room and formed a circle about the royal family. The king began at one end of the circle and passed a few minutes talking to each guest; the queen began at the other side and did the same.

I awaited my few minutes with some perturbation. The queen was not nearly so reassuring as the king. Very tall and broad, rather severe of countenance and covered with the most dazzling diamonds I had ever seen—her inheritance from the Bernadotte millions—she was far from being a simple person to approach. However, when she came towards me and extended her hand I bowed low and kissed it with all the aplomb I could muster.

"You have not been long in Denmark?"

"Only five months, Your Majesty."

"You find it interesting?"

"Very, Your Majesty. Especially ——"

"Yes?"

For some reason that woman on the bicycle had popped into my mind. I stumbled on: "The freedom of the ladies here."

"Does that surprise an American?" I fancied Her Majesty's eyebrows had gone up five feet.

"Ours are only struggling towards complete emancipation. The ladies of Your Majesty's country seem to have achieved it."

"Ah, so!"

Again I found an extended, white-gloved hand before me, and again I bowed and kissed it.

"You have completely ruined your chances of court favor," the minister chided me when we were back in the legation at ten o'clock. "The queen is very much opposed to newfangled ideas for women. Why under the sun did you pick out such a subject? You should have let her advance any ideas." He sighed with resignation. "But I suppose you couldn't help it. It's an American trait to rush in where angels fear to tread. And I beg of you, if you ever have a chance to see her again, and insist upon kissing her hand, don't smack your lips so that the reverberation can be heard over the entire palace."

In spite of the queen's somewhat austere manner and very decided stand on many questions, the informality of the royal family was one of the most surprising sides of Copenhagen life. As a matter of fact, I often found myself a bit puzzled as to what was the proper attitude to maintain in certain situations, though a quiet inconspicuousness usually got one through difficulties; but there were times when one had to be somewhat active, even taking the initiative.

### *A Call From Royalty*

I remember one day Arthur came into my room and announced in his customary pompous manner that Her Royal Highness the Crown Princess was on the telephone.

"What can I do, Arthur, even if Her Royal Highness the Crown Princess is on the telephone?"

He went to the desk and picked up the receiver and held it out to me.

"Her Royal Highness wishes to speak to you, sir."

"Are you trying to play a joke on me?"

He signaled to be silent and motioned for me to take the receiver.

"But—I don't believe you," I insisted.

He gave me a withering glance and spoke in the tube: "The secretary is just here, Your Royal Highness."

Finally I took up the telephone, prepared to enter into the joke, and received an invitation from the lady herself to come over to the palace at once and join them on a bicycling picnic to Helsingör.

Even this did not prepare me for an incident that occurred later. I was in the chancery one afternoon, deciphering a cable which had just arrived. The minister had gone out and so far as I knew no one was in the legation. Suddenly the folding doors which led into the minister's study were thrown open and Arthur stood there bursting with more than his usual pride.

"Well?" I complained, resenting the interruption, and such a deliberate one.

"Get up quick, sir," Arthur whispered.

"Get up! What for?"

"His Majesty is in the drawing-room."

"What majesty, Arthur?"

"His Majesty the King, and Her Royal Highness the Princess Dagmar."

"What under the sun are they doing here?"

"They are calling on the Minister and Mrs. Egan."

"But they've gone out. You know that!"

"Yes, sir. I told His Majesty that; then he asked to see the secretary."

"And he's actually there—in the drawing-room?" It was only a step away, through the minister's study, and all the doors open.

"Yes, sir; and please, please come at once." Even Arthur's perfect control was lessening under the strain.

I threw the cipher book into the safe—I have always prided myself on remembering to do that under such strident circumstances—and hurried into the drawing-room to find the king and his daughter wandering about at their ease, looking at pictures and photographs.

The old gentleman shook me cordially by the hand and said: "Thought I'd drop in a few minutes and talk to the minister. As he is out, we asked for you. You know the Princess Dagmar."

I bowed as formally as I could and regretted more than I could express the

(Continued on Page 160)

# California

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*(Upper) Touring over the superb highways of Central California, you make camp close to a trout stream, and sleep under clear skies.*

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*Trees thousands of years old tower above smooth motor roads in the great redwood forests of California coast counties.*

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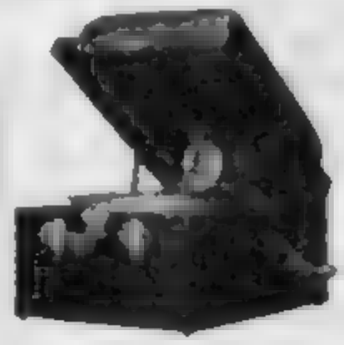


*Portable model weighs 15 pounds measures 11 x 11 x 9 inches and has a number of things Price the same*


*(Continued from Page 158)*

absence of the minister. The king returned to the inspection of a water color.

"And that," he said, seeing a white-tiled humidor which someone had sent as a present to the minister. "What is that? It looks like those advertisements I see in American magazines for refrigerating food. Does the minister keep it in his library? I thought they were for the kitchen."

Nothing would do but that he must see the thing at close hand and have it explained to him; and while this was going on Arthur brought in a tea table and served tea. A few minutes later we were all seated about the table, talking about America, while the king, enjoying a cigar from the minister's humidor, appeared to be perfectly contented and without any intention of making his call a short one.

I was surprised to find that he knew so much about my country, and was particularly gratified to hear him speak of General Lee as being one of the greatest generals the world had ever produced. However, I have learned after long association with foreigners that most of them—I mean the educated classes—have a most extraordinary fund of information about the United States; and their opinions of our leading men are often very suggestive. Perhaps it is the perspective of looking on from a distance which makes them see us more really as we are than we are able to do ourselves, though I must confess that I often find it rather mortifying when someone who has not even been in the United States writes of one of our heroes in a way that few Americans have done. Drinkwater's Lincoln is a striking example of this.

I tried to make the departure of the king and princess more formal than their entrance, and walked with them down to the street door and bowed them out—of course, well reënforced by Arthur; but I must admit that as I stood at the door, watching them walking briskly along towards the palace, I was somewhat bewildered by the whole proceeding. If someone had told me of such an incident I should very probably have spoken of it as *infra dig;* but it was anything but that; it was merely a very pleasant and effective way this charming old gentleman had of showing his friendship and interest in a country which had sent representatives to his court.

A third instance of this informality occurred one afternoon when I went in, after tennis, to the British legation—always a delightful and homelike place to have tea.

### *Playing Host to the Diplomatic Set*

The minister's wife greeted me and said casually, "Come over here and I'll present you to the queen."

I looked towards the fireplace and saw a rather small, slight lady sitting there with her feet touching the hearth before the fire.

"But—that isn't the queen," I protested.

"Not the Queen of Denmark," Lady Lily smiled. "There are others. This one was the Queen of England—Alexandra. And don't bother about trying to say anything to her. She's quite deaf."

That time which every secretary in the diplomatic corps looks forward to so eagerly—when the minister goes on leave and the secretary is left in charge of the legation, thus becoming chargé d'affaires—came after I had been in Copenhagen nine months. Little did I know what was in store for me. With memories of Havana and visits of Secretaries of War still vividly before me, I should have been prepared for anything, but never the extraordinary experience of attending a dinner at which almost every king and queen in Christendom was present.

Immediately after the minister left I began entertaining and trying to pay off some of the obligations of that hectic season. I began with an afternoon dancing party—this was before the name *thé dansant* had become a part of our vocabulary—to which about one hundred people were invited, among others the crown prince and princess, who were fond of dancing and were anxious to learn the intricacies of the turkey trot, which had just come in.

What ages ago that seems! I gave it at Tivoli—a tea garden and amusement place which Copenhagen looked upon as being very smart—and it went off successfully. Then followed several dinners at the Angleterre Hotel, where I had remained, as it had proved so very comfortable and extraordinarily reasonable; and I was on the way to more and more parties, when suddenly everything collapsed and the whole country was thrown into the deepest mourning.

Early in the spring the king and queen had gone to Hamburg to spend a week or two; a customary trip, which was not heralded about, as they had gone incognito. When they had been gone a few days I happened to be dining at the Russian Legation and found everyone whispering that a rumor had just reached Copenhagen that evening that the king had disappeared from the hotel in Hamburg and had not been heard of since. No one seemed to know if there were any truth in the rumor or not. The French minister said he had gone at once to the Foreign Office to make inquiries and had been told that it was only a rumor; however, he had got the impression that everyone was considerably worried. During the evening many people came in to play bridge or sit about—those who had been invited to a previous dinner were always expected to come in later when other dinners were given—and an ominous pall was evident. Still, no one knew any actual fact. Everything was hearsay.

Early next morning every church bell in the city was tolling, flags were hung at half-mast and the papers, with deep mourning bands, announced the death of the king. The story published was that he had gone out after dinner for a walk, unattended, dressed in civilian clothes, had had a stroke of apoplexy and had died immediately. Two days later his body had been identified in the morgue.

### *The Rush Into Mourning*

I rushed over to the legation and was met by Arthur, who looked at me with amazement and highly disapproving eyes.

"His Majesty is dead, sir."

"Yes, Arthur, I saw it in the papers."

"But, sir, you are not in mourning!"

I happened to be wearing that morning a particularly vivid tie to which Arthur's eyes remained glued.

"Am I supposed to go in mourning, Arthur?"

"Everyone is already in mourning, sir. I hope you will let me go to the hotel and fetch your black clothes at once. Surely you will not appear on the street again that way."

"But—I haven't any mourning clothes."

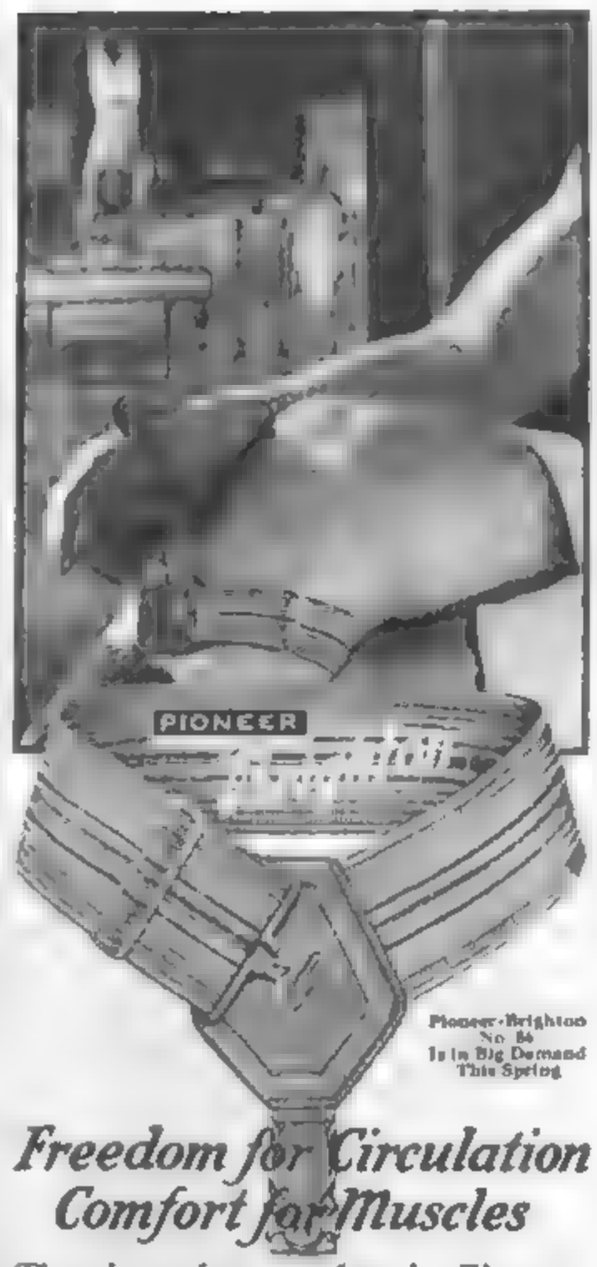
"Then, sir, I had better try to find one of those ready-made garments that the working people wear. Anything would be better than what you have on. In the meantime I shall go out and buy some black gloves, a black tie, bands for your arm and hat—and I'll fetch your morning coat, sir."

I think he wanted an excuse to get out on the street to see and hear what was going on—and a great deal was being said that first day; there were a great many conflicting stories of what had actually happened to the king. At any rate, by noon Arthur had me as black as a crow, and fortunately just in time to go to the window and see what appeared to be the whole of Copenhagen rushing in the direction of the palace. Arthur rushed down to find out what was taking place, and soon returned with the information that the coronation of the new king and queen was taking place at that moment. When I expressed surprise at what I considered unsympathetic haste he looked at me with a supreme contempt of my ignorance.

"Don't you know, sir, that the sun cannot set on Denmark without a king and queen?"

We hurried down to the Amalienborgplads, pushed and struggled through the crowd and reached there just in time to see the Prime Minister come out on the balcony of one of the palaces to announce that the king was dead and the new king had been crowned. After this announcement the crowd remained with heads uncovered and eyes cast down. The stillness and silence were oppressively impressive. Tears were in the eyes of everyone. It was a tremendously touching sight. Then the young king and his queen came out on the balcony and held out their hands to the crowd. Another silence followed, and then the most tremendous roar went up from thousands of throats—a solemn, dignified and poignant salute to the new monarch.

The first diplomatic step after this informal coronation was to go about and sign books at the doors of every member of the royal family. This takes the place of leaving cards of condolence, which, of course, you can't do with royalty. It took the whole of the afternoon and brought to my attention the fact that every experienced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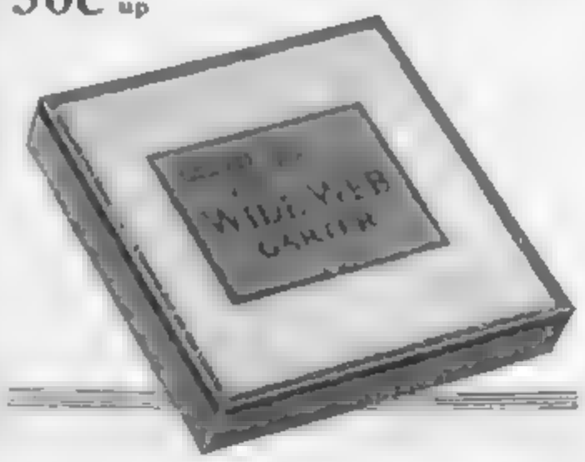

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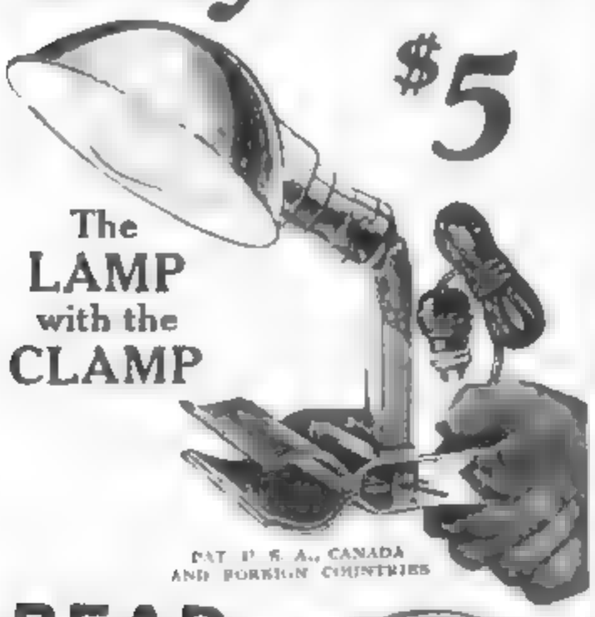

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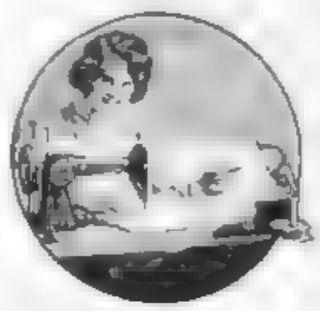

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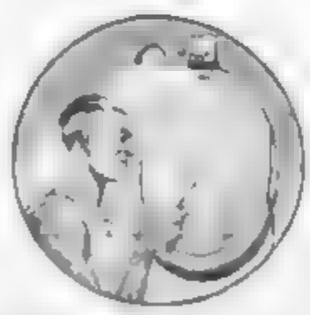

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diplomatic officer has on hand a complete mourning outfit for just such an occasion. I ran into practically every member of the diplomatic corps and was much impressed with their mournful attire. Every one of them was in deep black, crape bands upon their arms, crape upon their hats, black ties, black gloves; and, of course, black suits. And the ladies! I had never seen such elaborate mourning. The French minister's wife was admitted by everyone to have put all the others—even members of the court—to shame. Her use of yards and yards of crape was superb; and her bonnet—a combination of Mary Stuart and Marie de Medici headdress, composed of a mere line of white and a voluminous trailing veil—far surpassed those historic prototypes in effectiveness.

Arthur had acquired everything necessary for me to live up to the traditions of the moment—he would have been better pleased, I'm sure, if I had consented to don a black silk shirt and I felt quite properly attired to end the afternoon with a call of condolence on the Minister for Foreign Affairs. He interrupted me rather abruptly in the midst of my expressions of sympathy to inquire who would represent the United States at the funeral. He said he was making up the list of special envoys and would like to know as soon as possible who the American would be, the number included in his suite and the time of his arrival.

I had telegraphed the news of the king's death to the State Department, but had not mentioned that special envoys were being sent to the funeral; in fact, I did not know this until the Foreign Minister told me. An urgent cable was got off at once and I waited impatiently all the next day for a reply; but none came. The third day and still no answer.

By this time the special envoys were arriving. England, France, Germany, Italy, Russia and many smaller countries were sending either some member of a royal family or a prominent official. Each train was bringing in an envoy and his suite, and these arrivals were always an occasion for music, parades and an outpouring of cavalry; the streets were lined day and night with crowds watching for a glimpse of incoming royalties; automobiles assigned to the suites flew about in all directions, flying streamers of gold and crimson ribbons; and the clatter of marching soldiers was incessant. The aspect of the town grew more and more festive; it was evident that some great event was imminent, but nothing suggested a funeral except that the crowds were entirely clothed in black—though black worn by fair people is rather more becoming than lugubrious.

### *A Special Envoy*

Still no reply came from the State Department. I had had two messages from the Foreign Office asking if anyone had been appointed, and each time I felt more mortified that my own country was apparently going to be the only one unrepresented at the funeral. Then, the same morning that the king was to receive the envoys, a cable came instructing me to inform the Foreign Office that, due to the short time, it had been impossible to send a special delegate and that I had been appointed to represent the United States.

I rushed to the Foreign Office, gave this information and was told to hurry to the palace and be received with the others. I had just half an hour to get into evening clothes and be there, and once more felt entirely out of place among the gorgeous uniforms worn by everyone. The king entered the room where we were assembled, shook hands and said a few words of appreciation of the sympathy shown—speaking to each envoy in that envoy's language—and then left us all impressed with the deep emotion he was experiencing.

That night we all gathered again at the palace and I had the rather unusual experience of sitting down to dinner with four kings and queens, two dowager queens, and princes and princesses galore. It was an exceptional gathering even for Copenhagen. On one side of me sat Prince Arthur of Connaught, on the other the Crown Prince of Germany; and all through the dinner the latter kept up a steady fire of questions regarding American baseball. As a matter of fact, the conversation all about the table was far from being suggestive of a sad occasion.

Immediately after dinner the numerous kings and queens withdrew, which was the signal for the others to leave. It was a very short evening—the whole affair lasted a little over an hour—and though expeditiously got through, it is one of the most salient incidents in my diplomatic memories. It was immensely interesting to see these personages at such close range the table was narrow and we faced each other across a few feet—and I got many distinct impressions that have lasted. The Crown Princess of Germany was by far the most attractive of the ladies; her wholesome and vivid personality made her stand out above the others; Queen Alexandra, remarkable for her age and really very pretty, furnished a quiet, gentle note that was charming; the Dowager Empress of Russia was a striking contrast and made one wonder how these two could actually be sisters; Prince Arthur—evidently bored by the whole proceeding, a repetition of similar functions which it seems to be his special duty to attend—carried himself with customary British phlegm; Constantine of Greece, affable and casual, was evidently free from any premonition of the stormy future in store for him; and the kings of Norway and Sweden were somehow a bit austerely suggestive of their more northern kingdoms.

The next day an elaborate service was held in the cathedral, where the king's body lay in state. A huge catafalque filled the center of the church, floral offerings from almost every country in the world were arranged about it and the whole guarded by a double file of soldiers wearing the historic uniforms of Denmark—not only of today but of past centuries. The scene was a blaze of color and had much about it that was suggestive of the days of vikings. The funeral procession went from the church to the station, everyone following on foot with uncovered heads. A train journey of several hours took us to Roskilde—the Westminster Abbey of Denmark—where, after another long service, the king's body was placed in a crypt beside his ancestors. Thus ended my only experience as special envoy of the United States to a foreign country.

### *Influences of New Environment*

There is no object or use in trying to pretend that my diplomatic education in Copenhagen was anything other than social. The only question that had any real import was the old one of the sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States. This was always being discussed—officially and unofficially—but advanced very little while I was there. The psychological moment for its accomplishment did not come until my term was ended. If I had been sent there before Havana I should have come away with very little training or knowledge of chancery work. The numerous matters pertaining to citizenship, commercial affairs and development in government administration—so much a part of the work in Cuba—hardly existed. There was no American colony; probably eight or ten made up the number of my countrymen living there; and questions to be taken up with the Foreign Office were so few and far between that we merely made perfunctory calls every week or two. However, the time spent there, besides being agreeable and interesting, gave me an insight into foreign life that was entirely new to me and created influences which colored later years.

The absence of any of my own people threw me necessarily more intimately in contact with my colleagues and the Danish people. I was actually living all the time with those who, even though most of them spoke English fluently, had never been to America and had been brought up and were living in conditions quite foreign to my own.

Without being conscious of it, my opinions and perhaps my character were being modified. I seemed to be in a constant state of flux, very sensitive to impressions and constantly being surprised at the emphasis put upon things which were not a part of my previous experience. I believe I got to know my colleagues more closely there than ever since; and the opportunities of looking on—almost being a part of—other civilizations were exceptional, especially through the daily association with the members of the legations.

The British Legation, owning its own house, was—as is nearly always the case—the leading one and the nucleus of diplomatic life. The Danes admired the English and frankly showed their preference for them by speaking their language more than

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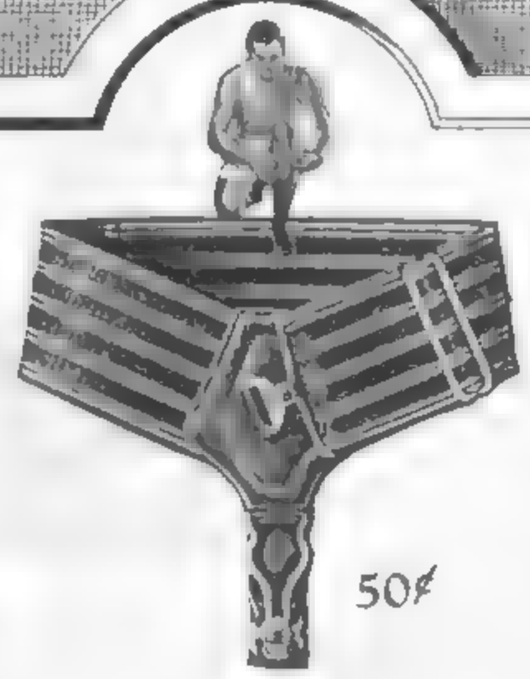


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any other, adopting their customs and imitating their taste in everything. Next in favor came the French and Russians, both of these legations being headed by distinguished ministers and charming wives, the former being particularly lucky in having a lady who made her house the gathering point of everything artistic and literary as well as chic.

The Germans had rented one of the most conspicuous palaces on Kongens Nytorv and entertained elaborately and constantly but without much real success. Schleswig-Holstein was too recent a matter to be forgotten.

One of my most important reactions to this whirl of unfamiliar existence was the feeling that it was fundamentally useless and artificial. Everyone seemed to be living for the day alone; a good time and constant amusement formed the main goal; little time or thought were given to serious matters; actual constructive work in any direction was apparently not a part of this life. Still, there was a lightness of touch and cleverness to criticism and appreciation that showed background and serious education.

I often caught myself wondering over the way these people attacked and dismissed subjects which we, as a nation, are inclined to take very much to heart and ponder over. Was it that they had had so long the culture we are struggling for that it was no longer important to them? Even when such men as Anatole France came and delivered a series of lectures—over which I was so enthusiastic—they would merely say: "Oh, Anatole France—yes! Of course you've read Thaïs." Which I hadn't, but soon had. Or when the Ring was given at the opera and I had my first opportunity of hearing the complete series in succession, they would say casually: "But you should hear it at Oberammergau! Of course, they will do it quite badly here."

Such comments, such lack of enthusiasm, often made me feel that I was beginning to know and love all the things which my associates had forgotten centuries before. Sometimes I even went so far as to ask myself if I had not begun too late; if I had not better let all this life go and return to my own country and its more virile eagerness. Would not Europe and its old civilization become a disheartening influence? Nothing takes the zest out of one's enthusiasm so much as finding others bored by them.

### *Mr. Egan's Fun*

I often used to discuss these questions with the minister; and when I tried to encourage myself by telling him that I was continually surprised to find that I was fitting into a life that was wholly apart from anything I had ever known—citing the number of invitations I received as evidence of success—he would take the wind out of my sails by saying that any unmarried secretary would be popular in diplomacy because he was indispensable in filling out a dinner table or completing a four at bridge; it had nothing whatever to do with personality. Then, just to get a rise out of him, I would say that I had spent the whole of the previous afternoon with the French minister's wife, who had read aloud—for me alone—Verlaine's verses.

"Of which you understood not one word. Besides, the Russian secretary had the same experience the day before; and the day before him was the Austrian. The lady must get through the afternoon somehow, even if she has to read French poetry to an American."

I would retort to this by repeating a whole verse of Mon Rêve Familier, which was evening scores, no doubt, with a vengeance.

"What are you trying to prove to me?" the minister would interrupt. "That you are becoming denationalized?"

"No; I'm only trying to show that an American is so adaptable that he can, without tremendous preparation, fit into this life. Doesn't that go somewhere in proving we are a wonderful people?"

"Of course we are a wonderful people. No one denies that; but our strength does not lie in thinking we have acquired the culture of these older races after associating a few months with them. As a matter of fact, I am not so sure that we want to acquire their culture. We've got so many bigger and more important and more real things to do than that."

"At any rate," I went on, agreeing with him heartily and looking for more statements which would strengthen conviction and yet wishing to draw him out further, "it is a phase of development which should be useful to us as individuals."

"Perhaps. But be careful you don't let that development lead you in a direction that will make you patronize your own people when you go back to them. There are such instances, you know."

Even though with the entrée which being a member of the diplomatic corps gave one, I often had the feeling that I was very much out of the really intimate life of my colleagues. They had so many vital questions existing between their own countries which were almost invariably a part of their conversations—questions in which we, at that time, had so little interest.

The Triple Alliance naturally gave the Germans, the Austrians and the Italians a sympathetic subject to discuss; French and Russians had their much-mooted interests; the British were closely allied, both by royal marriages and political affairs, to the Danes; even Belgium and Holland had close affiliations which were constantly offering bases of friendship; but the United States—thousands of miles away, unbelievably rich, a democracy standing for everything that was opposed to old régime and class distinctions—was entirely out of the intimate circle. It was impossible not to feel this; it was in the atmosphere; it was a bit like a man who knows nothing about golf walking over the course with a professional player. I do not mean to suggest that this atmosphere was intentionally created; it was only a natural result.

### *Opinions of America*

An interesting phase of life among the Danes was afforded in studying their attitude toward and opinions of America and Americans. I once heard an experienced and much-traveled American say that those of us who had the most success and made the most lasting impression in Europe were our most vulgar types, because they represented to Europeans exactly what their preconceived ideas of us were. He said this was particularly the case in England, where the rough-and-ready type amused the English and gave them something which did not exist in their own life; that they even found the nasal twang and informal geniality delightful qualities, just because they were different from anything they had.

This may be true of England, where a common language makes intercourse comparatively easy; but it was not the case in Denmark. The opinion of the Danes was necessarily formed from the few persons seen there, American literature and those moving pictures which presented—and, for that matter, still do—our life during the pioneer days of the West. I don't think I saw an American film in Copenhagen that did not picture roughriders, cow-punchers, shooting parties and primitive frontier life. The Danes loved these pictures.

I left Copenhagen with the feeling that much water had passed under the bridge. It furnished a much deeper influence than those first two years in Havana—an influence the full extent of which I was not to appreciate until I had reached home and once more was mingling among my own people and looking at them through a perspective that was somehow disconcertingly new and a bit bewildering. A widely contrasting background and civilization made my own people flash upon me in an entirely new light.

Arthur was the last—as he had been the first—person I saw in Copenhagen. He went with me to the boat, installed my things in the cabin and very probably instructed the purser in detail of the distinguished attention which he apparently felt—I hope sincerely—my position demanded. I shook hands with him at parting, a gesture which surprised him and which I really believe did not please him. He was so relentlessly correct that he did not enjoy anything which was wanting in dignity, even when meant as a compliment to him.

"I hope some day you will come to America, Arthur," I said. "Your son likes it so much there. Perhaps you would too."

He bowed profoundly.

"Thank you, sir. But, sir, if you don't mind my saying it, I hope no such unfortunate fate will ever overtake me."

Poor Arthur—living on a farm in Indiana! And the splendors of court life in Copenhagen only a memory!

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr Richardson. The next will appear in an early issue.

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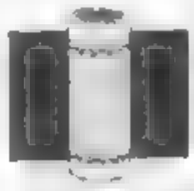

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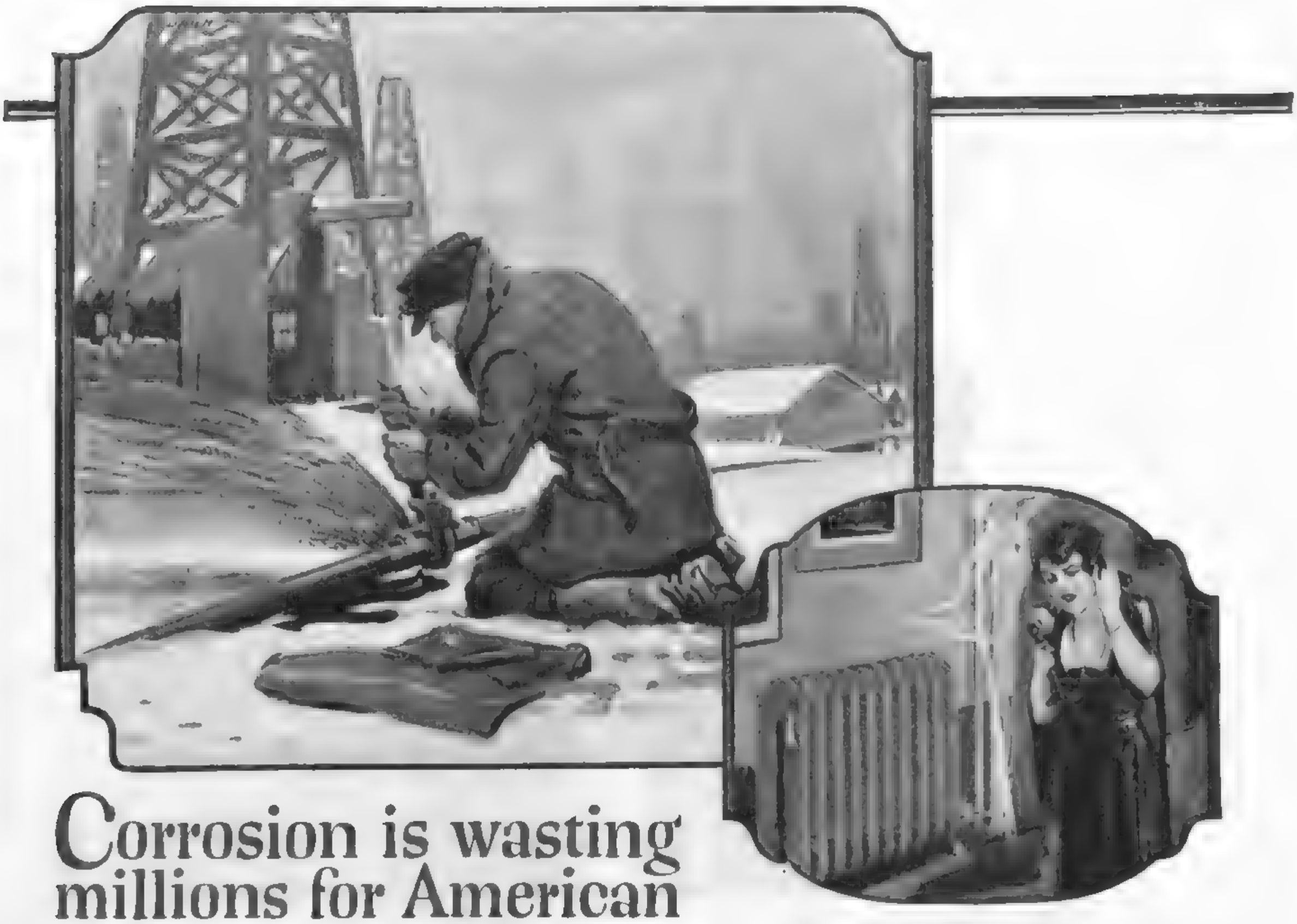

# Corrosion is wasting millions for American Industries and Homes

ACROSS the continent stretch countless miles of pipe lines conveying crude oil from the oil fields to the refineries along the seaboard. Through icy, snow-laden gales, through the furnace heat of the summer sun beating down on the bad lands, men must go inspecting these lines foot by foot. A single break in the line may spout away thousands of dollars' worth of oil in a single day.

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# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32)

Epilepsy Theme from Schoenberg's Fifth Symphony.

"The trouble with dramatic art in America," began Mr. Feinberg, "has been that hitherto our plays have been written by mere playwrights. What we need is fewer dramatists and more dramaturgists."

Our star reporter nodded a rather vague assent.

"Look at the wonderful progress that has been made abroad in dramatic production. This country—and England, for that matter—are still in the gaslight era. Poor old doddering anachronisms like Tarkington, Barrie and Shaw seem still to cling to the idea that the drama is a branch of literature."

"Isn't it?" inquired the star reporter.

"Literature is only a small and unimportant part of it. Edison has done more for the modern stage than Pinero. The modern play is a synthesis of electricity, carpentry and architecture. I'm trying to induce Steinmetz to write a tragedy. There's a boy that could put some pep into a play!"

"It sounds grand," said the star reporter.

"I've just returned from Europe," said Mr. Feinberg, "and I've brought back some remarkable novelties. You've seen that Czecho-Slovak Insect Comedy in New York, of course?"

The star reporter said he had.

"I have a play here called The Vegetable Tragedy. It is in nineteen acts. Each act has twelve scenes. There are seven hundred and ninety-five characters; all of them vegetables."

"I didn't know there were so many vegetables," said the star reporter.

Mr. Feinberg smiled indulgently.

"I need twenty of them to play the part of a bunch of asparagus; fifty appear as a quart of string beans, and so on. The play represents a conflict between the ethical consciousness of the infinite, and the infinity of the conscious ethic. Here's a sketch made by Ivan Meinhardt, of Munich, for the fourth act, the great Vegetable Brothel Scene."

The star reporter examined the sketch carefully. It appeared to be a series of concentric circles—purple, green, yellow, blue and pink. Diagonally across the page was drawn a broad streak of gold with crimson spots.

"When Belasco and others of the old school wanted to show the interior of a room," explained the impresario, "they hired a lot of carpenters and painters, and when the job was finished it looked merely like the interior of a room. We of the new school seek to show the soul of the room."

"Oh," said the star reporter.

"In this Vegetable Brothel Scene," Mr. Feinberg went on, "The Sweet Potato, who is the heroine of the piece—she symbolizes The Spirit of the Movement for Better Housing Conditions Among the Unemployed—is seduced by The Artichoke. She has been enticed to the brothel by two Carrots and a Turnip, who bring her a forged message saying that her father, The Endive, is dying. Then the villain of the piece, The Tomato, gets stewed."

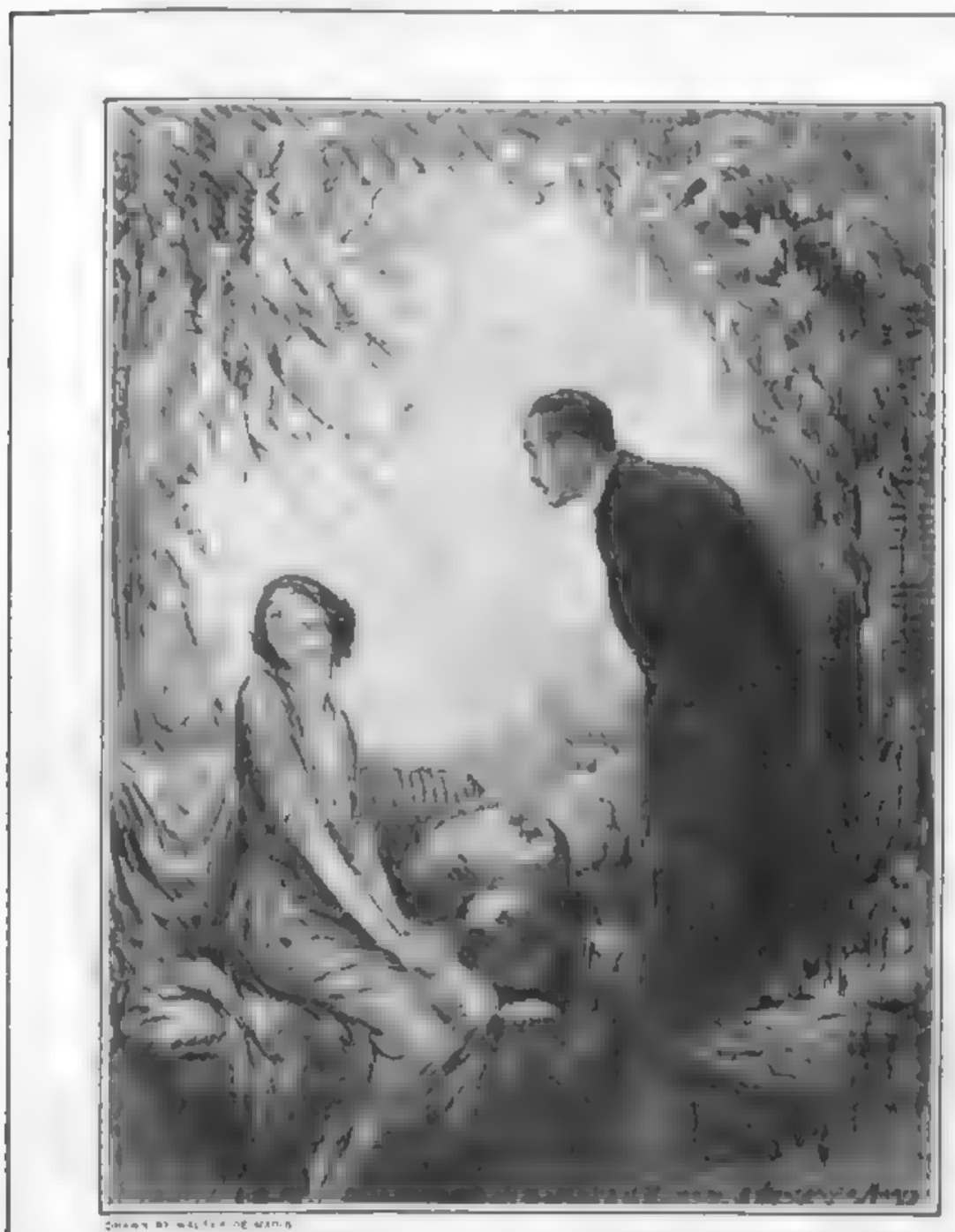
"What does he symbolize?" asked the star reporter.

"He symbolizes Immigration," Mr. Feinberg replied. "We have brought over the famous revolving stage that Ratkowsky introduced in the Schlemiehlschauspielhaus in Dresden. Unfortunately the machinery takes up so much room that we won't be able to fit it into our theater and still have room for the actors, so I've hit upon an ingenious device. I'm going to use two theaters; one for the actors and one for the scenery."

"What are your other novelties?" the star reporter asked.

"Well," said Mr. Feinberg, "I have the American rights to Doctor Freud's psychoanalytic comedy, Kid Œdipus. It is an amusing little skit about a fellow named Axel Schimmelbrau, who is run over by a Crane simplex and gets an Œdipus complex. But here's the prize of my collection. I predict that this play will completely revolutionize the American drama."

"What is it?" asked the star reporter in awed tones.



*The Spiritist Enthusiast—"Oh, Mr. Brown, I Have the Most Amazing New Control."*
*"Er—um—Socrates' Wife?"*
*"No, Horrid Man! Cleopatra!"*

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"This," said Mr. Feinberg, taking a roll of paper reverently from the drawer of his Louis XIII desk, "is the manuscript of Kautsky's tragedy, Chaos."

He handed the precious manuscript to the star reporter.

"Why, it's nothing but blank pages!" exclaimed the star reporter.

"Exactly," said Feinberg triumphantly. "It is the ultimate triumph of simplification. Students of modern dramatic writing know that the dialogue of a play has become less and less important, and that the essence of modern drama is the spiritual conflict that transcends the spoken word. So Kautsky has eliminated all language from his play, thus permitting the attention of the audience to focus on the real tragedy that is being enacted."

"It sounds like pantomime," said the star reporter.

"It would be pantomime," said Feinberg, "only Kautsky has eliminated actors from the play. His theory is that the personalities of the characters are so often confused with the ideas that they represent that the underlying motive of the play is lost, so he has written this play without any characters at all."

"Leaving only scenery?"

"No," said Mr. Feinberg, "Kautsky has distinctly stipulated that there shall be no scenery. As he sums it up in a penetrating epigram, 'The play's the thing.'"

"I see," said the star reporter. "That show ought to be a riot."

"When it was produced in Budapest," said Mr. Feinberg, "it was suppressed after the first performance on the ground that it offended public morals. The police were called in and the author was put in jail for writing revolutionary propaganda. You might mention that in your article."

"I will," said the star reporter.

*—Newman Levy.*

### The Psong of the Psulky Psychic

*WHEN I was young and buoyant*
*A many seasons back,*
*I practiced, as clairvoyant,*
*At fifty cents a prac.*
*I told your fate in trances,*
*I gazed in crystal sphere;*
*But psychic fads and fancies*
*Are changing every year!*

*Astrology appearing*
*To feed your fears and hopes,*
*I left my spooks and seering*
*For dollar horoscopes.*
*Of zodiac and planets*
*I told the story weird;*
*It paid when I began it,*
*But soon the fashion veered.*

*For numbers next you voted—*
*Pythagorean stuff—*
*Of what your name denoted;*
*Two dollars for the guff.*
*G, P, and Y were 7,*
*And I and R were 9;*
*BEBB added up to 11,*
*And so her luck was fine.*

*Then New Thought next I tackled.*
*I bade you hold the thought!*
*Your will I so unshackled;*
*Three bones my treatment bought.*
*"You can!" I cried with patience;*
*"I am Success!" Alas,*
*For all my affirmations*
*Have simply gone to grass!*

*For now you cry for Coué,*
*The game is up for me.*
*The graft has all gone blooey—*
*For Coué takes no fee!*
*This free autosuggestion*
*Is tough, without a doubt;*
*For day by day in every way*
*I'm getting down and out!*

*—Gelett Burgess.*

### Hot Stuff

"HOW did you like him? Did he give you a warm welcome?"

"Well, his cheeks flamed, his eyes blazed, he had a lantern jaw and a wicked smile and he was all lit up!"

### Another Poem on Love

*WHEN Love first smote my tender breast*
*And set my temples madly pulsing,*
*No peace knew I, nor any rest,*
*But anguished nights of wild convulsing.*

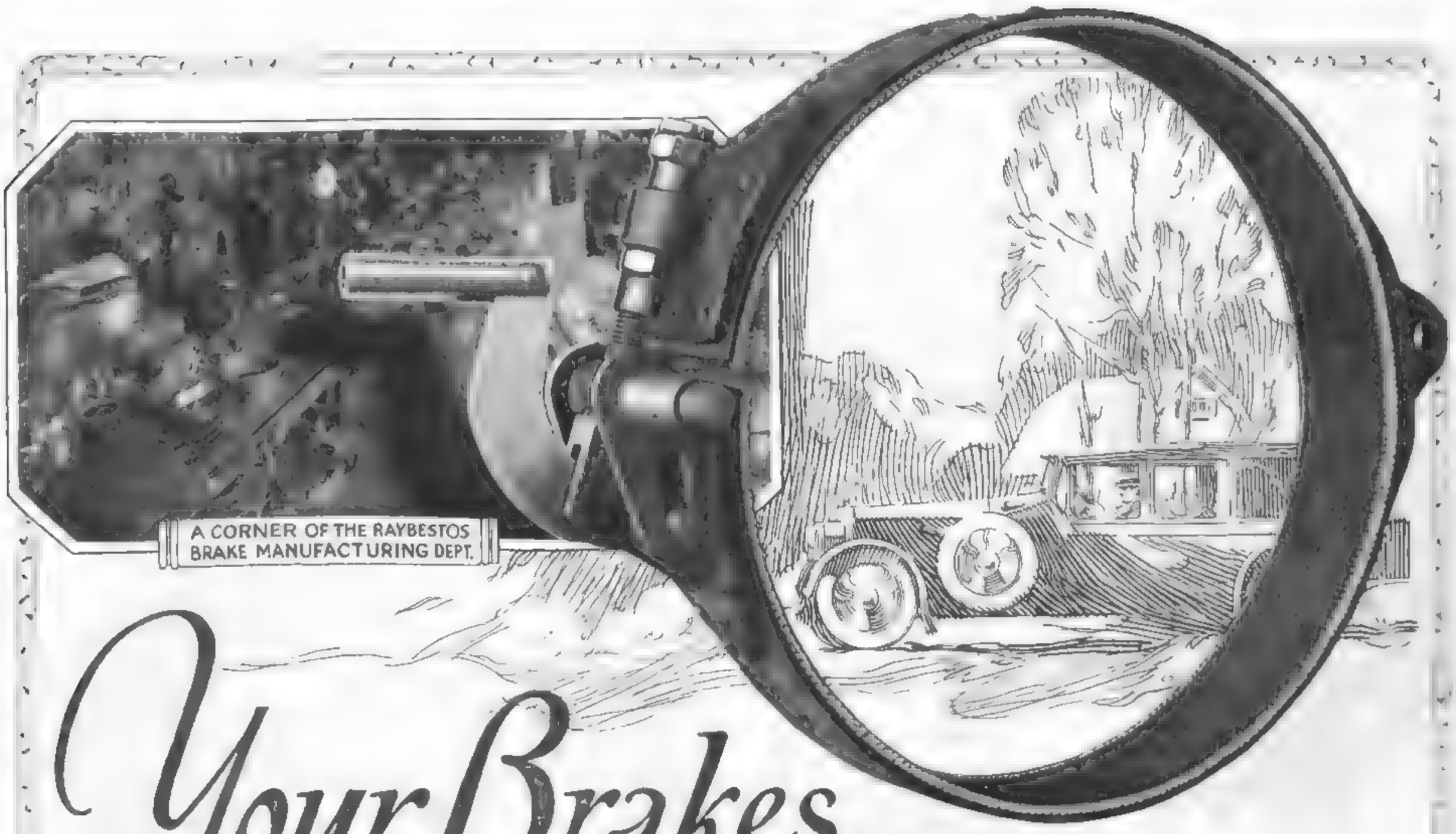
*When next the poisoned arrow struck,*
*It left a scar of size horrendous.*
*And such was my accursed luck,*
*I ran a temperature tremendous.*

*Once more I fell for Cupid's guiles.*
*A wicked bow that rascal stretches!*
*A lady's glance, a lady's smiles,*
*Made me the wretchedest of wretches!*

*Ah, how my heart has bled with pain!*
*Long have I suffered, and intensely.*
*And yet I'd like to love again,*
*For I've enjoyed my grief immensely!*

*—Max Lief.*

*Laddie Boy: "When Dogs Delight to Bark and Bite, My Friendly Motto is: 'Good-Night!'"*




# Your Brakes

Over 15,000 people killed or injured in motor accidents last year . . . . . most of them were preventable. Marcus Dowd, in charge of Bureau of Public Safety, Police Department, City of New York, says "60% of automobile accidents are due to *faulty brakes*". This can only mean that the average car owner neglects his brakes. Astonishing as it may seem—this is borne out by facts—few motorists have the brakes regularly inspected or adjusted. The majority expect ragged, worn-out brake lining to stop the car in an emergency, unconscious of menacing, invisible danger . . . . . What about *your* brake lining?

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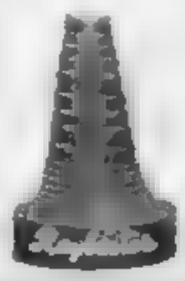

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# YOUR UNCONSCIOUS

(Continued from Page 9)

behind the throne, this, in no way inferior in importance to our so-called higher or conscious mind, which works only when we are awake. Indeed, M. Coué objects to the term "subconscious" because it seems to imply this inferiority, and prefers to say "unconscious." Only, by the mercy of heaven, most of the workings of our subconscious mind make no impression upon our consciousness. If they did we should have no time to think about anything else, and even sleep would be impossible.

The theory of the modern mind healers, like M. Coué and his preceptor, Liébeault, is that this subconscious mind is as credulous as it is powerful; and if we can only slip past that watchful sentinel, the conscious mind, and whisper a suggestion in the ear of the subconscious it will often accept it and proceed to carry it out. And the time at which we are most likely literally to catch the sentinel napping is just at the beginning of sleep, for sleep is the going off duty of the conscious mind, leaving the subconscious mind on guard. Then, as the subconscious surges up to the surface, it can be reached and curative suggestions made to it. It is claimed that suggestions whispered in a patient's ear early in natural sleep, taking special pains not to wake him, will often register in the subconscious and be carried out after he wakes up, without, of course, any recollection of the message. And similar suggestions of improvement to oneself just before falling asleep are used in certain popular systems of memory building and success in life.

### The Coué System

But natural sleep is proverbially capricious and unbiddable, and often cannot be brought on at will; so one school of mind teachers, the hypnotists, employ various forms of artificial or induced sleep, for the purpose, so to speak, of gently prying the halves of the mind apart and inserting the suggestion. This is declared to be a comparatively simple matter, for collections of cases running up into the thousands—more than fifty thousand in the Nancy School alone—show that with competent operators, who are trained physicians as well as hypnotists, 85 to 95 per cent of patients of all ages and grades of intelligence who are freely willing to be influenced can be more or less deeply hypnotized, though fortunately very few can be hypnotized against their wills. Then when the mind has been dissociated, as the technical term is, by suspending the activities of the higher or conscious part, suggestions can be made to the subconscious mind of the patient, such as that when he awakes his pain will be gone, his asthmatic wheezing and gasping relieved; instead of dyspepsia and disgust for food he will have a good appetite, followed by perfect digestion; or his next sea voyage will produce no nausea and vomiting.

If the subconscious mind accepts these suggestions the patient will wake up greatly relieved.

But M. Coué and his school claim that it is not necessary to induce hypnosis or sleep of any sort, either natural or artificial. Just a few passes or a little mild mystification of some sort to shake the confidence of the conscious mind and arrest the attention of the subconscious, and then cheering suggestions of improvement and recovery are made in a quiet, confident tone of voice, which, if accepted by the subconscious, are promptly put in process of realization.

If the patient shows himself responsive, and pain, for instance, or disability is present, a more active impression is attempted; and M. Coué begins chanting the now famous words, *"Ça passe, ça passe, ça passe"*—"It's going, it's going, it's going"—echoed by the patient, gradually increasing the speed until they are both fairly jabbering as fast as they can possibly pronounce the syllables, at the same time rubbing the seat of the pain or the stiff joint or limb. By the time they have to pause for breath, the patient often declares that the pain is much better, or proceeds to move the stiff joint or paralyzed limb. M. Coué explains the great rapidity of the exclamations on the ground that they leave the patient's mind no time to contradict.

All this has been done in the presence of a roomful of other patients, who see all the favorable results produced and are assured that others will appear later in the apparently unaffected, so that each, as he comes forward for treatment in his turn, is already impressed and ready to respond to the healer's suggestions. Then, before the group is dismissed, M. Coué begins gently to intone his hymn of healing.

As an instance of how it may work in suitable cases, a visitor to M. Coué's clinic at Nancy noticed a middle-aged lady of refined appearance, who, after sitting through the morning session and taking keen interest in the cures reported, returned rather late after the lunch interval with a beaming smile upon her face. When an opportunity came, about five o'clock, she delightedly told M. Coué that she had come for relief from an agonizingly painful dyspepsia, which had tormented her for months, though on a milk diet, and kept her extremely thin, listless, anæmic and weak.

After hearing his cheering assurances she had gone downtown to the best restaurant, called for a full table-d'hôte luncheon and eaten straight through it from hors d'œuvres to coffee with great enjoyment and so far nothing but the most pleasant results.

This experience could be paralleled a dozen times by any physician of wide experience. A painful indigestion had been started probably by some definite physical cause, such as a food poisoning or an infection, which had subsided long ago; but the dyspepsia and pain persisted and became chronic, simply because a too rigorously restricted diet kept the poor stomach constantly in the pangs of starvation. The diet had become the disease.

Finally, after patients have begun to improve, M. Coué, with an admirable combination of modesty and good judgment, realizing that the triumph of art is to conceal art, the triumph of a good physician to make himself no longer necessary, informs the grateful convalescents that he has not cured them but merely showed them how to cure themselves. They can now complete their own cure by making helpful suggestions to themselves, and here is the prescription, the now world-famous formula: "Day by day, in every way, I'm getting better and better." Or for those who think there is more virtue in the original French: *"Tous les jours, à tous points de vue, je vais de mieux en mieux."* This is to be repeated aloud, or at least with moving of the lips, exactly twenty times night and morning, just before going to sleep and directly on waking in the morning. In order to be sure of the precise number of repetitions, twenty knots are to be tied in a piece of string and then told like the beads of a rosary. A phrase and a piece of string! Surely a magnificently simple pharmacopœia. And M. Coué is himself a retired pharmacist!

### Employment of Hypnotism

On the other hand, the hypnotists proper, who far outnumber Coué and his great teacher, Liébeault, claim that a more or less profound degree of induced sleep is necessary to secure the best and most far-reaching results. This may be produced by any variation of the historic and classic methods, such as making the patient gaze fixedly at a tiny mirror, or some other small bright object, held near and slightly above his eyes to put the eye muscles on a strain; or gazing fixedly into his eyes for several minutes and then gently closing them with the fingers and assuring him he cannot open them and that he is beginning to feel drowsy; or taking one of the patient's hands and laying it on the operator's hand, holding it there firmly for a few minutes and then telling him he cannot lift it off; or clasping his hands together with the fingers firmly interlocked, and after gazing deeply into his eyes, assuring him that he cannot separate them—M. Coué's favorite method.

Then, when the patient is thoroughly under, they proceed to exercise those extraordinary but rather uncanny powers of control over his immediate actions and beliefs, and his future conduct, which are so familiar at any public hypnotic exhibition. Modern intelligent hypnotists, who are nearly all trained and fully qualified physicians as well, practicing hypnotism as their specialty, now frankly admit that its greatest fields of usefulness are: As a supplement


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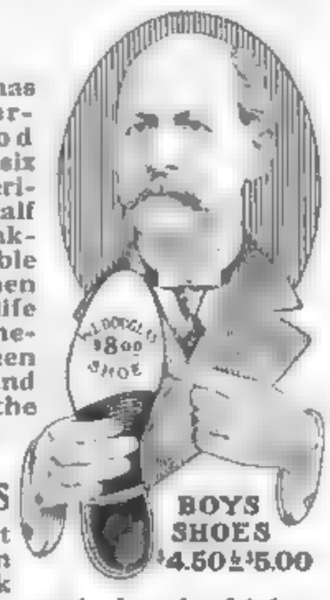


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to medical treatment in such diseases as insomnia, neuralgia, hysteria, asthma, chronic rheumatic pains, contractions and paralysis of muscles, and the like.

In the relief of bad mental habits, such as inebriety, drug addictions, facial and other twitchings, stammering, nail biting, nervous constipation, and so on.

As Wingfield puts it, "Most diseases" [curable] "appear to be functional neuroses" [nervous disorders] "in which no organic lesion" [physical cause] "can be found." In other words, what the mind has helped to cause the mind can help to cure.

This gives, they claim, as wide a field of activity as, say, the oculist has in diseases of the eye, or the aurist in those of the ear, or the dermatologist in skin disturbances. And within this field remarkable results are claimed, especially in cases which have defied medical and surgical treatment, because the cause of the trouble was really mental instead of physical. By chronic bad mental habits and attitudes, affecting conduct, a sort of mental cramps may be produced and translated by the subconscious mind into bodily spasms, congestions and stagnations, often extremely painful and disabling, such as constipation, neuralgia, asthma and others that have been mentioned.

This is a brief and greatly simplified outline, perhaps too baldly and alphabetically so, of the case for the mental healers as stated by themselves. The actual facts are, of course, vastly more complex. There is no hard-and-fast division or water-tight bulkhead between the conscious and the subconscious minds; but groups of ideas from the lower are perpetually rising up into the light of day in the higher, and then falling back again like water in a boiling pot. Or the conscious mind may be compared to a fountain or geyser playing in the sun and falling back again into the great subterranean pool of the subconscious from which it rises.

Or in point of relative bulk and volume, figuratively speaking, the mind is like an iceberg which floats with only about one-seventh of its bulk above water and in the full light of day.

### *Splitting the Subconscious*

The favorite figure of the psychologists is to regard the whole mind as in a great chamber with a dome at the top, which alone is lighted. Ideas from all parts of the mind are supposed to be striving constantly to rise up into this dome of consciousness, struggling and competing with one another for a place in the sun.

Furthermore, when the subconscious mind is split off from the higher, as in hypnotism, it splits not all in one piece, so to speak, but into a large number of great association groups or complexes, of ideas, emotions and activities. Then the operator, in cowboy phrase, cuts out of the bunch one of these—and keeping it awake while the rest are asleep, ropes and rides it into vigorous action and response, because none of the other groups are on guard to criticize or oppose or interfere.

As Wingfield of Oxford expresses it, this split-off fragment of the subconscious mind "is such a fool that it cannot criticize," and does whatever it is told.

But perhaps to go into any further detail might only lay us open to the classic cynical charge against psychology, that it "talks of things everybody understands in words nobody can understand."

When the operator has once got the ear of his patient's subconscious mind a very striking temporary control can be exerted. Subjects can be handed a blank card, told it is a portrait of themselves and promptly exclaim, "What a capital likeness!" More than this, they can pick out this photo card from a dozen other blank cards apparently exactly like it, probably by minute points of difference observed while gazing at it so intensely. Pain, such as that of a headache or even a severe toothache, may be made temporarily to disappear by suggestions to that effect. Alcoholic victims may be assured that they will wake up free of all craving for alcohol; that the taste or even smell of it will nauseate and make them sick, if swallowed it will poison them. And if whisky is offered them on awakening they will turn from it with shuddering and loathing. It is claimed that about half these impressions result in permanent cures.

Patients suffering from sleeplessness can be confidently told that they will sleep soundly every night for a week and the prophecy come true.

Good subjects can be told that on awakening, or at a certain day and hour, they will perform some definite action. For instance, a lady in profound hypnotic slumber was told that when she awakened she would turn on the electric light. Half an hour later she awoke, gazed quietly around the sunlit room till her eyes fell upon an electric switch on the wall. She asked what it was and was told.

"Well, it isn't like the switches in my house. May I look at it closer?"

Walking over to it, she reached out her hand, pulled down the switch and turned on the light.

Thousands of such instances could be cited; indeed, they are matters of common knowledge. Distinctly more creepy, however, is Dr. Milne Bramwell's feat of telling a patient in deep hypnotic sleep to go to a certain room in her house and take a book off the table in exactly twelve thousand minutes from that moment, and having his suggestion obeyed to the minute, though to the innocent bystander there does not appear any insuperable obstacle to prevent the subconscious mind from calling the conscious mind to its assistance, and getting it to do a little figuring for it on the quiet sometime during the more than eight days that must elapse.

### *Limited Field of Hypnosis*

On the whole, though there can be little doubt of the striking impressions upon both mind and body that can be made by hypnotic suggestion, the evidence as to their actual practical value for cure or permanent relief is not so convincing. The effects of suggestion rather seem to resemble those of opium in the one legitimate field this drug possesses—relieving pain and distress and keeping the patient comparatively comfortable and at rest until the healing power of Nature or active medical and surgical treatment can remove the cause. And in the days before Pasteur and Lister opium for this purpose entered into nearly half the prescriptions that were written.

This leaves hypnosis even today a limited but valuable field of usefulness, both before the physical cure and after, in painful cramps of the mind keeping alive the echoes of a physical injury long since repaired; while on the other hand, some of the gloomiest prophecies of danger from its use do not appear to have come true in actual practice. For instance, the horrid dread that subjects once fully under hypnotic influence could be compelled against their wills to behave improperly or even commit a crime has been studied coolly and statistically, with the result that out of some hundreds of cases collected from court records in which hypnotic influence had been put forward as a defense, in only two was the evidence for it sufficiently weighty to be accepted and urged as reasonably possible by the judge in his charge to the jury.

The reason for this is twofold. First, that the overwhelming majority of hypnotists today are no longer traveling showmen, going about the country to amuse and horrify the gaping public for the sake of the admission fees, regardless of the effects upon their subjects. They are reputable physicians or scientific teachers and students of psychology, who would no more take improper advantage of their control over the subjects than a surgeon would pick his patient's pocket after putting him under chloroform.

Indeed it is now strongly urged, and with good reason, that spectacular public exhibitions of hypnotism for gate money only should be forbidden by law, as they already are in some European countries, on account of their often deplorable effects upon weak-willed and hysterical persons, who make the best and most abjectly obedient subjects.

This would also prevent such embarrassing incidents as an experience of two Oxford undergraduates a few years ago. They had attended one of these public exhibitions with great interest, and after it was over retired to a neighboring bar to discuss its wonders. One of them was deeply impressed with the marvelous powers of the operator, but the other declared it was quite simple. He had watched carefully, seen how it was done and was quite sure that he could produce the hypnotic sleep if he only had a subject. His friend promptly offered to bet him ten pounds


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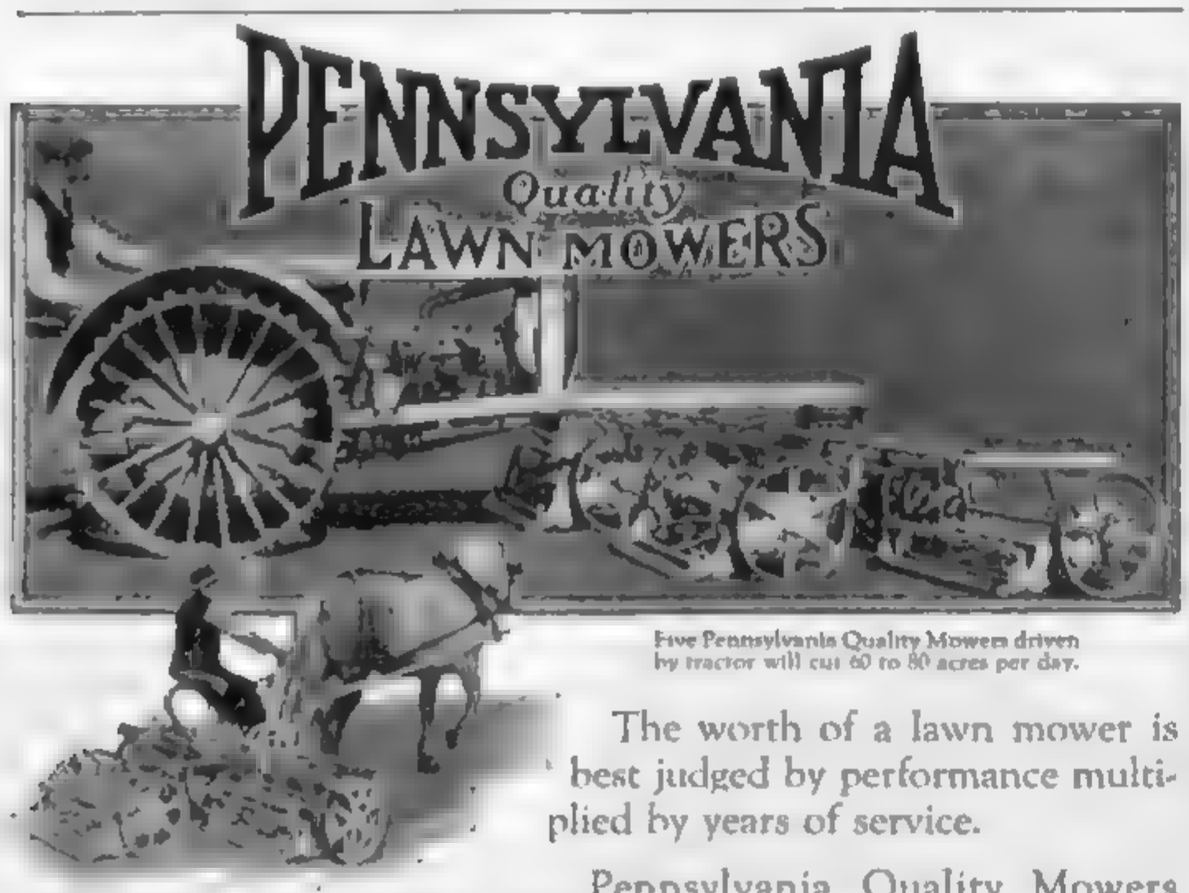

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that he couldn't, and suggested the barmaid as a subject. The young woman smilingly consented, sat down in a chair, and after a dozen passes and stroking down of the eyelids, fell into a sound sleep in which she answered questions and obeyed suggestions.

The triumphant amateur hypnotist promptly collected his bet and turned to bring the girl out of her trance, when, to his horror, he found he had forgotten the countersign, overlooked the formula for awakening and was utterly unable to arouse her. In vain he shouted in her ear, shook her, splashed water in her face—she slumbered peacefully on. A little crowd of other customers gathered, angry mutterings were heard and talk of sending for the police; and the now thoroughly frightened students rushed from the room, hailed a taxi for the railroad station and took the next train out of town. Nor did they venture to return till cautious telephone inquiries to discreet friends assured them that the barmaid had been carried home to bed, still sound asleep, but waked up none the worse next morning.

The second reason for the comparative rarity of actual injurious effects in this respect is more fundamental. All competent and experienced operators are agreed in declaring that although their control over the subconscious may be striking and apparently complete, it is sharply limited in certain directions. The moment their suggestions come in conflict with the moral convictions or sense of propriety of the patient they are vigorously resisted. To use a rough figure of speech, they are in control of only a small split fragment of the subconscious mind, and when this is urged to go contrary to any deep-seated convictions or instincts all the rest of the mind resists at once.

Subjects can be readily put through a whole series of the most laughable and grotesque of literal monkey tricks; but when any action involving a breach of propriety is suggested they hang back or break control.

For instance, the story is told of a young student who proved extremely susceptible and carried out promptly to the letter a number of most absurd and laughable suggestions. Then he was told that the whole orchestra was a lake, and out in the middle of it was a young lady in danger of drowning, and he must save her.

He threw off his coat, rushed to the footlights and started to plunge in to her rescue, when it was suggested that he had better take off his shoes and socks for such a long swim. He promptly stooped, took off his shoes, but balked absolutely at the socks.

### *A Pleasant Personality*

Of course, it would not be safe to accept this assurance too confidently and to rely upon such a barrier in all cases, especially in patients whose moral control was already wavering; but there does appear to be good evidence of a real moral breakwater of this sort in the great majority of cases.

Another type of dreaded danger from hypnotism has proved more real in actual practice. This is that patients, already weak willed and deficient in self-control, would be made worse by such complete subjection to the will of another. It is true that one branch of the Nancy School issues the cheerful and sweeping statement that in over fifty thousand hypnotizations they have never seen a single injurious result produced upon a patient. But they are all keenly aware of the danger of producing oversusceptibility to suggestions of all sorts, and take pains to avoid it. And cautious and scientific students, like Dr. William Brown, reader in mental philosophy at Oxford, complains that one of the obstacles to continued prolonged study of a case is that, after a patient has been deeply hypnotized more than three or four times, there is danger of his beginning to hypnotize himself and make wrong autosuggestions as well as right ones; also to depend too completely upon the advice of the operator in all sorts of decisions and problems, so that he is really in danger of being made worse instead of better.

But by entirely avoiding the production of sleep, just getting the patient under control by a few passes or mirror gazing and telling him to make suggestions of improvement to himself, he will find that he can carry out his own cure and become less dependent and suggestible instead of more so.

There is a valid basis for the instinctive repugnance felt by most healthy minds against putting one man's personality and will so deeply and absolutely under the control of another as occurs in deep hypnotic sleep.

One turns almost with a sense of relief and pleasure from the still, in spite of all modern improvements, somewhat spooky and eerie domain of hypnotism to the cheerful, kindly, informal methods of M. Coué.

There is a sort of breath of the open air and sunshine about his methods, and all visitors to his clinic at Nancy speak of it with pleasure. Almost everyone who has met M. Coué appears to have been most pleasantly impressed by his kindliness, his modesty and his whole-souled devotion to his work. He is said to refuse to accept any fees for his services, but lives on his own small income. Indeed, although the idea of his method of healing came to him some thirty years ago, he was obliged to delay the full application of it for nearly twenty years until by hard work at his profession as a pharmacist he had accumulated a modest competence and could devote his entire time to the work.

This occurred about 1910, since which time he is said to have steadily treated an average of something like a hundred patients a day.

His attitude toward scientific medicine and the medical profession is one of frank and open friendliness. He declares that the two fields, or methods of approach, are not antagonistic but complementary, and his only wish is to see the doctors adopt his methods in suitable cases, for the benefit of their patients and themselves; to see them taught in the medical schools like any other specialty.

### *Possibilities of Danger*

He even goes so far as shrewdly to assert that when patients come to a doctor he should always give them medicine, whether they need it or not, along with good hygienic advice, which really cures them, because they have not come for suggestion but for a prescription, not for good-health advice but for something in a bottle. To the truth of this any doctor of experience can feelingly testify.

Furthermore while cautiously and guardedly stating the possibility of organic diseases or even inflammations being cured by his method, he seems to show little desire to extend it to infections, physical injuries or organic diseases, such as of heart or kidneys; but takes his cases as they come to him. And frankly, without intending any disparagement, reading over page after page of eager testimonials of grateful patients or glowing accounts of cures seen wrought by eyewitnesses, one cannot help being struck by the overwhelming preponderance of the milder forms of familiar types already found suitable for treatment by hypnotism; such as bad mental habits, or attitudes and painful cramps of the mind. But these furnish an abundant clientele, mostly of a kind few doctors are particularly eager to treat. There should be plenty of room in the world of healing for both methods.

That M. Coué seems to require a certain type of patient and in sufficient numbers to create a helpful friendly atmosphere is illustrated by the comparatively slight impression he produced in England and his painful inability to make cures in public in the earlier meetings on his American visit.

On the other hand, though it seems almost ungracious to criticize such unselfish devotion and such cheerful enjoyment in doing good, it must in fairness be said that the method has certain grave possibilities of danger behind it. In the first place, M. Coué's innocent little experiments to make the patient's mind open to suggestions, like locking the fingers together and others that he carefully describes, are really mild forms of hypnotism, with all its drawbacks and unpleasant possibilities. Indeed he himself says that in the earlier stages of his work he induced deep sleep in many of his cases because he thought it necessary in order to get the results, but now finds he can do better by stopping short of it—as has also been found by certain regular hypnotist physicians.

His mind-benumbing patter, or breathless singsong, "*Ça passe, ça passe, ça passe*"—"It's going, it's going, it's going"—is pure hypnotism, like the rapid chanting or droning, endless repetition of syllables, "*Omm mani padmehum*," and so forth, which Oriental yogis and dervishes and fakirs

(Continued on Page 173)

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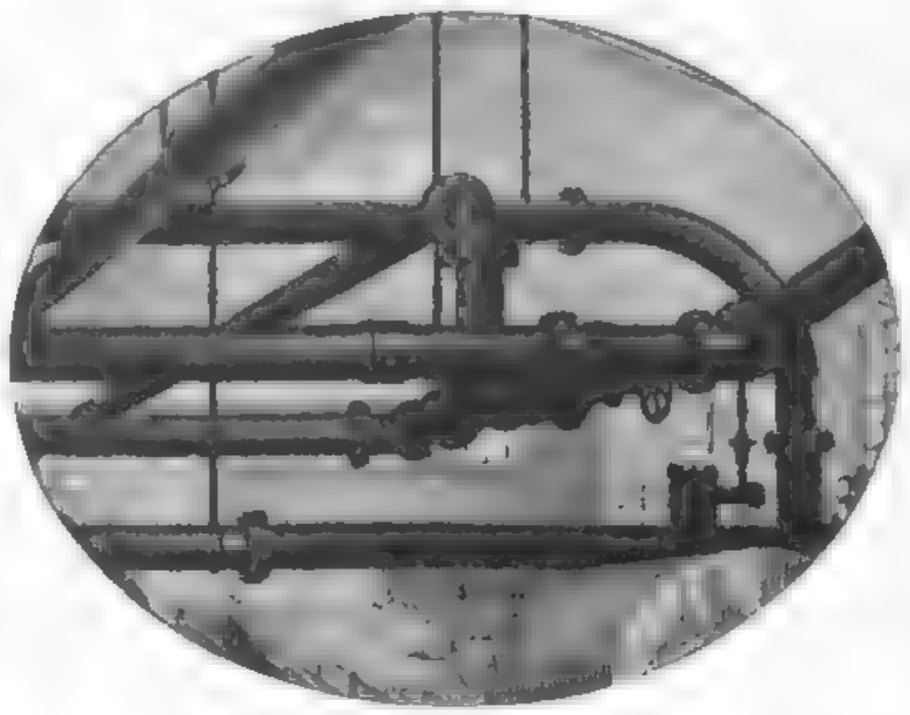

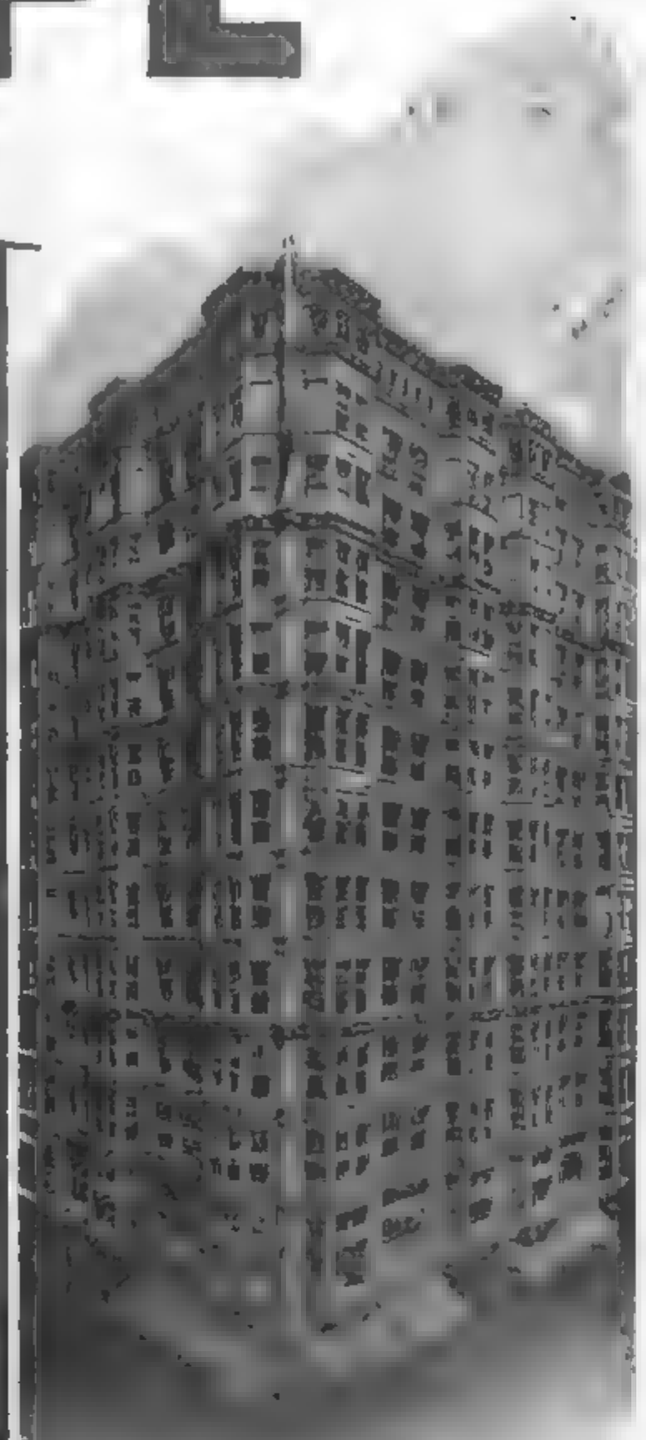

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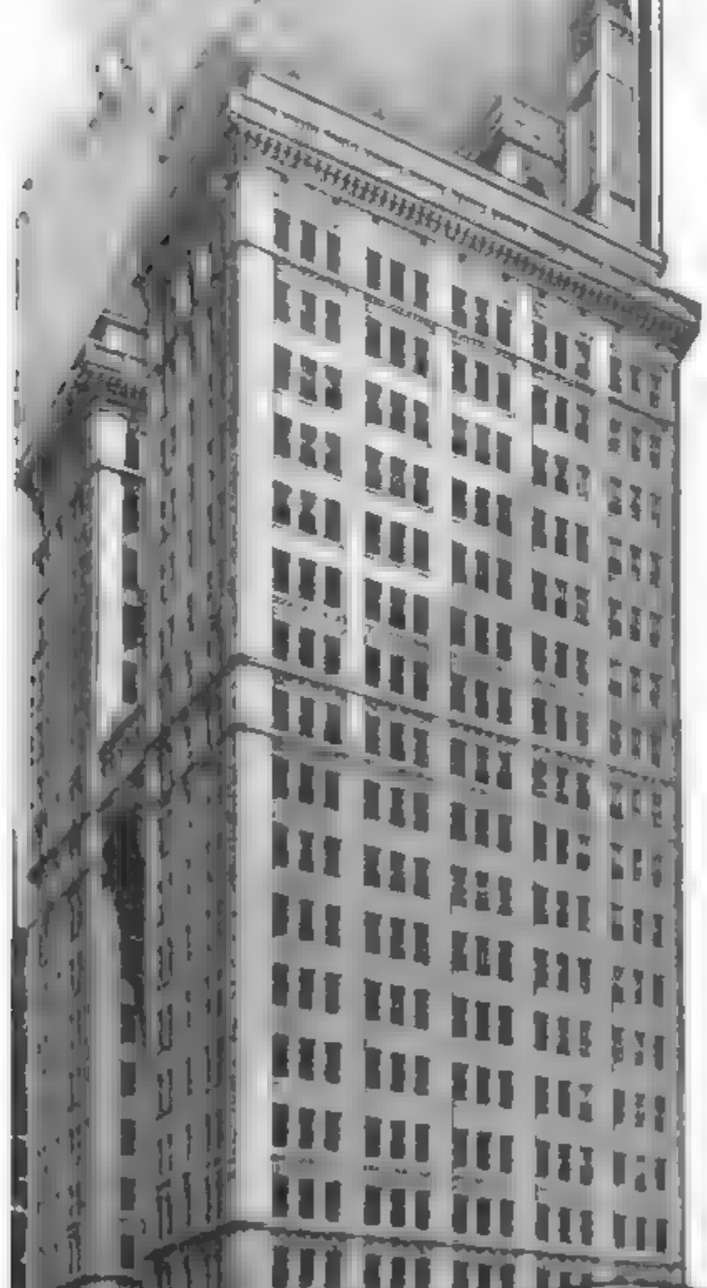


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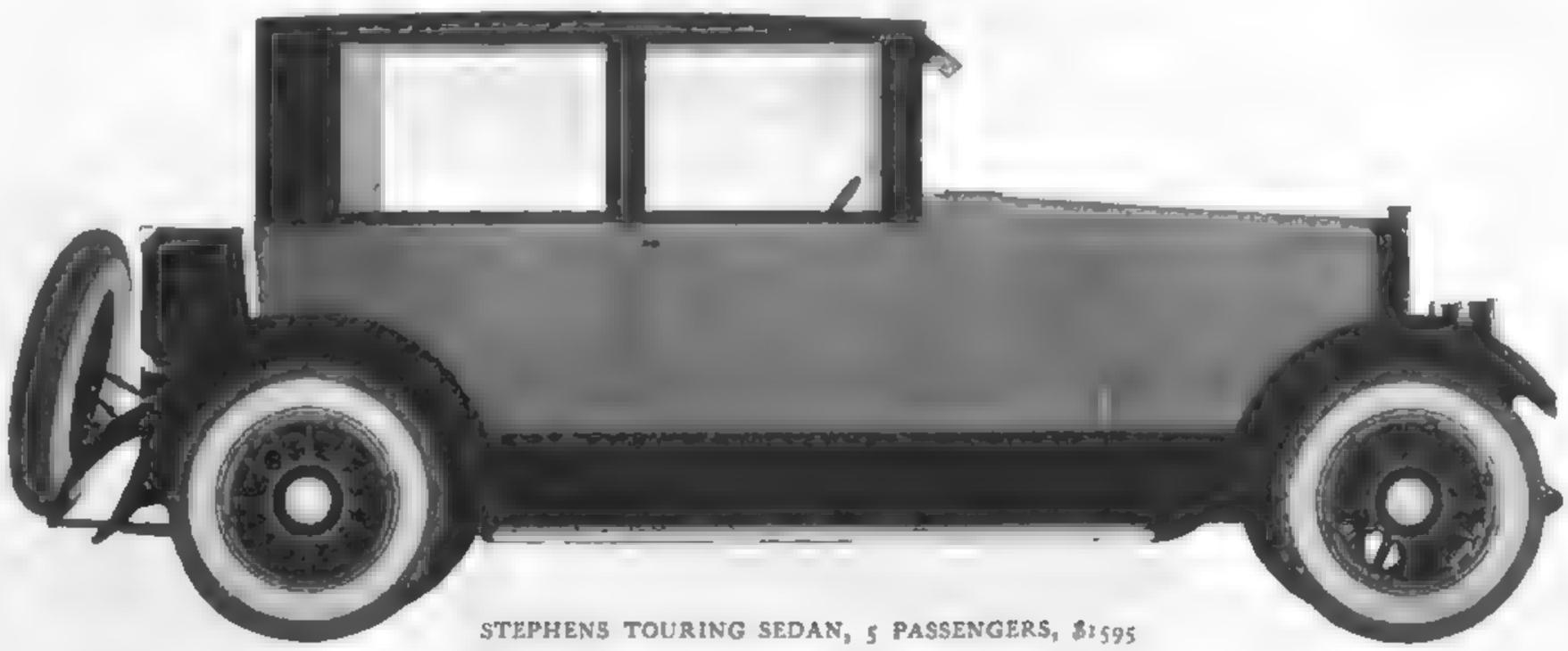

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(Continued from Page 170)

have used for tens of centuries to work themselves into the trance state. Also, in addition to its mental effect, by making the patient breathe rapidly and deeply, it overloads his lungs with oxygen and produces the curious physical condition known as apnœa. He becomes for a few minutes dizzy, and even faint or drowsy, and slightly but distinctly less sensitive to pain. In some cases slight surgical procedures, like lancing a boil, may be carried out with comparatively little feeling. So that the patient with neuralgia or an aching shoulder might often, after the "*Ça passe, ça passe*" ritual, find his pain less severe for physical reasons.

Anyone who is interested may readily test these effects upon himself by breathing deeply and rhythmically for about three minutes, unless he becomes uncomfortably dizzy sooner, and then pricking his finger with a sterilized pin, although the insensitiveness to pain is not well marked in all cases.

Incidentally M. Coué's little experiment or method of putting his patient under hypnotic control, locking the hands together, is a most ingenious one upon physical—yes, anatomical grounds. When the hands are firmly clasped together, with the fingers interlaced, the enlargements of the first joints of the fingers, or finger knuckles of each hand, slip past one another into the hollows beyond and interlock. So when any attempt is made to tug them directly apart they catch, or lock, against one another and hold firmly for a second or so, just long enough to give the feeling of helplessness to the expectant mind. In fact, they can scarcely be separated at all, either forward or sideways, until the muscles are deliberately relaxed; for as long as the slightest contraction remains, the harder you tug the tighter they lock, as anyone may readily prove for himself; and relaxing first is the last thing the excited patient thinks of. In short, the whole method is a mild and guarded form of hypnotism, with all its dangers of abuse in unskilled or unscrupulous hands. Its chief practical value lies in the good hygienic advice which is impressed upon the sensitized mind of the patient.

"If the unconscious mind accepts the suggestion," it means that the healing power of Nature is able and ready to cure. And though M. Coué is scrupulously careful to efface himself from the process as early as possible and let the patient complete his own cure, it is hardly to be hoped that all his pupils and followers will be either so modest or so unselfish, and so ready to relinquish their hold upon the patient, with its possibilities of profit.

### Dangerous Self-Deception

Furthermore, M. Coué, in his quiet, matter-of-fact way, makes certain claims that rather stagger credulity for the average mind, whether lay or professional. Such as, in his hymn of healing, that "it is not necessary to know which organ is affected for it to be cured. Under the influence of the autosuggestion, 'Every day, in every way, I am getting better and better,' the unconscious mind will act upon the organ, *which it can pick out for itself.*" [Italics the writer's.]

Also that the method can be applied to education and even to eugenics, for "the education of a child ought to begin before its birth. In sober truth, if a woman a few weeks after conception makes a mental picture of the sex of the child she is going to bring forth into the world, of the physical and moral qualities with which she desires to see it endowed, and if she will continue during the time of gestation to impress on herself the same mental image, the child will have the sex and qualities desired."

After this it scarcely surprises us to hear: "As soon as children can speak make them repeat morning and evening twenty times consecutively, 'Day by day, in every way, I grow better,' which will produce in them an excellent physical, moral and healthy atmosphere"; and that parents are to go into a child's room every night as soon as he is asleep, and in a low, monotonous voice murmur the thing or things they wish him to do; while teachers, after telling their classes to close their eyes, are to intone a hymn of good behavior and industrious habits of study about four hundred words long—an amount of interference, even with the best of intentions, with the individuality and the independence of others which it is hardly agreeable to contemplate.

Though M. Coué is too cautious and sensible to advise the wholesale use of autosuggestion in children for the relief of their physical ailments, his followers are not so modest, and are already demanding that every child should be taught its use, and that no one should be taken to a doctor until all the resources of autosuggestion have been thoroughly tried and have failed.

Finally, the gravest danger of all in the method is a negative one; that of lulling the patient who has a serious and progressive malady into a sense of false security, until it is too late for medical or surgical treatment to cure. It might be imagined that autosuggestion would be harmless enough in slight colds or sore throats or colics, but if the sore throat be a diphtheria or the colic an appendicitis it may prove as dangerous as a dose of poison.

M. Coué appears to have picked up quite a fair rough, practical knowledge of medicine in the course of his lifelong experience as a pharmacist; and, whether shrewdly or modestly, does not hesitate to tell his patient if he thinks he has an organic or infectious disease, and express a doubt of his ability to cure it. But his followers will scarcely be likely to have even this amount of training and knowledge. The only sure way to avoid great dangers of this sort is to have mental healers trained in medicine, and practicing autosuggestion, or as it is now termed "suggestive therapeutics," as a specialty, which seems to be M. Coué's own ambition.

Even his modest caution is sometimes swept off its feet by the eager enthusiasm of his followers; as, for instance, when he undertook the public treatment of a group of shell-shocked ex-service men in London. The results were described in the newspapers by great headlines: Tragic Scenes at a Coué Séance, Shell-Shock Man Seized with Wild Hysteria, Pandemonium, Women Flee from the Room, and the like, which really were hardly fair, and meant that in his innocence he had torn open the old mental sores too suddenly, so to speak, and produced an explosion of buried horrors in the memory.

### Doctor Brown's Experiment

The greatest relief and largest percentage of cures in this distressing condition are obtained by a combination of autosuggestion and psychoanalysis. Here, for instance, is a case treated by Dr. William Brown, of Oxford, by combined hypnotism and dream analysis. The poor war veteran was in a pitiable condition, his memory partly gone, his confidence entirely so, and his right hand constantly jerking up and down in a most curious way, quite beyond his control, so that he could not handle any tool, or even shave or dress himself. He had no recollection whatever of the shell burst which caused his shock; indeed, for months after it he could not even recall his own name; and although repeated mental treatments had improved this, they had utterly failed to help the disabling jerking of his right hand, so that he was thoroughly gun-shy of psychotherapy.

Doctor Brown, seeing it no case for half measures, hypnotized him to the deepest possible degree, and then suggested that he should dream of the actual events which led to his shock. Suddenly he broke out screaming, cursing, shouting at the top of his voice for more ammunition, while at the same time his right hand changed its aimless jerking into rapid, orderly, whirling movements, evidently changing the range of his field gun, so as to keep it constantly trained upon the rapidly advancing German ranks. His voice rose shriller and shriller, his sulphurous demands for ammunition became more and more lurid, until all at once they checked as abruptly as they had begun, evidently silenced by the explosion of the shell behind him, the concussion of which knocked him senseless. In a few minutes he woke up, his mind clear, his confusion and dread completely relieved and his right hand quiet and steady. Next morning he shaved himself, and in a few days was entirely recovered, and remained so at latest reports several months afterwards.

This brings us to the last and far the most promising of the great trio of modern methods of mental healing, hypnosis, autosuggestion and psychoanalysis; or, as it is often called, Freudism, after its discoverer and developer, Dr. Sigmund Freud, of Vienna. All three have one and the same aim—getting a suggestion accepted by the subconscious mind of the patient. Their


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"The easiest work I've ever done is what I'm doing right now—selling J. B. Simpson all wool made-to-order suits at $29.50. It's just as easy as it sounds.

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"About that time I heard of Simpson, and one day I saw one of their suits—that was in October, 1921. I was astonished. Not six months previously I had paid as much for the same identical fabric, the same cloth made by the same mill, as they charged for the finished suit. Said I, 'There's the job for me.'

"My trade had always been among what I was pleased to call the 'better classes': executives and officials at the telephone company, many of the biggest men on Motor Row, several hundreds of Chicago's doctors, lawyers, among them the most prominent and prosperous, and many big bankers and brokers. I felt dubious at first, wondered if they wouldn't feel insulted at the low price and say to themselves, 'Poor old man'; and besides that I couldn't understand how Simpson could make a good suit to order for $29.50.

"But I thought 'I'll try it.' And now my one regret is that I'm not ten years younger. Never enjoyed myself so well, never made more money, never pleased my customers so well. Some days they run me ragged with phone calls. I've sold as high as 11 in a day—seldom less than 3 or 4. It's wonderful and I still don't understand how Simpson does it." (Signed) E. C. PACK.

Mr. Pack is 72, but few men of 30 have a mind more nimble, a personality more charming. Isn't it a remarkable tribute to Simpson suits as well as to Mr. Pack that a man [illegible] years can achieve such a success? Mr. Pack's prices when in business for himself were $60 to $90. Notice he says "Never have I pleased my customers so well." And remember his one and only price is now $29.50.

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methods of reaching this are very similar, and most of them, with the exception of some of the Freudian, date back to the pyramids. In fact they differ chiefly in degree, the hypnotists putting the patient into deep sleep so as to make him most ready to accept suggestion.

The autosuggestionists, like M. Coué, explain to the subject how they are going to help him, and then put him lightly under influence, but stop short of sleep, while the Freudians boast that they reach the patient's subconscious mind through his conscious mind and intelligence only.

Of Freud's interesting but most complicated theory and methods, only the briefest and barest of outlines can be attempted. To put it very crudely, careful studies and wide experience in nervous and mental disorders have led him to the belief that many distressing and painful border-line conditions, half bodily, half mental, are due to forgotten memories of unpleasant experiences earlier in the patient's life—often, indeed, in childhood. These disagreeable episodes are often of a comparatively trivial nature; but because their recollection is annoying and humiliating to the patient he has pushed them out of his memory and conscious mind down into the subconscious mind, where they have, so to speak, festered and steadily poisoned his whole mind and mental attitude, much as a blind abscess on the roots of a tooth will leak poison into the blood. These abscesses of the mind he calls strangulated emotions or buried complexes; and when by his ingenious methods of mental exploration and memory probing, called psychoanalysis—"*psyche*" being Greek for "mind" or "soul"—he has located one, he lances it by bringing it up into the sunlight of the conscious mind and showing how trivial it is when once faced and discussed boldly, often giving complete relief.

His chief methods of mind analysis, or memory boring, are: First, interpretation of dreams—which arouses Sunday-school memories of Joseph in Egypt and Pharaoh's chief butler and chief baker; second, free mental association, or putting the patient at rest in a comfortable chair and encouraging him to let his mind ramble freely backward through the whole history of his disease and his life, which often takes months of sittings; third, response to a list of one hundred indifferent spoken words, timing the length of his delay in naming the image each one calls up in his mind, unpleasant images naturally being most slowly and reluctantly confessed.

### *A Mystery Solved*

One or two illustrations of actual results will perhaps give the best and quickest picture of the methods. Here is a case of buried complex reported by Doctor Wingfield and treated by dream analysis combined with hypnotism. A young lady came to him, complaining of attacks of intense depression and longing for death, accompanied by painful, spasmodic clenching of her left hand. In her worst moments she heard a voice saying "Kill yourself, kill yourself," and smelled a strong odor of gasoline smoke. He hypnotized her lightly and suggested that she dream that night of the incident that originally caused her trouble. In the morning she came back and reported that she had dreamed that she saw the words "Prince's Theater" in large red letters on a white ground, and again smelled smoke. Encouraged to go on dreaming, she returned after a few days exclaiming, "Now I remember all about it!"

It appeared that years before, while walking along a busy London street, she had suddenly been handed a letter telling of the death in South Africa of a young man to whom she was warmly attached. Crushing the fatal letter in her left hand, she had plunged blindly across the street, reached the island in the middle and was about to step off into the roaring stream of traffic again, when a policeman seized her by the arm and dragged her back, exclaiming angrily, "You'll kill yourself some day if you don't look where you're going." And looking up, she saw that she had narrowly escaped being run over by a huge motor-bus carrying an advertisement of some performance at the Prince's Theater in large red letters on a white ground, and reeking heavily of gas smoke as it thundered past.

When it was explained to her how this painful emotional shock had become buried and strangulated in her subconscious mind and poisoned her whole mind ever since, the painful clenchings of her hand stopped, the voices urging suicide died away and she soon made a complete recovery, which lasted for two years, until her death.

Another typical instance is that of a middle-aged lady who suffered frequently from neuralgic seizures of agonizing burning pain across the root of her nose, followed by a feeling of tightness and constriction in the back of her head. The method of free mental association was chosen; and aided by skillful suggestions and questions by the analyst, the right trail was quickly picked up and the scent followed breast-high, as the fox hunters say, back into early childhood. Suddenly the lady cried:

"Why, of course, I know what started it! When I was a baby in long clothes my rough and careless nurse, whom I detested, sluiced my face one day so clumsily that a dash of soapy water *surged up my nose and caused a sharp burning pain.* Then when I screamed and struggled she *seized me by the back of the neck* with one hand and scrubbed my face with the other." [Italics the writer's.] And after appropriate explanations and sublimations, her lifelong neuralgic attacks were completely relieved.

### *Borderland Cases*

This, as a feat of early recollection, awakens in the irreverent mind echoes of Gilbert's precocious infant, who, when wheeled out in the park for an airing, saw a gallant young soldier come up and kiss his pretty nursemaid,

*Who made indeed no strong objection,*
*So to myself I said, "Aha!*
*When I can talk I'll tell mamma."*
*And that's my earliest recollection.*

These instances are purposely quite simple and straightforward ones. The real dream revelations are usually much more vague and mysterious, and require most ingenious interpreting by the psychoanalyst before they yield any intelligible meaning.

Lord Dawson, of Penn, the famous English consultant, has recently gravely warned against the danger of psychoanalysis producing a morbid and introspective state of mind which may do far more harm than good. Certainly, if they get the patient into the habit of digging for buried complexes and burrowing after strangulated emotions, like a dog after woodchucks, always finding fresh scents, they are of anything but permanent benefit.

They are, of course, frankly intended only for use in a class of borderland disorders, between mind and body, known as psychoneuroses. No attempt is made to apply them to bodily ailments, except as these may be bound up with mental; though, on the other hand, rather unexpectedly, their advocates regretfully admit that they have shown so far little influence over the serious mental disorders such as the great systemic insanities, like manic-depressive—the old manias and melancholias dementia precox, paranoia and general paresis; so that the class of patients and disorders in which they may prove helpful and curative is probably not a very large one, although to a reader of the flood of Freudian literature it would seem that the woods were simply swarming with them; in fact that almost everyone has a little buried complex all his own.

To sum up the evidence to date very briefly and tentatively, the mind can apparently cure only diseases of the mind, and probably less than 10 per cent of these; while on the other hand, probably 80 per cent of the diseases of the mind are due to physical causes, infections, toxins, inherited defects, and can be cured or prevented—if at all—chiefly by physical remedies such as vaccines, antitoxin, endocrine therapy and good hygienic conditions. The field of mental healing is contracting steadily, while that of physical healing is expanding as "the thoughts of men are widened with the passing of the suns."

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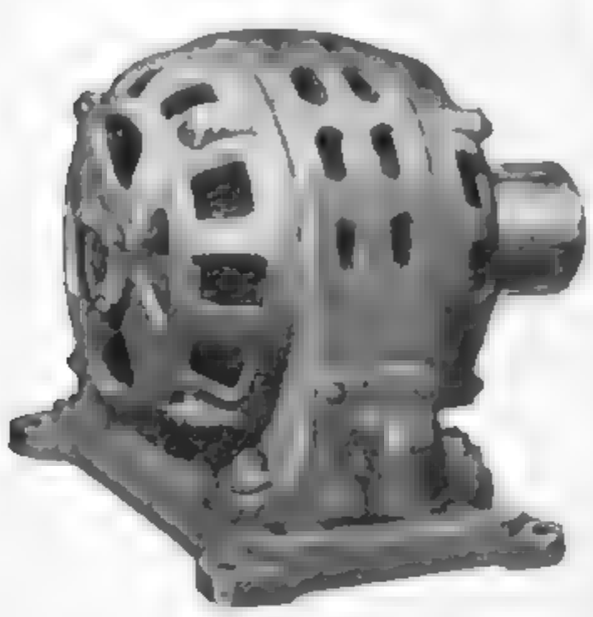

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# CAPITAL TAKES A TAX-EXEMPT VACATION

(Continued from Page 14)

commissions. They prescribe standards of service which we must maintain, and also fix the rates, fares and tolls we may charge. The latter are determined fairly, on the whole, after commissioners have made a thorough investigation of the value of our property, and are adjusted so revenues will be just sufficient to pay operating expenses, with the setting aside of a depreciation fund for repairs and replacements, and a fair return upon our investments. This fair return is today variously fixed at 6 to 8 per cent, and out of it we must pay interest on bonds and dividends on stocks. Limited to this fair return on the value of our existing properties, it is plain that we cannot build more plant out of earnings, but must go out for new investment capital. When we go to the old sources we find them pretty thoroughly dried up by the diversion of money to tax-exempt bonds or that money is obtainable only at higher rates than we have been paying or can afford to pay out of earnings adjusted to the old scheme of things.

"Then this shutting off of capital came at a very bad time. During the war we were rather hard hit financially, and unable to build additions to our plants except in very rare instances. Materials and money were both shut off by the Government, and money was obtainable only at unusually high rates, making it necessary to sell our securities at exceedingly low prices in order to make them attractive to investors. Electrical, gas, telephone, street railway and like utilities had to mark time in plant extension. They could not afford to buy the new cars and switchboards or lay the new mains and cables needed to serve normal growth in the community. And on top of that, the war brought abnormal growth in the demand for service. The Government was shutting off our supplies of investment capital and material on one hand, and urging greater production of food and war material on the other. This set up a corresponding demand for electricity, gas, telephone and telegraph service, street railway and railroad transportation. Utilities were taxed to the utmost to serve the customers they already had, and new customers who wanted service had to be put on waiting lists. Immediately following the war there was a period of inflated prices and high interest that hampered us in building our plants up to normal. We had to sell our securities below par in competition with industrial securities that, not being limited in earnings like ours, could pay higher interest and dividends.

"At the same time tax-exempt securities began absorbing much of the money annually available for investment."

### *Customer Ownership*

"Some of us found relief through the customer-ownership movement. The rapid spread of that idea is due largely to our difficulty in getting capital from the investment banker. It is an excellent thing in more ways than one, particularly the wide distribution of our securities among customers, with a greater public interest in our affairs, and therefore better public relations. But not all utility corporations have been able to raise capital in this way. By unwise regulation some have been starved down to a point where they are unable to earn dividends with obsolete or inadequate plant, and in such corporations the public will not invest, naturally. In such cases the public suffers from poor service or lack of service.

"Old plant cannot be used indefinitely to meet new growth, and facilities cannot be extended beyond certain limitations without new capital. In many cases such corporations could afford replacements and extensions if capital were available at the interest rates prevailing before tax-exempt bonds diverted the circulation of investment money upon which our utilities and industries depend for life."

The biggest sufferers in this run-down class are, of course, the railroads. But they have so many other troubles that tax-exempt bonds seem hardly worth considering in the general railroad problem. It is said that no new railroad money has been raised on common stock since 1915, and very little money of any kind the past ten years. Such new money as the railroads have been able to get has come from bonds. Private capital is on a strike against them, not simply because it can get higher interest elsewhere but because it is prejudiced against railroading as we are doing it in this country, and will only lend on mortgage. Wages, rates, the competition of motor and water transportation, government management, government regulation and the contingency of government ownership are some of the things blamed for the present state of affairs.

The railroads are certainly starved, but it is likely that they would have fared no better had there never been a tax-exempt bond in creation.

The effect of tax-exempts on mortgage money has been as disastrous as the effect on utility and industrial capital, though less is heard about it. For where the public-service or manufacturing corporation devises some way to get emergency rations of capital, the individual home builder generally goes without. All over the country this retards building and keeps up rents and living costs.

Farm mortgages in this country run to an estimated aggregate of $8,000,000,000. Only $500,000,000 is in tax-exempt land-bank loans. Fully 85 per cent of farm-mortgage money is in competition with tax-exempt securities, and the borrower must pay higher interest rates if he gets money at all. President Howard, of the American Farm Bureau Federation, says that tax-exempt bonds will soon equal the value of all farm property in the United States. As these bonds are property, and pay no taxes, they throw additional burdens on other kinds of property.

### *Town Versus Country*

And yet, tax-exempt bonds are being cleverly used as an argument to urge farmers to save money by spending it!

Country folks in the Middle West are being told that if the privilege of issuing tax-exempt bonds is abolished by the proposed amendment now before Congress, their schools, roads and other public improvements will cost them more, and in many cases not be built at all because state and county governments cannot afford to borrow money at the rates paid on taxable securities.

But along with the rest of us, the farmer is going to school to study the kinks and convolutions of this subject, taxation, which has suddenly become of such direct importance in everyday affairs, and it is not likely that he will overlook the hole in that doughnut.

Instead of saving money by building public improvements with tax-exempt capital, he really loses in two ways. First, when he motors in to the courthouse and pays his local taxes. He will then see the practical application of President Howard's statement that taxes taken off borrowed money must be paid on some other form of property. Real estate represents about 35 per cent of the national wealth, but it is today paying between 65 and 75 per cent of all taxes. Besides encouraging the loose spending of money for public improvements, tax-exempt bonds increase local taxes. And the farmer loses, second, because he seldom pays taxes on an income high enough to benefit by tax-exempt bonds as a purchaser thereof.

Amid the din and dust of discussion, people are now beginning to see that students of scientific taxation are right when they declare that it is not the borrower who saves money through tax-exempt securities, but the lender.

There is an interesting town-against-country aspect to these securities that farm folks should understand. It can be illustrated by actual happenings in California.

The whole cost of that state's government is borne by taxes on corporations. Electrical and gas companies pay the highest rate, 7½ per cent of their gross receipts. In addition, they pay income and other taxes to the Federal Government and in many localities pay city or county taxes of 2 per cent on gross receipts. For every dollar paid in settling his electric light or gas bill the consumer is paying nearly ten cents in state and local taxes, seldom suspecting it. And it is interesting to know

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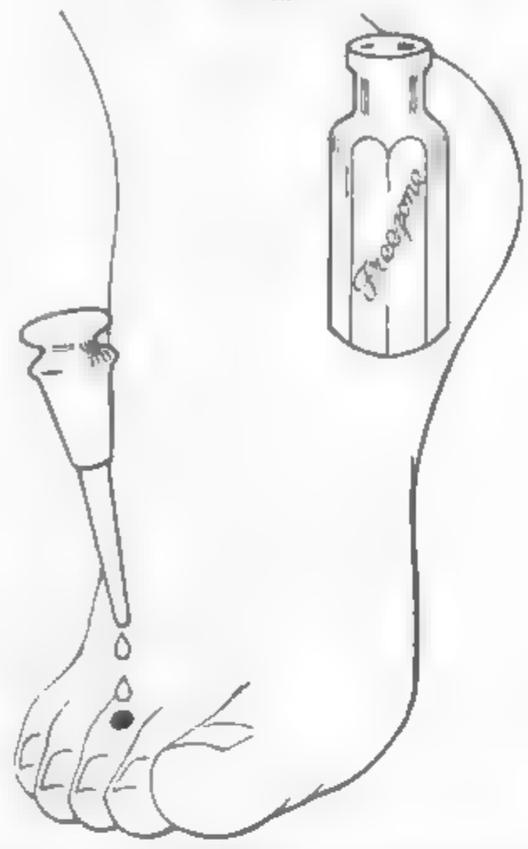


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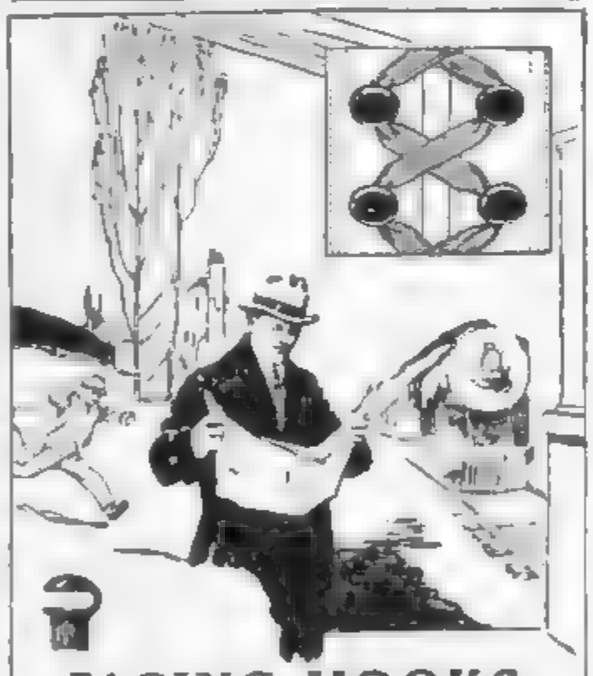

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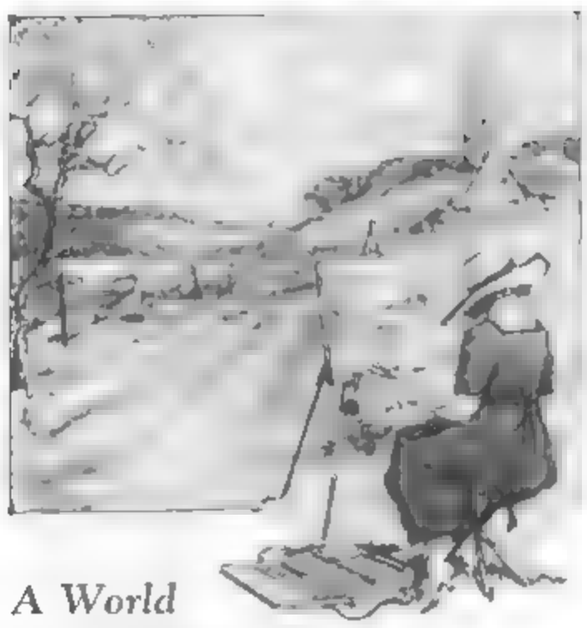

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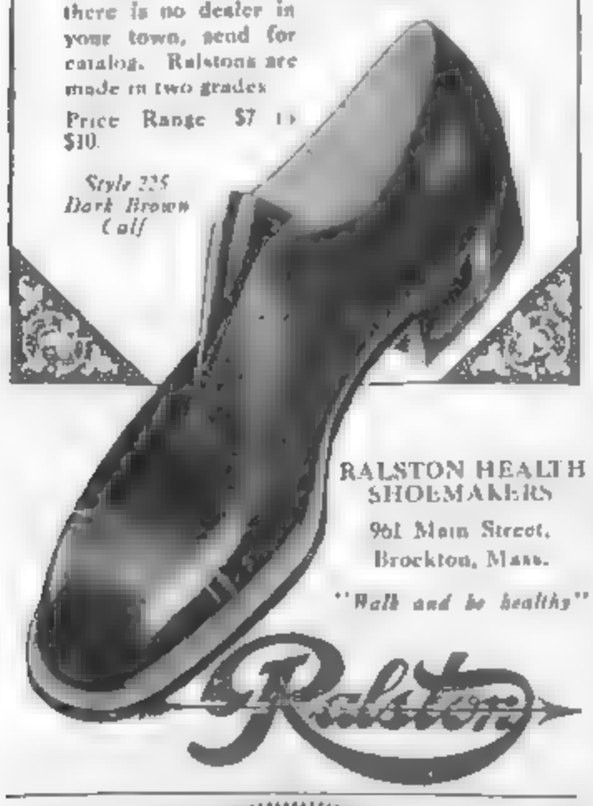

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that the rate has just about doubled the past year.

California has such a widespread water-power electrical system that its farmers are as much consumers of juice as city folks.

With money borrowed on tax-exempt bonds a California municipality can go into the electrical or utility business and operate free of state taxes. Twenty-one cities in that state are already doing it. Going the logical limit, town folks in California could shift the $6.50 a year paid by each consumer of electricity in state taxes onto country folks, who, scattered over wide territory, would not be able to go into the utility business in the same way. Taxation is the greatest beggar-your-neighbor game.

Going back to mortgage money, the city home builder and landlord are as badly hit as the farmer. The only man who can afford to build today, say some students of the situation, is the fellow lucky enough to have 50 or 60 per cent of the necessary capital in his hands. By borrowing from himself, without interest, he can afford to pay the stiff interest on the other 40 or 50 per cent of the money that he needs to build. This mortgage situation affects the home owner who has already built but is paying off—a shift in the mortgage means higher interest. And it also affects owners of renting property. Day by day in every way the cost of tax-exempt securities can be traced in Mister Average Fellow's daily life—he pays it every time he lifts the telephone receiver, rides on a trolley car, switches on the hall light or warms up a Welsh rarebit after the show.

What to do about it?

There is only one remedy, say taxation specialists—cut down government expenditures. People already feel and protest against high taxes, and their demands for economy have affected the national Government. But if people think that the problem will be solved by a budget commission in Washington they are fooling themselves. The extravagance is nearer home, in ill-advised public-improvement projects and, even more alarming, public-ownership schemes proposed by people who see how easily money can be borrowed on tax-exempt securities and who pay little attention to clearing off the debt or figuring out running expenses. Not until Mister Average Fellow sees how the thing works can he check it. The problem is one of education—learning how taxation works and controlling public expenditure on a that-means-you! basis.

### *A Matter of Self-Interest*

In California they have made decided headway by making it a self-interest proposition. Last fall certain political interests tried to put that state into the biggest public-ownership scheme ever—an electric-light-and-power enterprise financed with $500,000,000 of tax-exempt bonds. That may not sound like much money, but it is half the indebtedness of all the states in the Union only ten years ago, and would have made California the most heavily indebted state. However, it was defeated at the polls in the form of a proposed amendment to the state constitution by more than 350,000 votes—more than Senator Johnson's majority.

There was an active political campaign against the proposition, and it made a good deal of noise. But the battle was really won several years ago, before tax-exempt bonds had volume enough to inspire such a scheme. For an altogether different purpose public-utility men started a movement to sell enlightened self-interest to Californians, and a widespread understanding of public utilities in relation to community growth was the chief factor in defeating this measure. Enlightened self-interest can be aroused in any community, and will go far in bringing good business sense in taxation and public spending.

When the state-power project was first advanced, the utility men decided to keep quiet, but presently they found the farmers leaning toward public ownership, thinking it another coöperative enterprise of the kind by which they marketed their own products. And labor unions favored it in centers where the self-interest idea had not penetrated. Most alarming was the apathy of business men, who assumed that the project stood no chance at the polls.

"If this thing succeeds," they decided, "it will be on the indifference of its opponents. Let's fight it openly. We have nothing to conceal, and the public is with us when it knows the real facts about our business."

They fought, however, not as direct opponents of public ownership, but by setting up "Stop! Look! Listen!" signs all over the state, among all classes.

"Read this amendment!" they urged. "Then picture the conditions that will follow, and compare them with conditions today."

That put self-interest right on the job. The amendment was not easy reading—four columns of fine print. But it created a new state board, gave it almost unlimited power, said nothing about its business or technical ability, and backed its enterprises with an open state treasury—and the amendment had never been submitted to or considered by the state legislature.

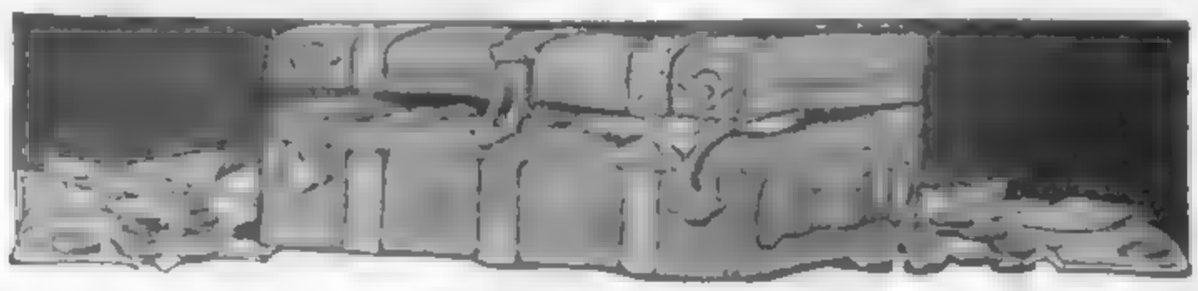
### *A Recurring Issue*

The first group of citizens to see how unbusinesslike the proposition was was the thousands of men and women employed by utility companies. They read the measure, discussed it, and took the field to get others to read and discuss it. There are more than 100,000 Californians who hold stock in utility corporations; they took the field too. Labor organizations that had been vaguely favorable swung right about when they began to read and discuss, and there was a distinct split among individual labor men, some favoring the measure because it was socialistic, but far more opposing it as a bad business enterprise. The farmer quickly dropped the notion that this was another coöperative proposition when he read, and the business man woke from his apathy too. Several hundred organizations worked actively to have the measure read and discussed. Among its strongest opponents were people connected with the municipal utility plants, many of whom took the stump in opposition, sometimes because the amendment proposed putting such enterprises under the control of the board, but more often they believed it was detrimental to the best interests of the state.

What discussion will do if it can be directed upon even a technical question like this was shown in the enormous vote upon it and the great majority by which it was defeated. Another constitutional amendment furnished an interesting marker to gauge the value of such discussion. For a proposal that publicly owned utilities be brought under the same state regulation as corporate utilities, to secure uniform accounting, reasonable rates and efficient operation, was defeated two to one.

The issue will come up again—and not only in California but in other communities where easy tax money makes men fertile in planning public enterprises. The politician plans to keep election promises and create jobs. The leading citizen and the civic organization plan along special lines in which they are interested. Public officials plan sometimes to make more jobs, but often because they believe their departments and bureaus are worthy of expansion.

Everybody plans, regardless of cost or the building of a balanced community. The money still comes easily from tax-exempt securities, and from taxes, because you, neighbor, do not see how one affects the other, and both affect your utility bills, your rent, your business and your livelihood. When you and all we other average fellows see this relation and begin to ask "How much? What for? Why?" then the unnecessary scheme will be weeded out from the necessary, and the latter put on a businesslike basis. It is our job—and it's right around home.

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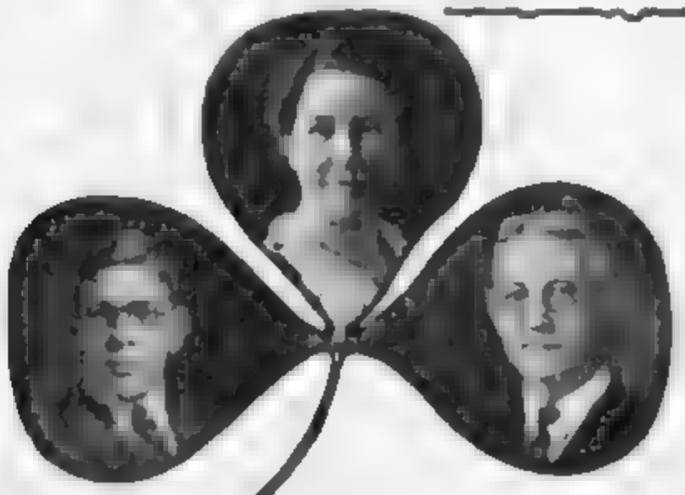

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# THE ERRING WIFE, OR LOVE'S SUGGESTION

*(Continued from Page 38)*

She was wet, desperate, a discarded wife—nothing on earth could harm her now. "Shoot!" she commanded him.

Awed by a new something in her eyes, an expression of majesty and daring that he had never seen before, Lionel Hetherington stepped back, his jealousy cooled, no longer maddening him, against an interrupting tree trunk.

And now she was almost on him.

"Shoot!" she once more commanded.

But he could not do so.

And now she spoke again—harsh unexpected words.

"I knew it! I knew it! I've known it for years!" she cried with a wild bitterness.

"Knew what?" asked Lionel Hetherington, intrigued by her tone, speaking finally from his tree trunk.

"That you wouldn't shoot! That you wouldn't shoot anything! When it came right down to it!" she cried. And now the floodgates of her suspense, her fears, her bitter speech were loose. "And I don't believe you were ever sick! Ever really sick! Sick? You were always healthier, huskier, stronger than I was!" she cried. It was involuntary with her; speech came out without her volition. She saw dully, dimly; she recognized what it was—must be! It must be her subliminal self, her unconscious speaking—things that it had known all along, but had suppressed; that it had never been allowed to utter. "And I've seen it! I've known it," she cried on, "all the time. If I'd only have let myself!"

Lionel Hetherington stared, motionless, at this new, this changed wife, this new strange creature!

"Sick!" it was saying to him. "Weak—exhausted! Tramping around all night like a wild man because—because he got mad at me—mad and suspicious that I—I was a mean woman!"

And now having uttered these last terrible words, it was she who laughed, heartily, loudly, while Lionel Hetherington listened.

"Love's suggestion!" she said suddenly, as if a stranger, still more fantastic idea had struck her mad mind. "Love's suggestion—yes! Love, yes! A fine lot of love! Love of himself, not me! Did he ever get up nights—to tramp around for me—through the woods—or across the room! To do anything for me when I was sick! Or did I shut my lips and do it all myself!"

The eyes of Lionel Hetherington watching her were fascinated, obsessed. This woman was not responsible for any of her acts; she was mad—gone—entirely wrong in her head!

"I'm done. I'm through. I'm sick and tired of it all!" she cried in a desperate and alarming voice, and now advanced toward Lionel Hetherington. "Shoot!" she cried again. And coming now quite close to him she stopped, while he stood inactive. "Shoot!" she cried again.

And with a sudden and entirely unexpected motion she seized the lowered weapon from his passive, nerveless hand. "Shoot!" she cried. And suddenly Lionel Hetherington found himself facing his own weapon. "Shoot!" she cried again scornfully.

Wet, disheveled, her permanently waved hair falling down in strange crinkly strands about her rain-moistened face, this madwoman who had been his wife stared at him with desperate unswerving eyes.

"Shoot!" she was crying, "or I will!" And now Lionel Hetherington recoiled from his own weapon. "You have talked for a long while," screamed the madwoman, "of suicide, of the beauty and dignity of death. Now we'll have it over with. We'll do it here—together!"

Lionel Hetherington—speechless—gave a well-marked start.

"Now we'll do it—together!" the mad voice was going on. "First you—and then me! And—I—will—see—it's—done!"

He saw her now unlock the safety catch, as he had so often instructed her, with her thumb.

"For I'm sick—sick and tired of hearing about it! Sick—sick of everything! Of life! Of you! Let's end it now! Let's end it all!"

"Don't!" urged Lionel Hetherington hoarsely. "Don't. Wait!" With that catch gone, that thing she had was on a hairtrigger. One touch and it was off! A man must keep his nerves in hand to face that steadily—in the hands of any woman, even one entirely sane!

"Wait!" said Lionel Hetherington, his wits working fast.

She waited.

"Put on that safety catch!" he urged. "For the minute, anyhow!"

She did so after a slight hesitation, and waited, still. But her eyes in the solicitous lighting of his flashlight were still unnaturally bright.

"You say," continued Lionel Hetherington steadily, as steadily as possible, "that you are not guilty?" She did not answer him, but watched him with those glistening eyes. "Then prove it. Prove it!" continued Hetherington hastily.

For a minute she stood still in the storm, evidently debating. Then suddenly, with a new access of alarm, he heard in his turn the sound of bitter laughter—of mad and frantic mirth.

"I will!" she said. "I'll show you! Show you Spencer!"

She laughed again that harsh and horrid laugh.

"Why do you laugh?" inquired Hetherington, to keep talking, to occupy her attention still. "Why do you laugh?"

"Why wouldn't I laugh?" she asked, still doing so.

"Wouldn't you laugh!" he echoed, still keeping her going, her mind occupied.

"There is no Spencer!" exclaimed the crazed woman to Lionel Hetherington; and laughed that awful laugh again—at that obviously mad remark!

And yet there was something—a quality of wild sincerity in what she said. He noted it as he went on.

"Go on. Prove it. Prove it!" said Lionel Hetherington quickly, once again.

She stood and thought a moment more beneath the rays of his flashlight. He saw her laugh-contorted face grow hard.

"All right. Come on. First, Spencer! And then—this! For both of us!" she cried, and waved his weapon at him.

The storm howled about them, abated slightly, yet still wild. And now the wife of Lionel Hetherington stopped abruptly, remembering.

She remembered now that she was lost, lost in the heart of the forest, in the storm. She turned her eyes here and there, entirely at fault. She had not a faint idea of the location of the lodge, till suddenly, chancing to glance back over her shoulder, in the opposite direction from where she had been searching, she uttered a low cry.

"There it is!" she said with evident surprise. "There it is—all lighted up!"

Looking around, Hetherington, himself, now saw the lighted lodge.

"You go on ahead!" said the wife of Lionel Hetherington. "I'll follow after."

Stumbling through the storm they passed in this arrangement toward the now relighted building.

*XI*

MISS ISOBEL STRONG, hurrying after the tall, dark, yelling form before her, had scarcely overtaken it before she clasped it rigidly in her arms.

"Martha's escaped, dearest!" she cried in his ear through the storm. "You must come back!"

"Escaped!" he inquired. "How?"

"When I came—I came after you!"

The thrill, the confession of her voice held him silent only for the moment. He reluctantly removed her wet arms.

"I must find her," he cried. "I must go!"

"Where?" she asked him, shouting.

He looked around. There was nothing to be seen or heard but the dark chaos of the forest.

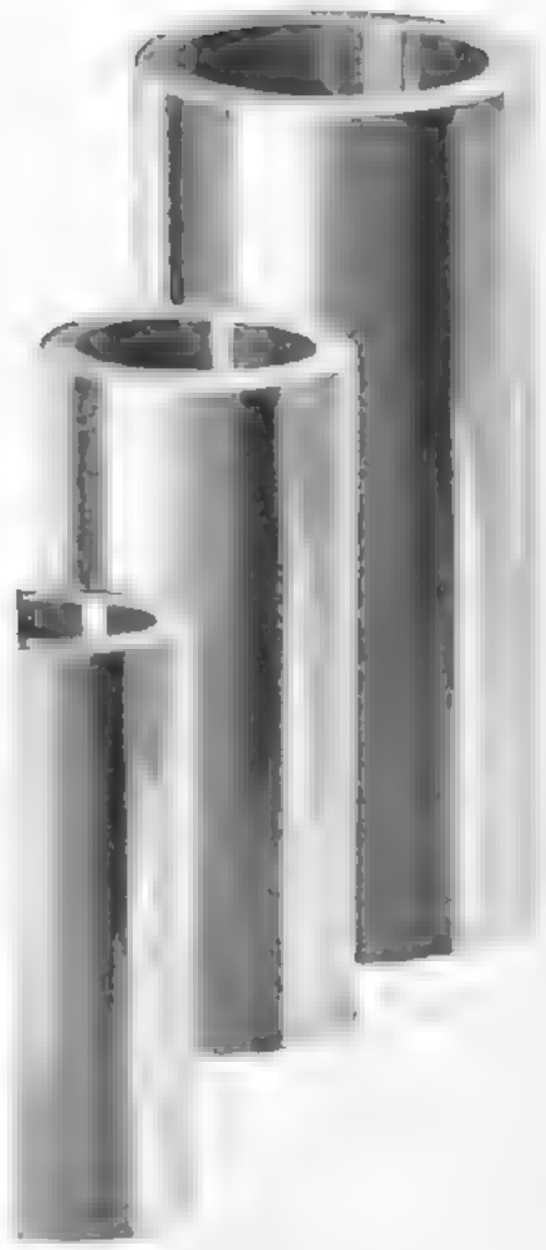
"And if you find her, what good would it do?" she was asking him. He stared through the darkness. "When you are lost yourself!" she concluded.

It was true—what the remarkable girl had shown him! He was utterly lost himself.

"Come with me," she was telling him. "There is only one way!"

He followed her blindly, trustingly, without further question.

*(Continued on Page 180)*



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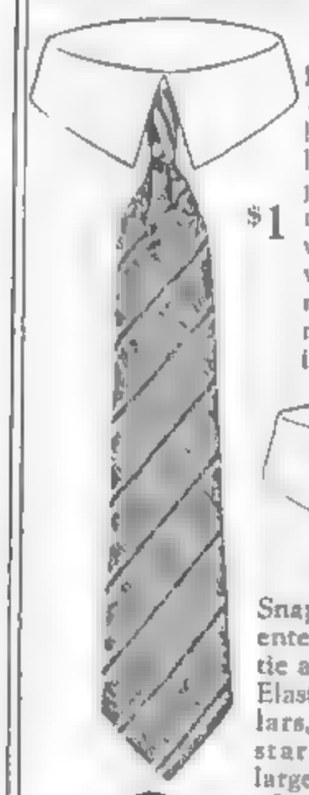

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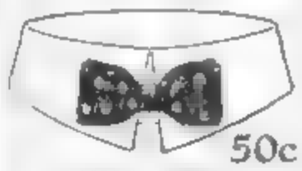

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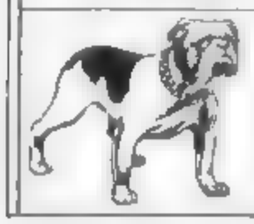

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(Continued from Page 178)

The competent girl went on unerringly through the blind darkness. In a few moments he found himself beside the black wet mass of the lodge.

"Martha was right," she told him again. "There is only one way to find her now. Or anyone! We must light the lodge at once!"

"But that will draw him too!"

"We must take our chances, that's all," said the courageous girl. "We can't let Martha perish—out in this!"

Young Mr. Overholt had never realized before the strength and nobility of this girl's character—of woman as a sex generally, as exemplified by such as she. Never, though very wet, had he seen her to better advantage than now, standing on a chair above him, lighting the room's central light. By a sudden impulse he gathered her against him in the fashion of a reaper with a shock of corn; and after a sufficient time—at her request—again placed her down upon the floor.

"Besides," she told him, now rearranging her hair as women do, "I've got it all worked out so we'll be comparatively safe if he should really want to shoot us—you and me!"

He looked at her.

"We can go back into the kitchen, where it isn't lighted, and look out from there without being seen!"

The girl was a wizard; young Mr. Overholt could see that!

"But if she doesn't come," he objected, "I'll have to go!"

"And leave me! To be killed! Alone!" she exclaimed sharply, now clinging to him. A remarkable and unexpected girl! Strong, intellectual, handsome—and yet so delightfully feminine! So delightfully like a woman!

"What we'll have to do first is to go back and look out!" said young Mr. Overholt, readjusting her arms from the position they now held into a slightly different arrangement, in which they could walk more comfortably into the kitchen.

"If she doesn't come in a minute or two ——" he continued when they were out in the dark by the window.

"Look!" said his companion, interrupting him.

He saw at once what she saw—two spots of light advancing through the rocking forest.

"Flashlights!" said his companion.

"Yes."

"Coming here!"

"I'd better go—out there!" he said to her.

"No. Never without me!"

"But you can't," he said, and stopped, watching, intrigued!

The flashlights advanced slowly through the forest, the two rigid figures in the window standing fascinated, staring at them. The lights now turned at an angle, apparently following a curving path—one light ahead, one apparently following on, some feet behind.

"He's got her!" exclaimed the young man, starting forward. "He's got her! Exactly as he had me. I must go!"

"What!" cried his companion, forcibly detaining him both by her arms and by the quality of her voice. "Interfere now—and get her killed!"

"But—but what else can I do?" he asked her.

"Wait!" she instructed.

He waited, trusting to her intuition, her ingenuity, the mother wit of woman. As he did so he saw her give a start.

"Look!" she cried out. "Am I right? That searchlight on behind!"

She stopped.

"Yes?" he said, urging her on at last.

"It is—it certainly is," she reassured herself. "That second flashlight is lower down than the one in front."

"Yes," he said. "But what of it?"

"But would it be if it were his?"

"It might, I suppose, if he held it so."

She paused, watching. "No," she pronounced. "No. It bobs up and down more!"

"What does?" asked young Mr. Overholt, following her deductions, the remarkable deductions of this unusual girl, at some distance.

"The second flashlight! Look at the difference!" she said, clutching him in her excitement. "From the first one, the way that goes along—longer, steadier!"

"Well!" exclaimed her hearer.

"That second one can't be a man, can it?" she asked again.

Watching, it seemed to him that her intuition, her remarkable powers of observation must be right. That second flashlight certainly did act more feminine than the first.

They stood, stared! The two flashlights came on through the sinister woods the higher, or apparently male, flashlight ahead; the lower, or female, flashlight following it, dogging it. They came nearer—very near!

"It is! It is!" said the wondering voice of Isobel Strong. "She's got him—on ahead!"

"And she has—she has the pistol," now called the voice, the hushed voice of Travers Overholt.

They sprang now into the larger room, waited till the other two came in; stood by in silence; saw them pass in the windy door of the lodge; and stop now, shut in at last, each in a separate puddle on the floor.

"Guilty, am I?" cried a strident voice, a voice that neither would have recognized as Lionel Hetherington's wife's.

They stood aside in sheer surprise.

"Guilty, am I!" exclaimed the altered voice of Lionel Hetherington's wife, and the other two recoiled as she prodded the tall proud figure before her with the long blue-barreled pistol she was holding in her right hand. "Guilty! Yes! Of ten years of being crazy—of making a fool of myself over you! Look up!" she cried. "Look up!"

Lionel Hetherington looked up, young Mr. Overholt observed, with no longer feverish jealous eyes. His wife—his long-devoted wife—stood somewhat behind him with her ready pistol.

"You know these people," she was saying, "don't you?"

"Yes," said Lionel Hetherington dully. "Yes."

"I—I must confess ——" said the younger woman, stepping forward.

"Wait!" said the wife of Lionel Hetherington, motioning her quite firmly back. "Wait!"

"And do you see anything suspicious here?" she was continuing, addressing now her husband.

Lionel Hetherington murmured something not clearly audible.

"Speak up, please!" she commanded him with a new gesture of her weapon.

"No. No!" he answered clearly.

"Now I tell you," she was informing him with marked distinctness, "that these are all the people who are or have been at any time with me since I left you."

She was an unusual, a strange figure as she stood there with her weapon. Stranger, perhaps, than all else was the wreckage about her face of her permanent wave—the flotsam and jetsam of her recently acquired beauty. Her figure, in its sodden garments, was nothing to speak of. Her face was strange. And yet there was a certain strength and majesty about her. Both noted it. The strength and majesty of a wife at bay!

"I tell you," the outraged wife of Lionel Hetherington was repeating to him now, "that you see here all—every person I have been with since I left you. Do you doubt it?"

He gazed back at her, proud, dazed, and yet convinced. There was a quality in her voice, a wild, hard sincerity that could not fail to carry conviction with it.

"I—I do not," said Lionel Hetherington very clearly.

And still there was a vestige of doubt, of wonder in his face.

"What is it?" demanded his watchful wife, observing it.

He stopped. A convulsive muscular contraction passed across his face. He mastered it.

"What is it you want to know?" she asked.

And she saw him pass his palm before his eyes.

"Then who—who is Spencer?" asked the high, dazed, cultivated voice of Lionel Hetherington.

It was not his wife, but another person who answered him—the fine wet figure of the young woman who had been studying him.

"That is a fair question," said Isobel Strong briskly, stepping now a little forward. "That is a fair question, Mr. Hetherington. And it should be answered!"

No one now interfering, she went on. "I," she said, drawing up her splendid figure to its full height and smiling slightly with the announcement, "am Spencer!"

"You!" exclaimed Lionel Hetherington. "You!"


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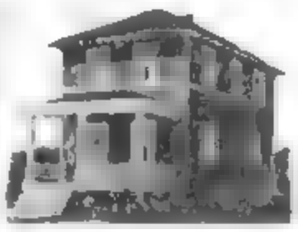

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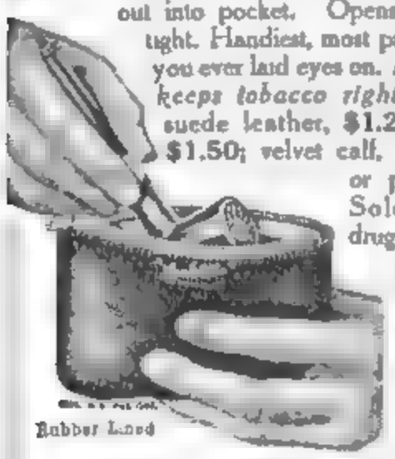


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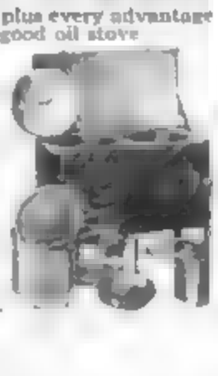

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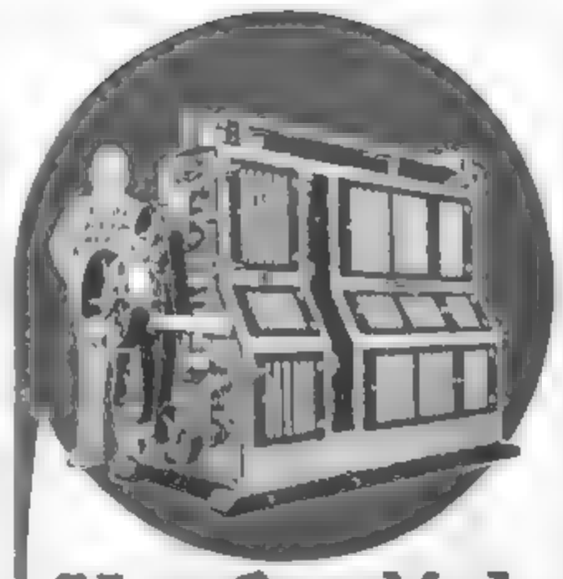

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"Yes. It is my middle name." She smiled back reassuringly, convincingly. "It was an expedient," she explained to him. "A ruse. To cure you!" she continued when he did not speak. Mr. Hetherington merely stared. "By suggestion! In short, it was nothing, to speak candidly," said the fine girl opposite him, "but suggestion. An extension of the cure by auto-suggestion which you had determined to give up." There was a tense moment. "Suggestion," she went on, "combined with free association. The cure of Coué," she continued lightly, "mingled and reenforced—crossed, you might say—with the cure of Freud. The main elements of both!"

"And you!" said Mr. Hetherington, starting at last to speak.

"I—yes. I admit it. It was my invention," said Miss Strong, just a little proudly. "My experiment, a new one. A last resort to cure you, to jar back your unconscious, your imagination to normal, by a last sharp unusual mental shock. Which has not, I hope," she added modestly, "been entirely unsuccessful."

He did not answer, but stood silent, considering her statement, apparently still somewhat dazed. It was his wife who now spoke up, still sharply.

"Do you doubt this?" she asked him. "If so—if so ——"

As she said this, and stopped, the other two stepped forward with exclamations of protest and alarm, for suddenly, by an unexpected impulse, they saw she was restoring him his weapon, his deadly long-handled pistol.

"Take it!" she cried. "If you doubt her—take it—and go find him. Find your Spencer!"

"Don't!" cried Miss Strong sharply. "Are you crazy?"

But she waved her imperiously aside. "I know what I am doing," stated the wife of Lionel Hetherington.

They watched him anxiously as he took the weapon from her—eagerly, quickly, with an avid gesture! His face was changed, the madness of his jealousy had left him; instead there showed a great satisfaction, a great relief. Taking the long weapon, with one quick motion he opened it, and extracting the clip with its cartridges thrust it deeply into his pocket.

"You see?" said the wife of Lionel Hetherington.

Saying this, her eyes away from him upon the others' faces, she did not see that muscular convulsion which again started in his face, and was once more checked.

"He's cured!" she said distinctly.

The convulsion of Lionel Hetherington's face came and passed again.

"He's cured!" his wife was saying still more loudly, "and so am I!"

"How splendid! How perfectly ——" young Miss Strong started saying, and stopped—stopped and looked, checked by the expression on the other's face, and by her voice.

They watched her. There was no satisfaction in her face over this cure so long and bitterly sought for, and now accomplished; her voice was bitter and complaining.

"Cured!" she cried harshly. "Cured—both of us—of everything! Both he and I! He'll have no more suggestions of sickness, weakness, or anything from me! I'm cured. I'm through. I'm done. With everything. I'm done. I just don't care!"

They stood watching this strange reaction of their success—no one noticing the disturbed, wistful look that came into the eyes, the bloodshot eyes of Lionel Hetherington; nor the convulsive, twisting emotion that was again gathering in the muscles of his face.

"No, sir. No, sir!" his dull-voiced wife was calling. "No more suggestions of any kind to him from me. Not even if he dies—right here before me now!" The man of whom she spoke so bitterly stared at her, a strange vacancy now coming into his red-veined eyes. His whole face was working. "For, he said," she was going on brokenly—"for Lionel said that I was guilty. He believed it right away! And now—he could perish right here before I'd suggest—one thing—to save ——" she said, and stopped; stopped and recoiled, and with her the other two to whom she had been speaking.

For suddenly an unexpected sound rang out—the sound of a terrific sneeze!

Looking hastily around, all saw its source—the tall, bent, contorted form of Lionel Hetherington.

And now at once a new changed almost eager voice rang out—the old voice, the keenly anxious voice again of the old, the devoted wife of Lionel Hetherington.

"How perfectly wild!" she said sharply, gazing at him. "How perfectly crazy for you to stand there, in those wet things, Lionel Hetherington!" A new flush was in her face; the light of an acute interest back in her eyes. "Go take them off," she cried. "Take them off—at once!"

"But—but," said Lionel Hetherington, speaking again at last—"what'll I put on?"

"You won't put on anything. You'll go to bed," said the anxious wife. "And stay there! Stay there!" she reasserted, and turned now with a quick and aggressive motion toward the younger woman.

"Have you a hot-water bottle here?" she asked her sharply.

"Well—well—I'm not sure!"

"Nor any hot water either, I suppose!" the other cried accusingly.

"We'll have some; have some right away! We'll make a fire!"

"And I'll make it," volunteered young Mr. Overholt quickly.

It was the younger woman who answered him sharply. "You'll do nothing of the kind! Not until you've changed your clothes."

"But I'm used—hunting and football and all that, you know! And besides, what clothes ——"

"I'll see to that," said the flushed set young face opposite him. "Now go. Do you want to catch your death of cold?"

"But you ——"

"We'll all go—just as soon as I can get the things for us to wear."

When this was done the party moved—the men, although demurring, first, disappearing through two of the three successive doors that opened along the side of the fine, rude, antlered and fur-ornamented living room.

The two women were left for the moment by themselves.

"The hot water?" the older was inquiring nervously.

"We'll come right back—and light a fire—right away!" the other answered her.

A sneeze interrupted her from behind the first door of the adjoining rooms.

"Hurry up!" directed the wife of Lionel Hetherington masterfully. "Before he gets pneumonia!"

"I'm hurrying all I can," replied her young companion apologetically.

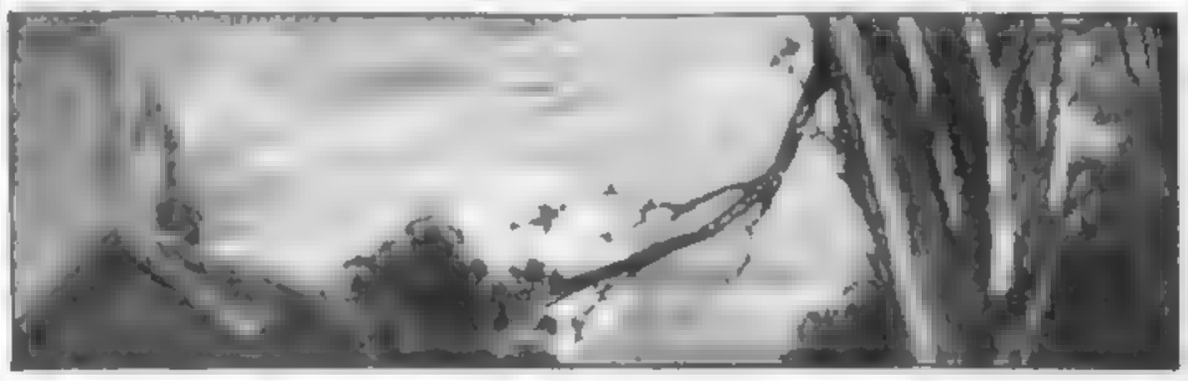
The other, with a rigid and accusing face, passed into the first adjoining room, through the door back of which Lionel Hetherington had just sneezed. The younger woman, left alone, gathering up an armful of dry clothes in haste, passed down the living room.

As she did so she gazed at the first of the closed doors. "Suggestions!" she said, and smiled in spite of her discomfort. "Suggestions of love!"

She shook her head, smiling tolerantly, and her eyes now fell upon the second of the closed doors. She shook her head again, but differently—with a deeper, newer understanding.

"Suggestions of love," she sighed. "Who's mid-Victorian now?"

Smiling whimsically she passed along with her reserve clothing on her arm, entered and closed after her the third of



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the successive doors into the fine empty living room.

Shadows, black broken shadows upon rosy firelit walls! Quaint quiet shadows on warm still-fragrant rooms in the heart of the storm! When it is late! When all other lights are gone. What comfort! What security! What satisfaction!

One part—the slenderer part of the double shadow on the wooden wall across from the glowing fireplace—detached itself vigorously.

"I was right—in principle," it contended. "Absolutely right! It is absolutely as Coué said. All we do—all we think! Life is nine-tenths at least - nine-tenths suggestion."

"Yes. Certainly. Life is just one damn suggestion after another," agreed the larger, the masculine-voiced shadow, in a languid humorous agreement—the comfortable humorous acquiescence of a perfect happiness, security and peace. "I certainly was thinking so about two hours ago!"

It seemed already—that troubled time—much further in the past. The storm, so terrifying then, gave to him no more than an added shudder of luxurious pleasure as he sat there.

The shadows merged again—for a time in silence—through which came pleasingly the growl of the subsiding storm.

"And Freud—Freud was right too!" exclaimed the slenderer shadow, again detaching itself vigorously after a time, a pause of thought. "Absolutely right. The greatest thing—the biggest force in the unconscious, in the individual, in society—is just what he says it is. The greatest power in this world is ——" she said, and hesitated for the exact word.

"Love," he said, supplying it.

"Well, yes."

"I'll say so right now!" said the voice of the masculine shadow, with a warm drowsy intonation of humorous well-being. "If it doesn't start the unconscious acting up too rough!"

The mutual shadow merged again, but swayed slightly to the left or feminine side.

"Don't!" cried the feminine shadow, quickly disengaging itself. "Don't. I insist on being taken seriously!"

"I do. I will—always!" replied the masculine shadow in a mingled tone of fervor and happy jest.

"For if what I say is true," argued the other shadow, still standing out stiffly by itself, "why wasn't I exactly right in doing what I did?"

"You were."

"In combining the two—in bringing the two theories of Coué and Freud together in one experiment. An experiment that nobody else had ever tried!"

"You were—absolutely," said the masculine shadow warmly, attempting a new merger.

"I mean it"

"So do I."

"You don't."

"Honest. Cross my heart. I'll show you—just exactly. I've got it all worked out, to hang up over our own fireplace, embroidered on cardboard; just the thing, the exact formula for it! Your new combination. We'll stand up every morning and repeat it to each other."

"What is it?" asked the slenderer shadow, drawing back distrustfully.

"Day by day -in every way—love grows better and better!"

There was no articulate answer; merely after a time, a long, unmoved, practically permanent merger of the shadows, the slenderer one no more drawing back.

Shadows. Shadows. Still, united shadows from the deep embers of a wide wood fire! What peace! What happiness! What shuddering ecstasy of comfort! When two shadows sit alone—together—blended hemmed in by the subsiding anger of a storm!

(THE END)


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

*(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)*


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# *Table of Contents*

March 17, 1923

Cover Design by J. C. Leyendecker

SHORT STORIES


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| By the Board—*J. P. Marquand* | 5 |
| A Matter of Organization—*Sophie Kerr* | 10 |
| Long Tavey—*Captain Dingle* | 12 |
| In Trust—*Perceval Gibbon* | 16 |
| White Gold—*Louise Dutton* | 17 |
| Cuckoo is Right—*Kate Horton* | 26 |


ARTICLES


| | |
|---|---|
| Our Sentimental Pilgrimage—*Marcus Eli Ravage* | 3 |
| Your Unconscious—*Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D.* | 8 |
| Capital Takes a Tax-Exempt Vacation—*James H. Collins* | 14 |
| In the 'Appy London 'Alls—*Frank Ward O'Malley* | 15 |
| My Diplomatic Education: Copenhagen—*Norval Richardson* | 20 |
| The Cost of a Career—*Ruth Scott Miller* | 28 |
| Shall We Democratize Our Industries?—*Elizabeth Frazer* | 31 |
| General Grant at Galena, 1861—*H. H. Kohlsaat* | 41 |


SERIALS


| | |
|---|---|
| The Cinder Buggy (Fifth part)—*Garet Garrett* | 22 |
| Leave it to Psmith (Seventh part)—*P. G. Wodehouse* | 24 |
| The Erring Wife (Conclusion)—*George Kibbe Turner* | 34 |


DEPARTMENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 30 |
| Short Turns and Encores | 32 |
| The Poets' Corner | 98 |


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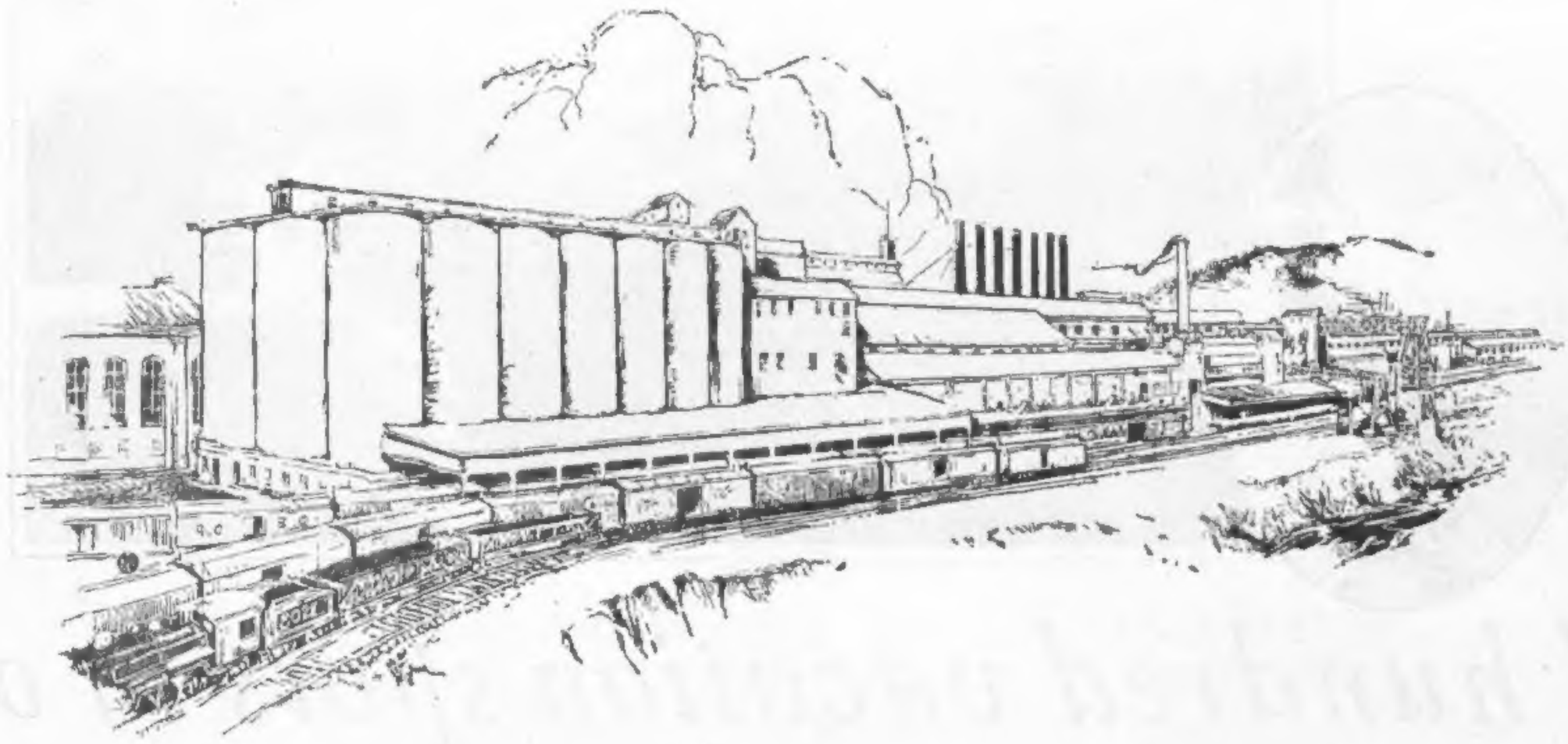

# If you couldn't get cement

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Most work could not even start without cement for foundations.

With this in mind let's see where the cement industry stands today.

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Cement cannot be made everywhere, because raw materials of the necessary chemical composition are not found in sufficient quantities everywhere.

It is now manufactured, however, in 27 states, and there are 117 plants—some one or more within easy shipping distance of nearly every part of the country.

Conservative estimates place the capital invested in the cement industry at $300,000,000, and value of output for the last 5 years at $860,000,000.

Capital requirements are large—turnover is slow—on an average less than 3 times in 5 years.

Providing an adequate cement supply has involved a good deal in costly experience.

159 cement plants have been built, most of them in the last 25 years—166 others went through some stage of construction or financing; only 117 have survived the financial, operating and marketing hazards of that period.

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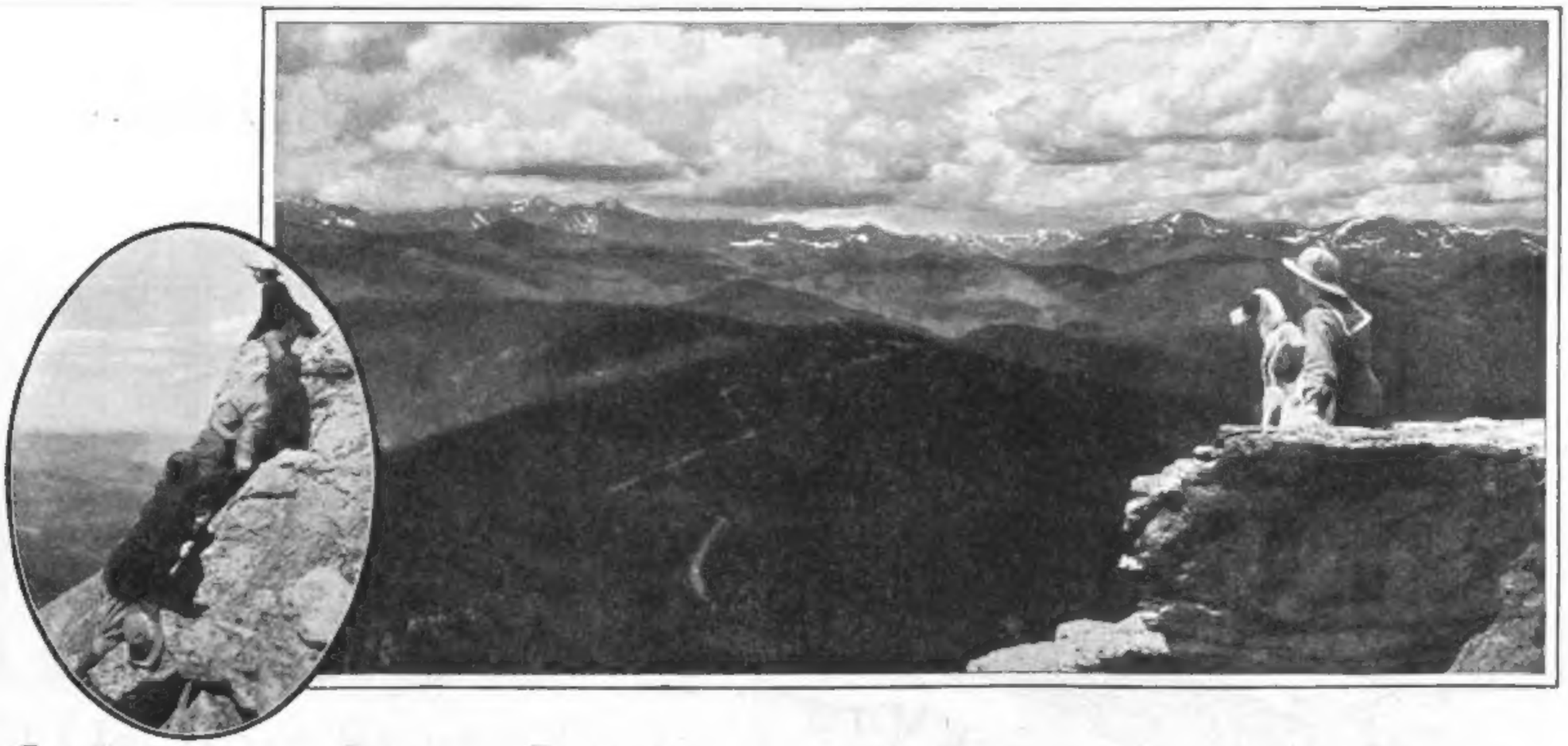

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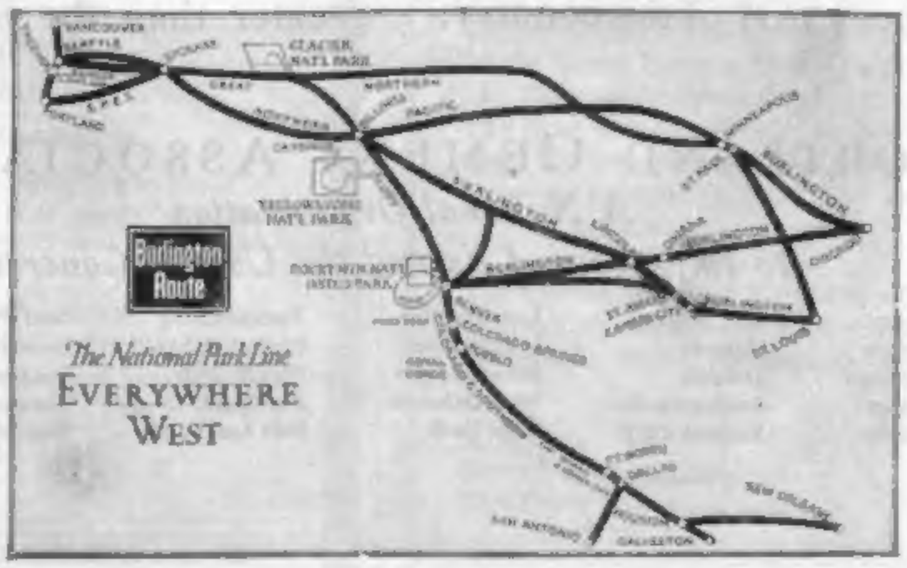


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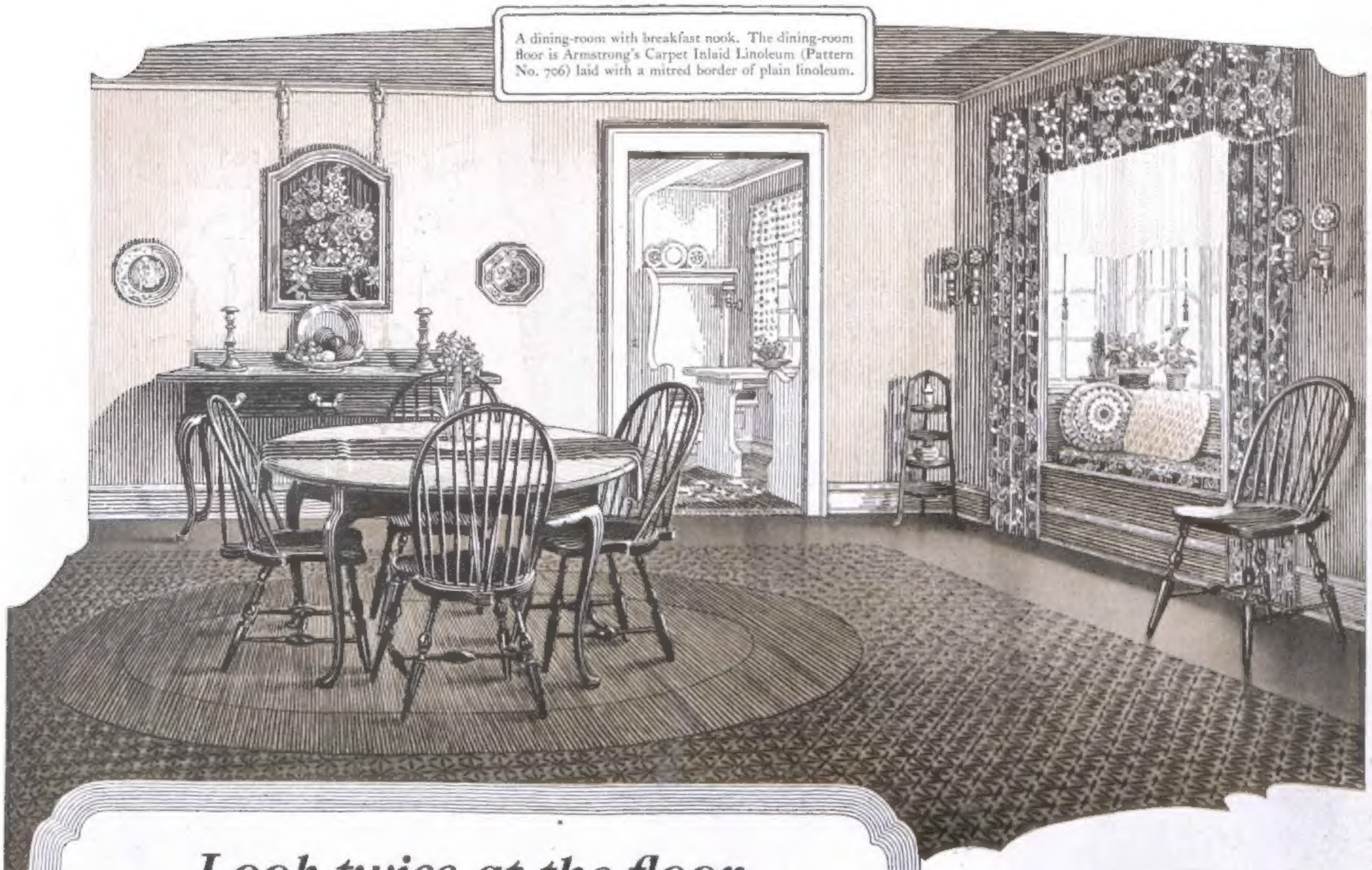

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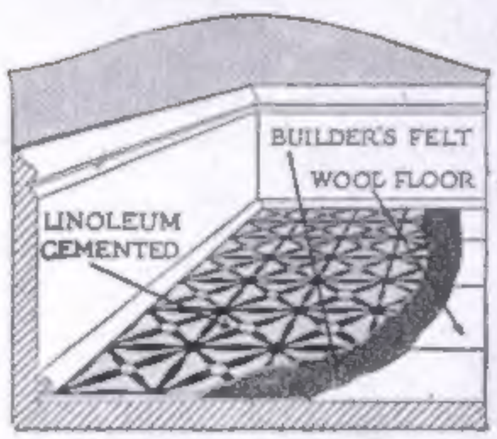


***How to Lay Linoleum on Wood Floors***

IN summer wood floors expand. In winter they dry out and contract, with a tendency to open up the cracks between the boards. Your linoleum floors, therefore, should be cemented (not tacked) over a lining of builder's deadening felt which has been previously glued to the bare floor boards. The felt takes up expansion and contraction and gives you a permanent, waterproof, good-looking floor. The added service and wear this method gives are well worth the extra cost.

### Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs

*You can also buy rugs of Armstrong's Linoleum, suitable for kitchen, dining-room, or bedroom, and fully guaranteed to give satisfactory service. Send for free booklet, "Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs," showing colorplates of pleasing and artistic designs.*

*Look for the CIRCLE "A" trademark on the burlap back*

Makes

# Utensils Clean and Wholesome

***Your kitchen utensils shine*** and are hygienically clean when you use Old Dutch Cleanser. It leaves no greasy film or scratched surface to collect dirt and make cleaning difficult.

***This natural cleanser*** mined from the earth is free from lye, acid or hard grit. The soft, flaky particles quickly remove grease, stains and every trace of food odors.

Old Dutch is safe for utensils, sink, bathtub and all cleaning. There's nothing else like it.

*Economical, "A little goes a long way"*